

















THE BEST KNOWN WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



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WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE

Edited by  
W. G. CLARK AND W. ALDIS WRIGHT

*With an Introduction to Each Play,  
Adapted from the Shakespearean  
Primer of Professor Dowden*



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# A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Written about 1593-94.

## INTRODUCTION

*A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a strange and beautiful web, woven delicately by a youthful poet's fancy. What is perhaps most remarkable about the play is the harmonious blending in it of widely different elements. It is as if threads of silken splendor were run together in its texture with a yarn of hempen homespun, and both these with lines of dewy gossamer and filaments drawn from the moonbeams. In North's *Plutarch*, or in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, Shakespeare may have found the figures of Theseus and his Amazonian bride; from Chaucer also (*Wife of Bath's Tale*), may have come the figure of the elf-queen (though not her name, Titania), and the story of Pyramus and Thisbe (see Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women*); this last, however, was perhaps taken from Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Oberon, the fairy-king, had recently appeared in Greene's play *The Scottish History of James IV.*; Puck, under his name of Robin Goodfellow, was a roguish sprite, well known in English fairy-lore. Finally, in Montemayor's *Diana*, which Shakespeare had made acquaintance with before *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was written, occur some incidents which may have suggested the magic effects of the flower-juice laid upon the sleeping lovers' lids. Taking a little from this quarter and a little from that, Shakespeare created out of such slight materials his marvellous Dream. The marriage of Duke Theseus and Hippolyta—who are classical in name only, being in reality romantic mediæval figures—surrounds the whole, as it were, with a magnificent frame. Theseus is Shakespeare's early ideal of a heroic warrior and man of action. His life is one of splendid achievement and of joy; his love is a kind of happy victory, his marriage a triumph. From early morning, when his hounds—themselves heroic creatures—fill the valley with their "musical confusion," until midnight, when the Athenian clowns end their "very tragical mirth" with a Bergomask dance, Theseus displays his joyous energy and the graciousness of power. In contrast with him and his warrior bride, the figures of the young lovers look slight and graceful, and their love-perplexities and errors are seen to be among the minor and remediable afflictions of the world. The mirth of the lovers' part of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* turns chiefly upon the incidents, and therefore, as with the brothers Antipholus, in *The Comedy of Errors*, differences of character are not made prominent. Here, as in the *Errors*, there are entanglements and cross-purposes. The one play has been named "the mistakes of a day," and the other "the mistakes of a night;" but the difference lies deeper than such names intimate; for in the *Errors*, the confusion is external to the mind, here it is internal; in the *Errors*, the feelings of the actors remain constant, but the persons toward whom they are directed take the place, unobserved, one of another; here the persons remain constant, but their feelings of love, indifference, or dislike are at the mercy of mischief-making accident. As the two extremes of exquisite delicacy, of dainty elegance, and, on the other hand, of thick-witted grossness and clumsiness, stand the fairy tribe and the group of Athenian handicraftsmen. The world of the poet's dream includes the two—a Titania, and a Bottom the weaver—and can bring them into grotesque conjunction. No such fairy poetry existed anywhere in English literature before Shakespeare. The tiny elves, to whom a cowslip is tall, for whom the third part of a minute is an important division of time, have a miniature perfection which is charming. They delight in all beautiful and dainty things, and war with things that creep and things that fly, if they be uncomely; their lives are gay with fine frolic and delicate revelry. Puck, the jester of Fairyland, stands apart from the rest, the recognizable "lob of spirits," a rough, "fawn-faced, shock-pated little fellow, a very Shetlander among the gossamer-winged, dainty-limbed shapes around him." It has been conjectured that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was written to grace the wedding of some noble person—Southampton who was

married in 1598, or Essex who was married in 1590; but these dates are, the one too late, the other too early. A passage (Act II., Sc. I.) in which Titania describes the recent ill seasons, wintry summers, flood and fog, would very aptly correspond with the disastrous years 1593 and 1594. Perhaps we may incline towards 1594 as the date of the play. It contains a large proportion of rhyming lines; but the character of the play naturally calls for this. It has the gaiety, the fancifulness, and the want of either deep thought or passion which we might expect in an early drama. It was probably acted before Elizabeth. The praise of "single-blessedness" (Act I., Sc. I.) may have been designed to please the ears of the maiden queen; and Oberon's vision (Act II., Sc. I.) contains a splendid piece of poetical homage to her. The "fair vestal throned by the west" is certainly Elizabeth. Two quarto editions of the play, of which the second was probably pirated, were issued in the year 1600.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.

EGEUS, father to Hermia.

LYSANDER, }  
DEMETRIUS, } in love with Hermia.

PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus

QUINCE, a carpenter.

SNUG, a joiner.

BOTTOM, a weaver.

FLUTE, a bellows-mender.

SNOUT, a tinker.

STARVELING, a tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, king of the fairies.

TITANIA, queen of the fairies.

PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow.

PEASEBLOSSOM, }  
COBWEB, } fairies.  
MOTH, }  
MUSTARDSEED, }

Other fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: *Athens, and a wood near it.*

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. The palace of THESEUS.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.*

*The.* Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour

Draws on apace; four happy days bring in  
Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow  
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,

Like to a step-dame or a dowager

Long withering out a young man's revenue.

*Hip.* Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time;

And then the moon, like to a silver bow  
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities.

*The.* Go, Philostrate,

Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;  
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;  
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;  
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,  
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;  
But I will wed thee in another key,  
With pomp, with triumph and with reveling.

*Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.*

*Ege.* Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

*The.* Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

*Ege.* Full of vexation come I, with complaint

Against my child, my daughter Hermia.  
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,  
This man hath my consent to marry her.  
Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious duke,



This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes

And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung

With feigning voice verses of feigning love,

And stolen the impression of her fantasy  
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds,  
conceits,

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,  
To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,

Be it so she will not here before your grace

Consent to marry with Demetrius,  
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,  
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:

Which shall be either to this gentleman

Or to her death, according to our law

Immediately provided in that case.

*The.* What say you, Hermia? be advised,  
fair maid:

To you your father should be as a god;

One that composed your beauties, yea, and one

To whom you are but as a form in wax

By him imprinted and within his power

To leave the figure or disfigure it.

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

*Her.* So is Lysander.

*The.* In himself he is;

But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,

The other must be held the worthier.

*Her.* I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

*The.* Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

*Her.* I do entreat your grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold

Nor how it may concern my modesty,  
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;

But I beseech your grace that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case,  
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

*The.* Either to die the death or to abjure  
For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,

Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,

You can endure the livery of a nun,  
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,  
To live a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.

Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;  
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,  
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn

Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.

*Her.* So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,

Ere I will yield my virgin patent up  
Unto his lordship, whose unwish'd yoke

My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

*The.* Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon—

The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,  
For everlasting bond of fellowship—

Upon that day either prepare to die

For disobedience to your father's will,

Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;

Or on Diana's altar to protest

For aye austerity and single life.

*Dem.* Relent, sweet Hermia: and, Lysander, yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

*Lys.* You have her father's love, Demetrius;

Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him,

*Ege.* Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,

And what is mine my love shall render him.

And she is mine, and all my right of her  
I do estate unto Demetrius.

*Lys.* I am, my lord, as well derived as he,

As well possess'd; my love is more than his;  
 My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,  
 If not with vantage, as Demetrius';  
 And, which is more than all these boasts can be,  
 I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:  
 Why should not I then prosecute my right?  
 Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
 Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
 And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,  
 Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
 Upon this spotted and inconstant man.  
*The.* I must confess that I have heard so much,  
 And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;  
 But, being over-full of self-affairs,  
 My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;  
 And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,  
 I have some private schooling for you both.  
 For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself  
 To fit your fancies to your father's will;  
 Or else the law of Athens yields you up—  
 Which by no means we may extenuate—  
 To death, or to a vow of single life.  
 Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?  
 Demetrius and Egeus, go along:  
 I must employ you in some business  
 Against our nuptial and confer with you  
 Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.  
*Ege.* With duty and desire we follow you.  
*[Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.]*  
*Lys.* How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?  
 How chance the roses there do fade so fast?  
*Her.* Belike for want of rain, which I could well  
 Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.  
*Lys.* Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,  
 Could ever hear by tale or history,  
 The course of true love never did run smooth;  
 But, either it was different in blood,—

*Her.* O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.  
*Lys.* Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—  
*Her.* O spite! too old to be engaged to young.  
*Lys.* Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—  
*Her.* O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.  
*Lys.* Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,  
 Making it momentary as a sound,  
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;  
 Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
 That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
 And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'  
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up:  
 So quick bright things come to confusion.  
*Her.* If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,  
 It stands as an edict in destiny:  
 Then let us teach our trial patience,  
 Because it is a customary cross,  
 As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,  
 Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.  
*Lys.* A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.  
 I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
 Of great revenue, and she hath no child:  
 From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;  
 And she respects me as her only son.  
 There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;  
 And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
 Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,  
 Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;  
 And in the wood, a league without the town,  
 Where I did meet thee once with Helena,  
 To do observance to a morn of May,  
 There will I stay for thee.  
*Her.* My good Lysander!  
 I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,  
 By his best arrow with the golden head,  
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves,  
 By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,

And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,  
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,

By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
In number more than ever women spoke,  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

*Lys.* Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

*Enter HELENA.*

*Her.* God speed fair Helena! whither away?

*Hel.* Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!  
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Sickness is catching: O, were favor so,  
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,

The rest I'd give to be to you translated.  
O, teach me how you look, and with what art

You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

*Her.* I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

*Hel.* O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

*Her.* I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

*Hel.* O that my prayers could such affection move!

*Her.* The more I hate, the more he follows me.

*Hel.* The more I love, the more he hateth me.

*Her.* His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

*Hel.* None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

*Her.* Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,  
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,  
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

*Lys.* Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:

To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold

Her silver visage in the watery glass,  
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,  
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,

Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

*Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I

Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,

Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,

There my Lysander and myself shall meet;  
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,

To seek new friends and stranger companies.

Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;

And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!  
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight

From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

*Lys.* I will, my Hermia. [*Exit Her.*  
Helena, adieu:

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit.*  
*Hel.* How happy some o'er other some can be!

Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.

But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;  
He will not know what all but he do know:

And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,  
So I, admiring of his qualities:

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
Love can transpose to form and dignity:  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:

Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment  
taste;

Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:  
And therefore is Love said to be a child,  
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.  
As waggish boys in game themselves for-  
swear,

So the boy Love is perjured every where:  
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's  
eyne,

He hail'd down oaths that he was only  
mine;

And when this hail some heat from  
Hermia felt,

So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did  
melt.

I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:  
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night  
Pursue her; and for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:  
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
To have his sight thither and back again.  
[Exit.]

SCENE II. *Athens. QUINCE's house.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE,  
SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally,  
man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's  
name, which is thought fit, through all  
Athens, to play in our interlude before  
the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-  
day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what  
the play treats on, then read the names  
of the actors, and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is, The most  
lamentable comedy, and most cruel death  
of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure  
you, and a merry. Now, good Peter  
Quince, call forth your actors by the  
scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom,  
the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for,  
and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down  
for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a ty-  
rant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most  
gallant for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true  
performing of it: if I do it, let the audience  
look to their eyes; I will move storms, I  
will condole in some measure. To the rest:  
yet my chief humor is for a tyrant: I  
could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear  
a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks  
And shivering shocks  
Shall break the locks

Of prison gates;  
And Phibbus' car  
Shall shine from far  
And make and mar

The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the  
players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's  
vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on  
you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must  
love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman;  
I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one: you shall play it in  
a mask, and you may speak as small as you  
will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play  
Thisby too, I'll speak in a monstrous little  
voice, 'Thisne, Thisne;' 'Ah, Pyramus, my  
lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady  
dear!'

Quin. No, no; you must play Pryamus:  
and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play  
Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus' father: myself,  
Thisby's father. Snug, the joiner; you, the  
lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play  
fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written?



pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

*Quin.* You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

*Bot.* Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

*Quin.* An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

*All.* That would hang us, every mother's son.

*Bot.* I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

*Quin.* You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

*Bot.* Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.* I will discharge it in either your straw-color beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-color beard, your perfect yellow.

*Quin.* Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

*Bot.* We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

*Quin.* At the duke's oak we meet.

*Bot.* Enough; hold or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *A wood near Athens.*

*Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and Puck.*

*Puck.* How now, spirit! whither wander you?

*Fai.* Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favors,  
In those freckles live their savors:

I must go seek some dewdrops here  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:  
Our queen and all our elves come here anon.

*Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here to-night:

Take heed the queen come not within his sight;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
Because that she as her attendant hath  
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;  
She never had so sweet a changeling;  
And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;

But she perforce withholds the loved boy,  
Crowns him with flowers and makes him  
all her joy:

And now they never meet in grove or green,

By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,

But they do square, that all their elves for fear

Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and making quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite

Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he  
That frights the maidens of the villagery;



Skim milk, and sometimes labor in the  
quern

And bootless make the breathless house-  
wife churn;

And sometime make the drink to bear no  
barm;

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their  
harm?

Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet  
Puck,

You do their work, and they shall have  
good luck:

Are not you he?

*Puck.* Thou speak'st aright;  
I am that merry wanderer of the night.

I jest to Oberon and make him smile  
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,

Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:  
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

In very likeness of a roasted crab,  
And when she drinks, against her lips I  
bob

And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.  
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,

Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh  
me;

Then slip I from her bum, down topples  
she,

And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;  
And then the whole quire hold their hips

and laugh,  
And waxen in their mirth and neeze and  
swear

A merrier hour was never wasted there.  
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

*Fai.* And here my mistress. Would that  
he were gone!

*Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his  
train; from the other, TITANIA, with hers.*

*Obe.* Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

*Tita.* What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip  
hence:

I have forsworn his bed and company.

*Obe.* Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy  
lord?

*Tita.* Then I must be thy lady: but I  
know

When thou hast stolen away from fairy  
land,

And in the shape of Corin sat all day,  
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love

To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,  
Come from the farthest steppe of India?

But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior  
love,

To Theseus must be wedded, and you  
come

To give their bed joy and prosperity.

*Obe.* How canst thou thus for shame  
Titania,

Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,  
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?

Didst thou not lead him through the glim-  
mering night

From Perigenia, whom he ravished?  
And make him with fair Ægle break his  
faith,

With Ariadne and Antiopa?

*Tita.* These are the forgeries of jealousy:  
And never, since the middle summer's  
spring,

Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,  
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,

Or in the beached margin of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling  
wind,

But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd  
our sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the  
sea

Contagious fogs; which falling in the land  
Have every pelting river made so proud

That they have overborne their continents:  
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke

in vain,  
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the  
green corn

Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:  
The fold stands empty in the drowned  
field,

And crows are fatted with the murrion  
flock;

The nine men's morris is fill'd up with  
mud,

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green  
For lack of tread are undistinguishable:

The human mortals want their winter  
here;

No night is now with hymn or carol blest:  
Therefore the moon, the governess of  
floods,

Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
That rheumatic diseases do abound:

And thorough this distemperature we see

The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,  
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown  
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,

The chiding autumn, angry winter change  
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed  
world,

By their increase, now knows not which is  
which:

And this same progeny of evils comes  
From our debate, from our dissension;  
We are their parents and original.

*Obe.* Do you amend it then; it lies in  
you:

Why should Titania cross her Oberon?  
I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
To be my henchman.

*Tita.* Set your heart at rest  
The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a votaress of my order:  
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,  
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow  
sands,

Marking the embarked traders on the  
floor,

When we have laugh'd to see the sails  
conceive

And grow big-bellied with the wanton  
wind;

Which she, with pretty and with swim-  
ming gait

Following,—her womb then rich with my  
young squire,—

Would imitate, and sail upon the land,  
To fetch me trifles, and return again,  
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.  
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;  
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,  
And for her sake I will not part with him.

*Obe.* How long within this wood intend  
you stay?

*Tita.* Perchance till after Theseus' wed-  
ding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round  
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;  
If not, shun me, and I will spare your  
haunts.

*Obe.* Give me that boy, and I will go  
with thee.

*Tita.* Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies,  
away!

We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.  
[Exit Titania with her train.]

*Obe.* Well, go thy way: thou shalt not  
from this grove

Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou re-  
memberest

Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious  
breath

That the rude sea grew civil at her song  
And certain stars shot madly from their  
spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music.

*Puck.* I remember.

*Obe.* That very time I saw, but thou  
couldst not,

Flying between the cold moon and the  
earth,

Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal throned by the west,  
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his  
bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand  
hearts;

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wa-  
tery moon,

And the imperial votaress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:  
It fell upon a little western flower,  
Before milk-white, now purple with love's  
wound,

And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd  
thee once:

The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees.  
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again  
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

*Puck.* I'll put a girdle round about the  
earth

In forty minutes.

*Obe.* Having once this juice,  
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.  
The next thing then she waking looks  
upon,

[Exit.]

Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,  
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:  
And ere I take this charm from off her  
sight,

As I can take it with another herb,  
I'll make her render up her page to me.  
But who comes here? I am invisible;  
And I will overhear their conference.

*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.*

*Dem.* I love thee not, therefore pursue  
me not.

Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?

The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.

Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this  
wood;

And here am I, and wode within this  
wood,

Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no  
more.

*Hel.* You draw me, you hard-hearted  
adamant;

But yet you draw not iron, for my heart  
Is true as steel: leave you your power to  
draw,

And I shall have no power to follow you.

*Dem.* Do I entice you? do I speak you  
fair?

Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth

Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?

*Hel.* And even for that do I love you the  
more.

I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,

The more you beat me, I will fawn on  
you:

Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me,  
strike me,

Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your  
love,—

And yet a place of high respect with me,—  
Than to be used as you use your dog?

*Dem.* Tempt not too much the hatred of  
my spirit,

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

*Hel.* And I am sick when I look not on  
you.

*Dem.* You do impeach your modesty too  
much,

To leave the city and commit yourself

Into the hands of one that loves you not;

To trust the opportunity of night  
And the ill counsel of a desert place  
With the rich worth of your virginity.

*Hel.* Your virtue is my privilege: for that  
It is not night when I do see your face,  
Therefore I think I am not in the night;  
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of com-  
pany,

For you in my respect are all the world:

Then how can it be said I am alone,

When all the world is here to look on me?

*Dem.* I'll run from thee and hide me in  
the brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart  
as you.

Run when you will, the story shall be  
changed:

Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;  
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild  
hind

Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless  
speed,

When cowardice pursues and valor flies.

*Dem.* I will not stay thy questions; let me  
go:

Or, if thou follow me, do not believe

But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

*Hel.* Ay, in the temple, in the town, the  
field,

You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!

Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;  
We should be woo'd and were not made  
to woo. [*Exit Dem.*]

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,  
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exit.*]

*Obe.* Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do  
leave this grove,

Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy  
love.

*Re-enter PUCK.*

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome,  
wanderer.

*Puck.* Ay, there it is.

*Obe.* I pray thee, give it me.  
I know a bank where the wild thyme  
blows,

Where oxlips and the nodding violet  
grows,

Quite over-canopied with luscious wood-  
bine,

With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:

There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;

And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,

Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:  
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,

And make her full of hateful fantasies.  
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:

A sweet Athenian lady is in love  
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;  
But do it when the next thing he espies  
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man

By the Athenian garments he hath on.  
Effect it with some care, that he may prove

More fond on her than she upon her love:  
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

*Puck.* Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

*Enter TITANIA, with her train.*

*Tita.* Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;

Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;

Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,

Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,

To make my small elves coats, and some keep back

The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders

At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;  
Then to your offices and let me rest.

*The Fairies sing.*

You spotted snakes with double tongue,

Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;

Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,

Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody

Sing in our sweet lullaby;

Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:

Never harm,

Nor spell nor charm,

Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby.  
Weaving spiders, come not here;

Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!  
Beetles black, approach not near;

Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

*A Fairy.* Hence, away! now all is well:

One aloof stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*]

*Enter OBERON, and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.*

*Obe.* What thou seest when thou dost wake,

Do it for thy true-love take,

Love and languish for his sake:

Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,

Pard, or boar with bristled hair,

In thy eye that shall appear

When thou wakest, it is thy dear:

Wake when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.*

*Lys.* Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;

And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:

We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,

And tarry for the comfort of the day.

*Her.* Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;

For I upon this bank will rest my head.

*Lys.* One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;

One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.

*Her.* Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,

Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

*Lys.* O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!

Love takes the meaning in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit

So that but one heart we can make of it;

Two bosoms interchain'd with an oath;

So then two bosoms and a single troth.

Then by your side no bed-room me deny;

For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

*Her.* Lysander riddles very prettily:

Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,



If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.  
 But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy  
 Lie further off; in human modesty,  
 Such separation as may well be said  
 Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,  
 So far be distant; and, good night, sweet  
 friend:

Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!  
*Lys.* Amen, amen, to that fair prayer,  
 say I;

And then end life when I end loyalty!  
 Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his  
 rest!

*Her.* With half that wish the wisher's  
 eyes be press'd! [*They sleep.*]

*Enter PUCK.*

*Puck.* Through the forest have I gone,  
 But Athenian found I none,  
 On whose eyes I might approve  
 This flower's force in stirring love.  
 Night and silence.—Who is here?  
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear:  
 This is he, my master said,  
 Despised the Athenian maid;  
 And here the maiden, sleeping sound,  
 On the dank and dirty ground.  
 Pretty soul! she durst not lie  
 Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.  
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw  
 All the power this charm doth owe.  
 When thou wakest, let love forbid  
 Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:  
 So awake when I am gone;  
 For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*]

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.*

*Hel.* Stay, though thou kill me, sweet  
 Demetrius.

*Dem.* I charge thee, hence, and do not  
 haunt me thus.

*Hel.* O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do  
 not so.

*Dem.* Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.  
 [*Exit.*]

*Hel.* O, I am out of breath in this fond  
 chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my  
 grace.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;  
 For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.  
 How came her eyes so bright? Not with  
 salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than  
 hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;  
 For beasts that meet me run away for  
 fear:

Therefore no marvel though Demetrius  
 Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.  
 What wicked and dissembling glass of  
 mine

Made me compare with Hermia's spher-  
 eyne?

But who is here? Lysander! on the  
 ground!

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no  
 wound.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.  
*Lys.* [*Awaking*] And run through fire I  
 will for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,  
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy  
 heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word  
 Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

*Hel.* Do not say so, Lysander; say not so  
 What though he love your Hermia? Lord,  
 what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be con-  
 tent.

*Lys.* Content with Hermia! No; I do re-  
 pent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.  
 Not Hermia but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
 The will of man is by his reason sway'd;  
 And reason says you are the worthier  
 maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their  
 season:

So I, being young, till now ripe not to  
 reason;

And touching now the point of human  
 skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will  
 And leads me to your eyes, where I o'er-  
 look

Love's stories written in love's richest  
 book.

*Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keen mock-  
 ery born?

When at your hands did I deserve this  
 scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young  
 man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,  
 Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,



But you must flout my insufficiency?  
Good troth, you do me wrong, good  
sooth, you do,  
In such disdainful manner me to woo.  
But fare you well: perforce I must confess  
I thought you lord of more true gentle-  
ness.

O, that a lady, of one man refused,  
Should of another therefore be abused!

[Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep  
thou there:

And never mayst thou come Lysander  
near!

For as a surfeit of the sweetest things  
The deepest loathing to the stomach  
brings,

Or as the heresies that men do leave  
Are hated most of those they did deceive,  
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,  
Of all be hated, but the most of me!

And, all my powers, address your love and  
might

To honor Helen and to be her knight!

[Exit.

Her. [Awaking] Help me, Lysander, help  
me! do thy best

To pluck this crawling serpent from my  
breast!

Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!  
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:  
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,  
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.  
Lysander! what, removed? Lysander!  
lord!

What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no  
word?

Alack, where are you? speak, an if you  
hear:

Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with  
fear.

No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:  
Either death or you I'll find immediately.

[Exit.

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *The wood. Titania lying  
asleep.*

*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE,  
SNOUT, and STARVELING.*

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous

convenient place for our rehearsal. This  
green plot shall be our stage, this haw-  
thorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will  
do it in action as we will do it before the  
duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of  
Pyramus and Thisby that will never please.  
First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill  
himself; which the ladies cannot abide.  
How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing  
out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make  
all well. Write me a prologue; and let the  
prologue seem to say, we will do no harm  
with our swords, and that Pyramus is not  
killed indeed; and, for the more better as-  
surance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not  
Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will  
put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a pro-  
logue; and it shall be written in eight and  
six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be  
written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the  
lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with  
yourselves: to bring in—God shield us!—a  
lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing;  
for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl  
than your lion living; and we ought to  
look to 't.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must  
tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and  
half his face must be seen through the  
lion's neck: and he himself must speak  
through, saying thus, or to the same defect,  
—'Ladies,'—or 'Fair ladies,'—I would wish  
you,'—or 'I would request you,'—or 'I  
would entreat you,'—not to fear, not to  
tremble: my life for yours. If you think  
I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my  
life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man  
as other men are; and there indeed let  
him name his name, and tell them plainly  
he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is

two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.  
*Snout.* Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

*Bot.* A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

*Snout.* You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present Wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake: and so every one according to his cue.

*Enter PUCK behind.*

*Puck.* What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;  
 An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

*Bot.* Thisby, the flowers of odious savors sweet,—

*Quin.* Odors, odors.

*Bot.* — odors savors sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,

And by and by I will to thee appear.

[*Exit.*]

*Puck.* A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here. [*Exit.*]

*Flu.* Must I speak now?

*Quin.* Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

*Flu.* Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisk juvenile and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

*Quin.* 'Ninus' tomb,' man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, 'never tire.'

*Flu.* O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

*Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.*

*Bot.* If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

*Quin.* O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

[*Exeunt Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*]

*Puck.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;  
 And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar,

and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*]

*Bot.* Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

*Re-enter SNOOT.*

*Snout.* O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [*Exit Snout.*]

*Re-enter QUINCE.*

*Quin.* Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

[*Exit.*]

*Bot.* I see their knavery: this is to make

an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.

The ousel cock so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The throstle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill,—

*Tita.* [Awaking] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

*Bot.* [Sings]

The finch, the sparrow and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

*Tita.* I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me

On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

*Bot.* Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity that some honest neighbors will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

*Tita.* Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

*Bot.* Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

*Tita.* Out of this wood do not desire to go:

Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate;

The summer still doth tend upon my state;

And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

*Enter* PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDEED.

*Peas.* Ready.

*Cob.* And I.

*Moth.* And I.

*Mus.* And I.

*All.* Where shall we go?

*Tita.* Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;

Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;

Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,

And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,

To have my love to bed and to arise;

And pluck the wings from painted butterflies

To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

*Peas.* Hail, mortal!

*Cob.* Hail!

*Moth.* Hail!

*Mus.* Hail!

*Bot.* I cry your worship's mercy, heartily: I beseech your worship's name.

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

*Peas.* Peaseblossom.

*Bot.* I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

*Mus.* Mustardseed.

*Bot.* Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

*Tita.* Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

*Enter OBERON.*

*Obe.* I wonder if Titania be awaked;  
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,

Which she must dote on in extremity.

*Enter PUCK.*

Here comes my messenger.

How now, mad spirit!

What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

*Puck.* My mistress with a monster is in love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,

A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a play  
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.

The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,

Who Pyramus presented, in their sport  
Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass's noll I fixed on his head:

Anon his Thisbe must be answered,  
And forth my mimic comes. When they  
him spy,

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,  
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,  
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,  
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,

So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;  
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;

He murder cries and help from Athens calls.

Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;

For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;

Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:  
When in that moment, so it came to pass,  
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

*Obe.* This falls out better than I could devise.

But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes

With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

*Puck.* I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—

And the Athenian woman by his side:  
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

*Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS.*

*Obe.* Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

*Puck.* This is the woman, but not this the man.

*Dem.* O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

*Her.* Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse,

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,

And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day  
As he to me: would he have stolen away  
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon  
This whole earth may be bored and that the moon

May through the centre creep and so displease

Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.  
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;  
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

*Dem.* So should the murder'd look, and so should I,

Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:



Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,

As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

*Her.* What's this to my Lysander? where is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

*Dem.* I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

*Her.* Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?

Henceforth be never number'd among men!

O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!

Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

*Dem.* You spend your passion on a misprised mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood; Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

*Her.* I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

*Dem.* An if I could, what should I get therefore?

*Her.* A privilege never to see me more. And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he be dead or no. *[Exit.]*

*Dem.* There is no following her in this fierce vein:

Here therefore for a while I will remain. So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe:

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay. *[Lies down and sleeps.]*

*Obe.* What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue

Some true love turn'd and not a false turn'd true.

*Puck.* Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath

*Obe.* About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find: All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,

With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:

By some illusion see thou bring her here: I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

*Puck.* I go, I go; look how I go, Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. *[Exit]*

*Obe.* Flower of this purple dye, Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye. When his love he doth espy,

Let her shine as gloriously As the Venus of the sky.

When thou wakest, if she be by, Beg of her for remedy.

*Re-enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Captain of our fairy band, Helena is here at hand;

And the youth, mistook by me, Pleading for a lover's fee.

Shall we their fond pageant see? Lord, what fools these mortals be!

*Obe.* Stand aside: the noise they make Will cause Demetrius to awake.

*Puck.* Then will two at once woo one; That must needs be sport alone;

And those things do best please me That befall preposterously.

*Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.*

*Lys.* Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears: Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,

In their nativity all truth appears. How can these things in me seem scorn to you,

Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

*Hel.* You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

*Lys.* I had no judgment when to her I swore.

*Hel.* Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

*Lys.* Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

*Dem.* [Awaking] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow

When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

*Hel.* O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent

To set against me for your merriment:

If you were civil and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do, But you must join in souls to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts

When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;

And now both rivals, to mock Helena:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

With your derision! none of noble sort

Would so offend a virgin, and extort

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

*Lys.* You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;

For you love Hermia; this you know I know:

And here, with all good will, with all my heart,

In Hermia's love I yield you up my part; And yours of Helena to me bequeath,

Whom I do love and will do till my death.

*Hel.* Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

*Dem.* Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:

If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.

My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,

And now to Helen is it home return'd, There to remain.

*Lys.* Helen, it is not so.

*Dem.* Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,

Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.

Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

*Re-enter HERMIA.*

*Her.* Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes;

Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense, It pays the hearing double recompense.

Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

*Lys.* Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

*Her.* What love could press Lysander from my side?

*Lys.* Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night

Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

*Her.* You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

*Hel.* Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three

To fashion this false sport, in spite of me. Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!

Have you conspired, have you with these  
 contrived  
 To bait me with this foul derision?  
 Is all the counsel that we two have shared,  
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have  
 spent,  
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
 For parting us,—O, is it all forgot?  
 All school-days' friendship, childhood in-  
 nocence?  
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
 Have with our needles created both one  
 flower,  
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cush-  
 ion,  
 Both warbling of one song, both in one  
 key,  
 As if our hands, our sides, voices and  
 minds,  
 Had been incorporate. So we grew to-  
 gether,  
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
 But yet an union in partition;  
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;  
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one  
 heart;  
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
 Due but to one and crowned with one  
 crest.  
 And will you rent our ancient love asun-  
 der,  
 To join with men in scorning your poor  
 friend?  
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:  
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
 Though I alone do feel the injury.  
*Her.* I am amazed at your passionate  
 words.  
 I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn  
 me.  
*Hel.* Have you not set Lysander, as in  
 scorn,  
 To follow me and praise my eyes and  
 face?  
 And made your other love, Demetrius,  
 Who even but now did spurn me with his  
 foot,  
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine and  
 rare,  
 Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he  
 this  
 To her he hates? and wherefore doth Ly-  
 sander

Deny your love, so rich within his soul,  
 And tender me, forsooth, affection,  
 But by your setting on, by your consent?  
 What though I be not so in grace as you,  
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate,  
 But miserable most, to love unloved?  
 This you should pity rather than despise.  
*Her.* I understand not what you mean by  
 this.  
*Hel.* Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad  
 looks,  
 Make mouths upon me when I turn my  
 back;  
 Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest  
 up:  
 This sport, well carried, shall be chron-  
 iced.  
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners,  
 You would not make me such an argument.  
 But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault;  
 Which death or absence soon shall rem-  
 edy.  
*Lys.* Stay, gentle Helena; hear my ex-  
 cuse:  
 My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!  
*Hel.* O excellent!  
*Her.* Sweet, do not scorn her so.  
*Dem.* If she cannot entreat, I can compel.  
*Lys.* Thou canst compel no more than she  
 entreat:  
 Thy threats have no more strength than  
 her weak prayers.  
 Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:  
 I swear by that which I will lose for thee,  
 To prove him false that says I love thee  
 not.  
*Dem.* I say I love thee more than he can  
 do.  
*Lys.* If thou say so, withdraw, and prove  
 it too.  
*Dem.* Quick, come!  
*Her.* Lysander, whereto tends all this?  
*Lys.* Away, you Ethiopel!  
*Dem.* No, no; he'll  
 Seem to break loose; take on as you would  
 follow,  
 But yet come not: you are a tame man,  
 go!  
*Lys.* Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile  
 thing, let loose,  
 Or I will shake thee from me like a ser-  
 pent!

- Her.* Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?
- Sweet love,—
- Lys.* Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out! Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!
- Her.* Do you not jest?
- Hel.* Yes, sooth; and so do you.
- Lys.* Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
- Dem.* I would I had your bond, for I perceive  
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.
- Lys.* What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
- Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
- Her.* What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
- Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
- Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander? I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
- Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:
- Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—
- In earnest, shall I say?
- Lys.* Ay, by my life;  
And never did desire to see thee more.  
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
- Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest  
That I do hate thee and love Helena.
- Her.* O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
- You thief of love! what, have you come by night  
And stolen my love's heart from him?
- Hel.* Fine, i'faith!  
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear  
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?  
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
- Her.* Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.
- Now I perceive that she hath made compare  
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;  
And with her personage, her tall personage,
- Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
- And are you grown so high in his esteem; Because I am so dwarfish and so low? How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
- How low am I? I am not yet so low  
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
- Hel.* I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,  
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;  
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;  
I am a right maid for my cowardice:  
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,  
Because she is something lower than myself,  
That I can match her.
- Her.* Lower! hark, again.
- Hel.* Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
- I evermore did love you, Hermia,  
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
- Save that, in love unto Demetrius,  
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.  
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;  
But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me  
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
- And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
To Athens will I bear my folly back  
And follow you no further: let me go:  
You see how simple and how fond I am.
- Her.* Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?
- Hel.* A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
- Her.* What, with Lysander?
- Hel.* With Demetrius.
- Lys.* Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.
- Dem.* No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.
- Hel.* O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
- She was a vixen when she went to school;  
And though she be but little, she is fierce.
- Her.* 'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and 'little'!
- Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?



Let me come to her.

*Lys.* Get you gone, you dwarf;  
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass  
made;

You bead, you acorn.

*Dem.* You are too officious  
In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone: speak not of Helena;  
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend  
Never so little show of love to her,  
Thou shalt aby it.

*Lys.* Now she holds me not;  
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose  
right,

Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

*Dem.* Follow! nay, I'll go with thee,  
cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*]

*Her.* You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of  
you:

Nay, go not back.

*Hel.* I will not trust you, I,  
Nor longer stay in your curst company.  
Your hands than mine are quicker for a  
fray,

My legs are longer though, to run away.  
[*Exit.*]

*Her.* I am amazed, and know not what to  
say. [*Exit.*]

*Obe.* This is thy negligence: still thou  
mistakest,

Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

*Puck.* Believe me, king of shadows, I mis-  
took.

Did not you tell me I should know the  
man

By the Athenian garment he had on?

And so far blameless proves my enterprise,  
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;  
And so far am I glad it so did sort

As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

*Obe.* Thou see'st these lovers seek a place  
to fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;

The starry welkin cover thou anon

With drooping fog as black as Acheron,

And lead these testy rivals so astray

As one come not within another's way.

Like to Lysander sometime frame thy  
tongue,

Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;

And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;

And from each other look thou lead them  
thus,

Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting  
sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth  
creep:

Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;  
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
To take from thence all error with his  
might,

And make his eyeballs roll with wonted  
sight.

When they next wake, all this derision  
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision,  
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,  
With league whose date till death shall  
never end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,  
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;  
And then I will her charmed eye release  
From monster's view, and all things shall  
be peace.

*Puck.* My fairy lord, this must be done  
with haste,

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds  
full fast,

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;  
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering  
here and there,

Troop home to churchyards: damned spir-  
its all,

That in crossways and floods have burial,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone;  
For fear lest day should look their shames  
upon,

They wilfully themselves exile from light  
And must for aye consort with black-  
brow'd night.

*Obe.* But we are spirits of another sort:  
I with the morning's love have oft made  
sport,

And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed  
beams,

Turns into yellow gold his salt green  
streams.

But, notwithstanding, haste; make no de-  
lay:

We may effect this business yet ere day.  
[*Exit.*]

*Puck.* Up and down, up and down,  
I will lead them up and down:

I am fear'd in field and town:  
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

*Re-enter* LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius?  
speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready.  
Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me, then,  
To plainer ground.

[*Exit* Lysander, as following the voice.

*Re-enter* DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.  
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou  
fled?

Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou  
hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging  
to the stars,

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for  
wars,

And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come,  
thou child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled  
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no  
manhood here. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me  
on:

When I come where he calls, then he is  
gone.

The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:  
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;

That fallen am I in dark uneven way,  
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come,

thou gentle day!

For if but once thou show me thy grey  
light, find Demetrius and revenge  
this spite. [*Sleeps.*

*Re-enter* PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest  
thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou darest; for well  
I wot

Thou runn'st before me, shifting every  
place,

And darest not stand, nor look me in the  
face.

Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither: I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou  
shalt buy this dear,

If ever I thy face by daylight see:

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth  
me

To measure out my length on this cold  
bed.

By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

*Re-enter* HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious  
night,

Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from  
the east,

That I may back to Athens by daylight,  
From these that my poor company de-  
test:

And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sor-  
row's eye,

Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more  
Two of both kinds make up four.

Here she comes, curst and sad:

Cupid is a knavish lad,

Thus to make poor females mad.

*Re-enter* HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,  
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with  
briers,

I can no further crawl, no further go;  
My legs can keep no pace with my de-  
sires.

Here will I rest me till the break of day.  
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a  
fray! [*Lies down and sleeps.*

Puck. On the ground

Sleep sound:

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes*

When thou wakest,

Thou takest

True delight

In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye:

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,  
In your waking shall be shown:

Jack shall have Jill;

Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. [Exit.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA lying asleep.

*Enter* TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, and other Fairies attending; OBERON behind unseen.

*Tita.* Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,

While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,  
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,

And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

*Bot.* Where's Peaseblossom?

*Peas.* Ready.

*Bot.* Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

*Cob.* Ready.

*Bot.* Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

*Mus.* Ready.

*Bot.* Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

*Mus.* What's your will?

*Bot.* Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

*Tita.* What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

*Tita.* Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

*Bot.* Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I

have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

*Tita.* I have a venturous fairy that shall seek

The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

*Tita.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, begone, and be all ways away.

[*Exeunt fairies.*]

So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle

Gently entwist; the female ivy so Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

*Enter* PUCK.

*Obe.* [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity:

For, meeting her of late behind the wood,  
Seeking sweet favors from this hateful fool,

I did upbraid her and fall out with her;  
For she his hairy temples then had rounded  
With a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;

And that same dew, which sometime on the buds

Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,

Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes

Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had at my pleasure taunted her  
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,  
I then did ask of her her changeling child;  
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent

To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo

This hateful imperfection of her eyes:

And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp

From off the head of this Athenian swain;

That, he awaking when the other do,

May all to Athens back again repair

And think no more of this night's accidents

But as the fierce vexation of a dream.

But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be as thou wast wont to be;

See as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

*Tita.* My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

*Obe.* There lies your love.

*Tita.* How came these things to pass?  
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

*Obe.* Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.

Titania, music call; and strike more dead  
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

*Tita.* Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep! [*Music, still.*]

*Puck.* Now, when thou wakest, with  
thine own fool's eyes peep.

*Obe.* Sound, music! Come, my queen,  
take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,  
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly  
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair prosperity:  
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be  
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

*Puck.* Fairy king, attend, and mark:  
I do hear the morning lark.

*Obe.* Then, my queen, in silence sad,  
Trip we after the night's shade:  
We the globe can compass soon,  
Swifter than the wandering moon.

*Tita.* Come, my lord, and in our flight  
Tell me how it came this night  
That I sleeping here was found  
With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Horns winded within.*]

*Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train.

*The.* Go, one of you, find out the forester;

For now our observation is perform'd;  
And since we have the vaward of the day,  
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.

Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:

Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,

And mark the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Hip.* I was with Hercules and Cadmus  
once,

When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear

With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding: for, besides the groves,

The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

*The.* My hounds are bred out of the  
Spartan kind,

So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are  
hung

With ears that sweep away the morning  
dew;

Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like  
bells,

Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with  
horn,

In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:  
Judge when you hear. But, soft! what  
nymphs are these?

*Ege.* My lord, this is my daughter here  
asleep;

And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;  
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:

I wonder of their being here together.

*The.* No doubt they rose up early to observe

The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,  
Came here in grace of our solemnity.

But speak, Egeus; is not this the day  
That Hermia should give answer of her  
choice?

*Ege.* It is, my lord.

*The.* Go, bid the huntsmen wake them  
with their horns.



[*Horns and shout within. Lys., Dem., Hel., and Her., wake and start up.*]

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

*Lys.* Pardon, my lord.

*The.* I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies:

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is so far from jealousy,  
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

*Lys.* My lord, I shall reply amazedly,  
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,  
I cannot truly say how I came here;  
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,  
And now do I bethink me, so it is,—

I came with Hermia hither: our intent  
Was to be gone from Athens, where we  
might,

Without the peril of the Athenian law.

*Ege.* Enough, enough, my lord; you have  
enough:

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.

They would have stolen away; they would,  
Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me,  
You of your wife and me of my consent,  
Of my consent that she should be your  
wife.

*Dem.* My lord, fair Helen told me of  
their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood;

And I in fury hither follow'd them,

Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what  
power,—

But by some power it is,—my love to Her-  
mia,

Melted as the snow, seems to me now

As the remembrance of an idle gaud

Which in my childhood I did dote upon;

And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,

The object and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is only Helena. To her, my lord,

Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:

But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;

But, as in health, come to my natural taste,

Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,

And will for evermore be true to it.

*The.* Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:

Of this discourse we more will hear anon.

Egeus, I will overbear your will;

For in the temple, by and by, with us

These couples shall eternally be knit:

And, for the morning now is something  
worn,

Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.

Away with us to Athens; three and three,

We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt The., Hip., Ege., and train.*]

*Dem.* These things seem small and undis-  
tinguishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

*Her.* Methinks I see these things with  
parted eye,

When every thing seems double.

*Hel.* So methinks:

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,

Mine own, and not mine own.

*Dem.* Are you sure

That we are awake? It seems to me

That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you  
think

The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

*Her.* Yea; and my father.

*Hel.* And Hippolyta.

*Lys.* And he did bid us follow to the tem-  
ple.

*Dem.* Why, then, we are awake: let's fol-  
low him;

And by the way let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Bot.* [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call  
me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most  
fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince!  
Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the  
tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen  
hence, and left me asleep! I have had a  
most rare vision. I have had a dream, past  
the wit of man to say what dream it was:  
man is but an ass, if he go about to exp-  
ound this dream. Methought I was—  
there is no man can tell what. Methought I  
was,—and methought I had,—but man is  
but a patched fool, if he will offer to  
say what methought I had. The eye  
of man hath not heard, the ear of  
man hath not seen, man's hand is not able  
to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his  
heart to report, what my dream was. I will  
get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this  
dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream,  
because it hath no bottom; and I will sing

it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Athens.* QUINCE's house.

*Enter* QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and  
STARVELING.

*Quin.* Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

*Star.* He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

*Flu.* If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

*Quin.* It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

*Flu.* No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

*Quin.* Yea and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

*Flu.* You must say 'paragon:' a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

*Enter* SNUG.

*Snug.* Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

*Flu.* O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

*Enter* BOTTOM.

*Bot.* Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

*Quin.* Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

*Bot.* Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

*Quin.* Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

*Bot.* Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not

him that plays the lion pair his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Athens.* The palace of THESEUS.

*Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE,  
Lords and Attendants.

*Hip.* 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

*The.* More strange than true: I never may believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover and the poet Are of imagination all compact:

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,

That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt: The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

And as imagination bodies forth The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination, That, if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy; Or in the night, imagining some fear, How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

*Hip.* But all the story of the night told over,

And all their minds transfigured so together,

More witnesseth than fancy's images And grows to something of great constancy;

But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

*The.* Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

*Enter* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love

Accompany your hearts!

*Lys.* More than to us  
Wait in your royal walks, your board,  
your bed!

*The.* Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours  
Between our after-supper and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?  
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,  
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

*Call Philostrate.*

*Phil.* Here, mighty Theseus.

*The.* Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?

What masque? what music? How shall we beguile

The lazy time, if not with some delight?

*Phil.* There is a brief how many sports are ripe:

Make choice of which your highness will see first. [*Giving a paper.*]

*The.* [*Reads*] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,

In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

*[Reads]* 'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,  
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'

That is an old device; and it was play'd  
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

*[Reads]* 'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death

Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.'

That is some satire, keen and critical,

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

*[Reads]* 'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus

And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'

Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!

That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

*Phil.* A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play;  
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,  
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play  
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;  
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.  
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

*The.* What are they that do play it?

*Phil.* Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,

Which never labor'd in their minds till now,

And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories

With this same play, against your nuptial.

*The.* And we will hear it.

*Phil.* No, my noble lord;  
It is not for you: I have heard it over,  
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;  
Unless you can find sport in their intents,  
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,

To do you service.

*The.* I will hear that play;

For never anything can be amiss,

When simpleness and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies. [*Exit Philostrate.*]

*Hip.* I love not to see wretchedness o'er-charged

And duty in his service perishing.

*The.* Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

*Hip.* He says they can do nothing in this kind.

*The.* The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:

And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect

Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have posed

To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

Where I have seen them shiver and look  
pale,  
Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
Throttle their practised accent in their  
fears

And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,  
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me,  
sweet,

Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;  
And in the modesty of fearful duty  
I read as much as from the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.  
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity  
In least speak most, to my capacity.

*Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.*

*Phil.* So please your grace, the Prologue  
is address'd.

*The.* Let him approach.

*[Flourish of trumpets.]*

*Enter QUINCE for the Prologue.*

*Pro.* If we offend, it is with our good  
will.

That you should think, we come not to  
offend,

But with good will. To show our simple  
skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content  
you,

Our true intent is. All for your delight

We are not here. That you should here  
repent you,

The actors are at hand and by their show  
You shall know all that you are like to  
know.

*The.* This fellow doth not stand upon  
points.

*Lys.* He hath rid his prologue like a  
rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good  
moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak,  
but to speak true.

*Hip.* Indeed he hath played on his pro-  
logue like a child on a recorder; a sound,  
but not in government.

*The.* His speech was like a tangled chain;  
nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who  
is next?

*Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL,  
MOONSHINE, and LION.*

*Pro.* Gentles, perchance you wonder at  
this show;

But wonder on, till truth make all things  
plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth  
present

Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers  
sunder;

And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they  
are content

To whisper. At the which let no man  
wonder.

This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of  
thorn,

Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will  
know,

By moonshine did these lovers think no  
scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to  
woo.

This grisly beast, which Lion hight by  
name,

The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,  
Did scare away, or rather did affright;

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,  
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did  
stain.

Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,  
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle  
slain:

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful  
blade,

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody  
breast;

And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,  
His dagger drew, and died. For all the  
rest,

Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers  
twain

At large discourse, while here they do re-  
main.

*[Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion,  
and Moonshine.]*

*The.* I wonder if the lion be to speak.

*Dem.* No wonder, my lord: one lion may,  
when many asses do.

*Wall.* In this same interlude it doth befall  
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;

And such a wall, as I would have you  
think,

That had in it a crannied hole or chink,  
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and  
Thisby,



Did whisper often very secretly.

This loam, this rough-cast and this stone  
doth show

That I am that same wall; the truth is so:  
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,  
Through which the fearful lovers are to  
whisper.

*The.* Would you desire lime and hair to  
speak better?

*Dem.* It is the wittiest partition that ever  
I heard discourse, my lord.

*Enter PYRAMUS.*

*The.* Pyramus draws near the wall: si-  
lence!

*Pyr.* O grim-look'd night! O night with  
hue so black!

O night, which ever art when day is not!  
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!  
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,  
That stand'st between her father's ground  
and mine!

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely  
wall,

Show me thy chink, to blink through  
with mine eyne!

*[Wall holds up his fingers.]*

Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee  
well for this!

But what see I? No Thisby do I see.  
O wicked wall, through whom I see no  
bliss!

Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving  
me!

*The.* The wall, methinks, being sensible,  
should curse again.

*Pyr.* No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'De-  
ceiving me' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter  
now, and I am to spy her through the  
wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told  
you. Yonder she comes.

*Enter THISBE.*

*This.* O wall, full often hast thou heard  
my moans,

For parting my fair Pyramus and me!  
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,  
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in  
thee.

*Pyr.* I see a voice: now will I to the chink,  
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.  
Thisby!

*This.* My love thou art, my love I think.

*Pyr.* Think what thou wilt, I am thy  
lover's grace;

And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

*This.* And I like Helen, till the Fates me  
kill.

*Pyr.* Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

*This.* As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

*Pyr.* O, kiss me through the hole of this  
vile wall!

*This.* I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips  
at all.

*Pyr.* Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me  
straightway?

*This.* 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come with-  
out delay.

*[Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.]*

*Wall.* Thus have I, Wall, my part dis-  
charged so;

And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.  
*[Exit.]*

*The.* Now is the mural down between  
the two neighbors.

*Dem.* No remedy, my lord, when walls  
are so wilful to hear without warning.

*Hip.* This is the silliest stuff that ever I  
heard.

*The.* The best in this kind are but shad-  
ows; and the worst are no worse, if imag-  
ination amend them.

*Hip.* It must be your imagination then,  
and not theirs.

*The.* If we imagine no worse of them  
than they of themselves, they may pass for  
excellent men. Here come two noble beasts  
in, a man and a lion.

*Enter LION and MOONSHINE.*

*Lion.* You, ladies, you, whose gentle  
hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that  
creeps on floor,

May now perchance both quake and trem-  
ble here,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth  
roar.

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am  
A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam;  
For, if I should as lion come in strife  
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

*The.* A very gentle beast, and of a good  
conscience.

*Dem.* The very best at a beast, my lord,  
that e'er I saw.

*Lys.* This lion is a very fox for his valor.

*The.* True; and a goose for his discretion.

*Dem.* Not so, my lord; for his valor cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

*The.* His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valor; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

*Moon.* This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;—

*Dem.* He should have worn the horns on his head.

*The.* He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

*Moon.* This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;

Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

*The.* This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else the man i' the moon?

*Dem.* He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

*Hip.* I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

*The.* It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

*Lys.* Proceed, Moon.

*Moon.* All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

*Dem.* Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

*Enter THISBE.*

*This.* This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

*Lion.* [Roaring] Oh— [*Thisbe runs off.*]

*Dem.* Well roared, Lion.

*The.* Well run, Thisbe.

*Hip.* Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*]

*The.* Well moused, Lion.

*Lys.* And so the lion vanished.

*Dem.* And then came Pyramus.

*Enter PYRAMUS.*

*Pyr.* Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,

I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite!

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood!

Approach, ye Furies fell!

O Fates, come, come,

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

*The.* This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

*Hip.* Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

*Pyr.* O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?

Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame

That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus;

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop: [*Stabs himself.*]

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, lose thy light;

Moon, take thy light:

[*Exit Moonshine.*]

Now die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*]

*Dem.* No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

*Lys.* Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

*The.* With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

*Hip.* How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

*The.* She will find him by starlight. Here

she comes; and her passion ends the play.

*Re-enter THISBE.*

*Hip.* Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

*Dem.* A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

*Lys.* She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

*Dem.* And thus she means, videlicet:—

*This.* Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise!

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone:

Lovers, make moan:

His eyes were green as leeks.

O Sisters Three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk;

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word:

Come, trusty sword;

Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

*[Stabs herself.]*

And, farewell, friends;

Thus Thisby ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

*[Dies.]*

*The.* Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

*Dem.* Ay, and Wall too.

*Bot.* *[Starting up]* No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

*The.* No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there needs none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergo-

mask: let your epilogue alone. *[A dance.]*  
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve;

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn  
As much as we this night have over-  
watch'd.

This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled  
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to  
bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,  
In nightly revels and new jollity. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter PUCK.*

*Puck.* Now the hungry lion roars,

And the wolf howls the moon;

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,

All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow,

Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,

Puts the wretch that lies in woe

In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night

That the graves all gaping wide,

Every one lets forth his sprite,

In the church-way paths to glide:

And we fairies, that do run

By the triple Hecate's team,

From the presence of the sun,

Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolic: not a mouse

Shall disturb this hallow'd house:

I am sent with broom before,

To sweep the dust behind the door.

*Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train.*

*Obe.* Through the house give glimmering  
light,

By the dead and drowsy fire;

Every elf and fairy sprite

Hop as light as bird from brier;

And this ditty, after me,

Sing, and dance it trippingly.

*Tita.* First, rehearse your song by rote

To each word a warbling note:

Hand in hand, with fairy grace,

Will we sing, and bless this place.

*[Song and dance.]*

*Obe.* Now, until the break of day,

Through this house each fairy stray.

To the best bride-bed will we,

Which by us shall blessed be;

And the issue there create

Ever shall be fortunate.

So shall all the couples three

Ever true in loving be;  
And the blots of Nature's hand  
Shall not in their issue stand;  
Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,  
Nor mark prodigious, such as are  
Despised in nativity,  
Shall upon their children be.  
With this field-dew consecrate,  
Every fairy take his gait;  
And each several chamber bless,  
Through this palace, with sweet peace;  
And the owner of it blest  
Ever shall in safety rest.  
Trip away; make no stay;  
Meet me all by break of day.

*[Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.]*

*Puck.* If we shadows have offended,  
Think but this, and all is mended,  
That you have but slumber'd here  
While these visions did appear.  
And this weak and idle theme,  
No more yielding but a dream,  
Gentles, do not reprehend:  
If you pardon, we will mend;  
And, as I am an honest Puck,  
If we have unearned luck  
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,  
We will make amends ere long;  
Else the Puck a liar call;  
So, good night unto you all.  
Give me your hands, if we be friends,  
And Robin shall restore amends. *[Exit]*



# ROMEO AND JULIET

Two Dates Are Assigned to It, 1591 and 1596-97.

## INTRODUCTION

The story of the unhappy lovers of Verona, as a supposed historical occurrence, is referred to the year 1303; but no account of it exists of an earlier date than that of Luigi da Porto, about 1530. The story quickly acquired a European celebrity. Published by Bandello in his collection of Italian novels in 1554, it was translated into French in 1559 by Pierre Boisteau, and in three years more touched English soil. Arthur Brooke in 1562 produced his long metrical version, founded upon Boisteau's novel, and a pure translation of Boisteau's work appeared in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* in 1567. We have here reached Shakespeare's sources: Paynter he probably consulted; in nearly all essentials he follows the *Romeus and Juliet* of Brooke. The precise date of Shakespeare's play is uncertain. In 1597 it was published in quarto, "as it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publickly by the right Honorable the Lord of Hunsdon his servants." Now the Lord Chamberlain, Henry Lord Hunsdon, died July 22, 1596; his son, George Lord Hunsdon, was appointed Chamberlain in April, 1597. Before July, 1596, or after April, 1597, the theatrical company would have been styled by the more honorable designation, "the Lord Chamberlain's servants"; but during the interval they would have been described as on the title-page of the quarto. The Nurse's mention of the earthquake (Act I, Sc. III), "'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years," has been referred to as giving the date 1591, a memorable earthquake, felt in London, having occurred in 1580; but, while professing an infallibly accurate recollection, the old woman blunders sadly about her dates, so that even if an actual English earthquake were alluded to, the point of the jest may have been in the inaccuracy of the reference. The internal evidence favors the opinion that this tragedy was an early work of the poet, and that it was subsequently revised and enlarged. There is much rhyme, and much of this is in the form of alternate rhyme; the forced playing upon words, and the overstrained conceits point to an early date. We may perhaps accept the opinion that the play was begun, and in part written, as early as 1591, and that it assumed its final form about 1597. Apart from its intrinsic beauty, *Romeo and Juliet* is of deep interest when viewed as Shakespeare's first tragedy, and as a work which probably occupied his thoughts, from time to time, during a series of years. It is a young man's tragedy, in which Youth and Love are brought face to face with Hatred and Death. The scene is essentially Italian: the burning noons of July in the Italian city inflame the blood of the street quarrelers; the voluptuous moonlit nights are only like a softer day. And the characters are Italian, with their lyrical ardor, their southern impetuosity of passion, and the southern forms and color of their speech. Romeo's nature is prone to enthusiastic feeling, and, as it were, vaguely trembling in the direction of love before he sees Juliet; to meet her gives form and fixity to his vague emotion. To Juliet—a girl of fourteen—love comes as a thing previously unknown; it is at once terrible and blissful; she rises, through love, and sorrow, and trial, from a child into a heroic woman. After Shakespeare has exalted their enthusiastic joy and rapture to the highest point, he suddenly casts it down. Romeo is at first completely unmanned; but Juliet exhibits a noble fortitude and self-command. Mercutio and the Nurse are almost creations of Shakespeare. Brooke had described Mercutio as "a lion among maidens," and speaks of his "ice-cold hand"; but it was the dramatist who drew at full length the figure of this brilliant being, who though with wit running beyond what is becoming, and effervescent animal spirits, yet acts as a guardian of Romeo, and is always a gallant gentleman. He dies forcing a jest through his bodily anguish, but he dies on Romeo's behalf: the scene darkens as his figure disappears. The action is accelerated by Shakespeare to the utmost, the four or five months of Brooke's poem being reduced to as many days. On Sunday the lovers meet, next day they are made one in marriage, on Tuesday morning at dawn they

part, and they are finally re-united in the tomb on the night of Thursday. Shakespeare does not close the tragedy with Juliet's death: as he has shown in the first scene the hatred of the houses through the comic quarrel of the servants, thereby introducing the causes which produce the tragic issue, so in the last scene he shows us the houses sorrowfully reconciled over the dead bodies of a son and daughter.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ESCALUS, prince of Verona.  
 PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.  
 MONTAGUE, { heads of two houses at vari-  
 CAPULET, { ance with each other.  
 An old man, cousin to Capulet.  
 ROMEO, son to Montague.  
 MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.  
 BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.  
 TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.  
 FRIAR LAURENCE, { Franciscans.  
 FRIAR JOHN, {  
 BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.  
 SAMPSON, { servants to Capulet.  
 GREGORY, {

PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.  
 ABRAHAM, servant to Montague.  
 An Apothecary.  
 Three Musicians.  
 Page to Paris; another Page; an officer.  
 LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.  
 LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.  
 JULIET, daughter to Capulet.  
 Nurse to Juliet.  
 Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.  
 Chorus.

SCENE: *Verona: Mantua.*

### PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
 Whose misadventured piteous overthrows  
 Do with their death bury their parents' strife.  
 The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
 Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,  
 Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
 The which if you with patient ears attend,  
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. A public place.*

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers.*

*Sam.* Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

*Gre.* No, for then we should be colliers.

*Sam.* I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

*Gre.* Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

*Sam.* I strike quickly, being moved.

*Gre.* But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

*Sam.* A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

*Gre.* To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

*Sam.* A dog of that house shall move me

to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

*Gre.* That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

*Sam.* True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

*Gre.* The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

*Sam.* 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

*Gre.* The heads of the maids?

*Sam.* Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

*Gre.* They must take it in sense that feel it.

*Sam.* Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

*Gre.* 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

*Sam.* My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

*Gre.* How! turn thy back and run?

*Sam.* Fear me not.

*Gre.* No, marry; I fear thee!

*Sam.* Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

*Gre.* I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

*Sam.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

*Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.*

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* [Aside to *Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

*Gre.* No.

*Sam.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

*Gre.* Do you quarrel, sir?

*Abr.* Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

*Sam.* If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

*Abr.* No better.

*Sam.* Well, sir.

*Gre.* Say 'better:' here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

*Sam.* Yes, better, sir.

*Abr.* You lie.

*Sam.* Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [They fight.]

*Enter BENVOLIO.*

*Ben.* Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you do. [Beats down their swords.]

*Enter TYBALT.*

*Tyb.* What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

*Tyb.* What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: Have at thee, coward! [They fight.]

*Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.*

*First Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

*Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET.*

*Cap.* What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

*La. Cap.* A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

*Cap.* My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,

And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.*

*Mon.* Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

*La. Mon.* Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

*Enter PRINCE, with Attendants.*

*Prin.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel,—Will they not hear? What, ho! you men,

you beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

With purple fountains issuing from your veins,

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
 Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,  
 And hear the sentence of your moved prince.  
 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,  
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,  
 And made Verona's ancient citizens  
 Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,  
 To wield old partisans, in hands as old,  
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:  
 If ever you disturb our streets again,  
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
 For this time, all the rest depart away:  
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me:  
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
 To know our further pleasure in this case,  
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.  
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.  
*[Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio.]*  
*Mon.* Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?  
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?  
*Ben.* Here were the servants of your adversary,  
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:  
 I drew to part them: in the instant came  
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,  
 Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,  
 He swung about his head and cut the winds,  
 Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn:  
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
 Came more and more and fought on part and part,  
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.  
*La. Mon.* O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?  
 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun  
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,  
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;  
 Where, underneath the grove of sycamore  
 That westward rooteth from the city's side,  
 So early walking did I see your son:  
 Towards him I made, but he was ware of me  
 And stole into the covert of the wood:  
 I, measuring his affections by my own,  
 That most are busied when they're most alone,  
 Pursued my humor not pursuing his,  
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.  
*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;  
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
 Should in the furthest east begin to draw  
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
 And private in his chamber pens himself,  
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out  
 And makes himself an artificial night:  
 Black and portentous must this humor prove,  
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.  
*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause?  
*Mon.* I neither know it nor can learn of him.  
*Ben.* Have you importuned him by any means?  
*Mon.* Both by myself and many other friends:  
 But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
 Is to himself—I will not say how true—  
 But to himself so secret and so close,  
 So far from sounding and discovery,  
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,



We would as willingly give cure as know.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Ben.* See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

*Mon.* I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,

To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away. [*Exeunt Montague and Lady.*]

*Ben.* Good-morrow, cousin.

*Rom.* Is the day so young?

*Ben.* But new struck nine.

*Rom.* Ay me! sad hours seem long. Was that my father that went hence so fast?

*Ben.* It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

*Rom.* Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

*Ben.* In love?

*Rom.* Out—

*Ben.* Of love?

*Rom.* Out of her favor, where I am in love.

*Ben.* Alas, that love, so gentle in his view, Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

*Rom.* Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is! This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

*Ben.* No, coz, I rather weep.

*Ben.* Good heart, at what?

*Ben.* At thy good heart's oppression.

*Rom.* Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love that thou

hast shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;

Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:

What is it else? a madness most discreet, A choking gall and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.

*Ben.* Soft! I will go along;

And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

*Rom.* Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

*Ben.* Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

*Rom.* What, shall I groan and tell thee?

*Ben.* Groan! why, no.

But sadly tell me who.

*Rom.* Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:

Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

*Ben.* I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

*Rom.* A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

*Ben.* A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

*Rom.* Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit; And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms, Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O, she is rich in beauty, only poor, That when she dies with beauty dies her store.

*Ben.* Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,

For beauty starved with her severity Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair, To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow  
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

*Ben.* Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

*Rom.* O, teach me how I should forget to think.

*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes;  
Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* 'Tis the way

To call hers exquisite, in question more:

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows

Being black put us in mind they hide the fair;

He that is stricken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:  
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,  
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note  
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

*Ben.* I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *A street.*

*Enter* CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

*Cap.* But Montague is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*Par.* Of honorable reckoning are you both;

And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.

But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

*Cap.* But saying o'er what I have said before:

My child is yet a stranger in the world;  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;

Let two more summers wither in their pride,

Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

*Par.* Younger than she are happy mothers made.

*Cap.* And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,

She is the hopeful lady of my earth:

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,

My will to her consent is but a part;

An she agree, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
Such as I love; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.

At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel  
When well-apparell'd April on the heel  
Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
Among fresh female buds shall you this night

Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,  
And like her most whose merit most shall be:

Which on more view, of many mine being one

May stand in number, though in reckoning none,

Come, go with me. [*To Serv., giving a paper.*] Go, sirrah, trudge about

Through fair Verona; find those persons out

Whose names are written there, and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay. [*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

*Serv.* Find them out whose names are written here! It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.—In good time.

*Enter* BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

*Ben.* Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;  
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;

One desperate grief cures with another's languish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

*Rom.* Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.

*Ben.* For what, I pray thee?

*Rom.* For your broken shin.

*Ben.* Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipp'd and tormented and—God-den,  
good fellow.

*Serv.* God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

*Rom.* Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

*Serv.* Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

*Rom.* Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

*Serv.* Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

*Rom.* Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*]

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitravio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena.'

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

*Serv.* Up.

*Rom.* Whither?

*Serv.* To supper; to our house.

*Rom.* Whose house?

*Serv.* My master's.

*Rom.* Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

*Serv.* Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [*Exit.*]

*Ben.* At this same ancient feast of Capulet's

Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,  
With all the admired beauties of Verona:  
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

*Rom.* When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;

And these, who often drown'd could never die,

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

*Ben.* Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,

Herself poised with herself in either eye:  
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd

Your lady's love against some other maid  
That I will show you shining at this feast,  
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

*Rom.* I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,

But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Capulet's house.*

*Enter* LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

*La. Cap.* Nurse, where's my daughter?  
call her forth to me.

*Nurse.* Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,  
I bade her come. What, lamb! what, ladybird!

God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

*Enter* JULIET.

*Jul.* How now! who calls?

*Nurse.* Your mother.

*Jul.* Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

*La. Cap.* This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret:—nurse, come back again;

I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

*Nurse.* Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

*La. Cap.* She's not fourteen.

*Nurse.* I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—

And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—

She is not fourteen. How long is it now  
To Lammas-tide?

*La. Cap.* A fortnight and odd days.

*Nurse.* Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—  
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;  
She was too good for me: but, as I said,  
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;  
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.  
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;  
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—  
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:  
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;  
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—  
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,  
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,  
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!  
'Shake' quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,  
To bid me trudge:  
And since that time it is eleven years;  
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,  
She could have run and waddled all about;  
For even the day before, she broke her brow:  
And then my husband—God be with his soul!  
A' was a merry man—took up the child:  
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,  
The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'  
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!  
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;  
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'

*La. Cap.* Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

*Nurse.* Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh,  
To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay.'  
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow  
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;  
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:  
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'  
*Jul.* And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.  
*Nurse.* Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!  
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:  
An I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.  
*La. Cap.* Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme  
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
How stands your disposition to be married?  
*Jul.* It is an honor that I dream not of.  
*Nurse.* An honor! were not I thine only nurse,  
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.  
*La. Cap.* Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,  
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers: by my count, I was your mother much upon these years  
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.  
*Nurse.* A man, young lady! lady, such a man  
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.  
*La. Cap.* Verona's summer hath not such a flower.  
*Nurse.* Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.  
*La. Cap.* What say you? can you love the gentleman?  
This night you shall behold him at our feast;  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen:  
Examine every married lineament



And see how one another lends content,  
And what obscured in this fair volume lies  
Find written in the margin of his eyes.  
This precious book of love, this unbound  
lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover:  
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride  
For fair without the fair within to hide:  
That book in many's eyes doth share the  
glory,

That in gold clasps locks in the golden  
story;

So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
By having him, making yourself no less.

*Nurse.* No less! nay, bigger; women grow  
by men.

*La. Cap.* Speak briefly, can you like of  
Paris' love?

*Jul.* I'll look to like, if looking liking  
move:

But no more deep will I endart mine eye  
Than your consent gives strength to make  
it fly.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, the guests are come, supper  
served up, you called, my young lady asked  
for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and  
every thing in extremity. I must hence to  
wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

*La. Cap.* We follow thee. [*Exit Servant.*  
Juliet, the county stays.

*Nurse.* Go, girl, seek happy nights to  
happy days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A street.*

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with  
five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers,  
and others.*

*Rom.* What, shall this speech be spoke  
for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixity:  
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a  
scarf,

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,  
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;  
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly  
spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance:

But let them measure us by what they will;  
We'll measure them a measure, and be  
gone.

*Rom.* Give me a torch: I am not for this  
ambling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

*Mer.* Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have  
you dance.

*Rom.* Not I, believe me: you have danc-  
ing shoes

With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead  
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

*Mer.* You are a lover; borrow Cupid's  
wings,

And soar with them above a common  
bound.

*Rom.* I am too sore enpierced with his  
shaft

To soar with his light feathers, and so  
bound,

I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

*Mer.* And, to sink in it, should you  
burden love;

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

*Rom.* Is love a tender thing? it is too  
rough,

Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like  
thorn.

*Mer.* If love be rough with you, be rough  
with love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love  
down.

Give me a case to put my visage in:

A visor for a visor! what care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities?  
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for  
me.

*Ben.* Come, knock and enter; and no  
sooner in,

But every man betake him to his legs.

*Rom.* A torch for me: let wantons light  
of heart

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,  
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire  
phrase;

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

*Mer.* Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's  
own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the  
mire

Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou  
stick'st

Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight,  
ho!

*Rom.* Nay, that's not so.

*Mer.* I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits

Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

*Rom.* And we mean well in going to this mask;

But 'tis no wit to go.

*Mer.* Why, may one ask?

*Rom.* I dream'd a dream to-night.

*Mer.* And so did I.

*Rom.* Well, what was yours?

*Mer.* That dreamers often lie.

*Rom.* In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

*Mer.* O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;

Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,

The traces of the smallest spider's web,

The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,

Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,

Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,

'Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.

And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;

O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'-sies straight,

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;

And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail

Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,

Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,

Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon

Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,

And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab

That plats the manes of horses in the night,

And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,

Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes:

This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,

That presses them and learns them first to bear,

Making them women of good carriage:

This is she—

*Rom.* Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!

Thou talk'st of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams,

Which are the children of an idle brain,

Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,

Which is as thin of substance as the air

And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes

Even now the frozen bosom of the north,

And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,

Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

*Ben.* This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

*Rom.* I fear, too early: for my mind mis-gives

Some consequence yet hanging in the stars

Shall bitterly begin his fearful date

With this night's revels and expire the term

Of a despised life closed in my breast

By some vile forfeit of untimely death.

But He, that hath the steerage of my course,

Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

*Ben.* Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A hall in Capulet's house.*

Musicians *waiting. Enter Servingmen with napkins.*

*First Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher? he scrape a trencher!

*Sec. Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

*First Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony, and Potpan!

*Sec. Serv.* Ay, boy, ready.

*First Serv.* You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

*Sec. Serv.* We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

*Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers.*

*Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes

Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,

She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day That I have worn a visor and could tell A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen! come, musicians, play.

A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.  
[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet; For you and I are past our dancing days: How long is't now since last yourself and I Were in a mask?

*Sec. Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

*Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

'Tis since the nuptials of Lucentio, Come pentecost as quickly as it will, Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

*Sec. Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his son is elder, sir;

His son is thirty.

*Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

*Rom.* [*To a Servingman*] What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand Of yonder knight?

*Serv.* I know not, sir.

*Rom.* O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear; Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

*Tyb.* This, by his voice, should be a Montague.

Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face, To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honor of my kin, To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

*Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

*Tyb.* Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe, A villain that is hither come in spite,

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

*Cap.* Young Romeo is it?

*Tyb.* 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

*Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;

He bears him like a portly gentleman;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him

To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:

I would not for the wealth of all the town

Here in my house do him disparagement:

Therefore be patient, take no note of him:  
It is my will, the which if thou respect,  
Show a fair presence and put off these  
frowns,

An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

*Tyb.* It fits, when such a villain is a guest:  
I'll not endure him.

*Cap.* He shall be endured:

What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;  
Am I the master here, or you? go to.

You'll not endure him! God shall mend my  
soul!

You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the  
man!

*Tyb.* Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

*Cap.* Go to, go to;

You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?

This trick may chance to scathe you, I  
know what:

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.

Well said, my hearts! You are a princ Cox;  
go:

Be quiet, or—More light, more light! For  
shame!

I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my  
hearts!

*Tyb.* Patience perforce with wilful choler  
meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different  
greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall  
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.

[Exit.

*Rom.* [To Juliet] If I profane with my  
unworthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a  
tender kiss.

*Jul.* Good pilgrim, you do wrong your  
hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands  
do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

*Rom.* Have not saints lips, and holy palm-  
ers too?

*Jul.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in  
prayer.

*Rom.* O, then, dear saint, let lips do what  
hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to  
despair.

*Jul.* Saints do not move, though grant for  
prayers' sake.

*Rom.* Then move not, while my prayer's  
effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is  
purged.

*Jul.* Then have my lips the sin that they  
have took.

*Rom.* Sin from thy lips? O trespass  
sweetly urged!

Give me my sin again.

*Jul.* You kiss by the book.

*Nurse.* Madam, your mother craves a  
word with you.

*Rom.* What is her mother?

*Nurse.* Marry, bachelor,  
Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:  
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd  
withal;

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her  
Shall have the chinks.

*Rom.* Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

*Ben.* Away, begone; the sport is at the  
best.

*Rom.* Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

*Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be  
gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.  
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;  
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.  
More torches here! Come on then, let's to  
bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:  
I'll to my rest.

[Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.

*Jul.* Come hither, nurse. What is yond  
gentleman?

*Nurse.* The son and heir of old Tiberio.

*Jul.* What's he that now is going out of  
door?

*Nurse.* Marry, that, I think, be young  
Petrucio.

*Jul.* What's he that follows there, that  
would not dance?

*Nurse.* I know not.

*Jul.* Go, ask his name: if he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

*Nurse.* His name is Romeo, and a Monta-  
gue;



The only son of your great enemy.

*Jul.* My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

*Nurse.* What's this? what's this?

*Jul.* A rhyme I learn'd even now  
Of one I danced withal. [*One calls within.*  
'Juliet.')

*Nurse.* Anon, anon!

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.  
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

PROLOGUE.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,

And young affection gapes to be his heir;  
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,  
Alike betwitched by the charm of looks,  
But to his foe supposed he must complain,  
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access  
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;

And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new-beloved any where:

But passion lends them power, time means,  
to meet,

Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.*

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* Can I go forward when my heart  
is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre  
out.

[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*]

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

*Ben.* Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

*Mer.* He is wise;  
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

*Ben.* He ran this way, and leap'd this  
orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

*Mer.* Nay, I'll conjure too.  
Romeo! humors! madman! passion! lover!  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:  
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;  
Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and  
'dove;'

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
One nick-name for her purblind son and  
heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,  
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-  
maid!

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth  
not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering  
thigh

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

*Ben.* And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger  
him.

*Mer.* This cannot anger him: 'twould  
anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle  
Of some strange nature, letting it there  
stand

Till she had laid it and conjured it down;  
That were some spite: my invocation  
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name  
I conjure only but to raise up him.

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himself among  
these trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night:  
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

*Mer.* If love be blind, love cannot hit the  
mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,  
And wish his mistress were that kind of  
fruit

As maids call medlars, when they laugh  
alone.

O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were  
An open et cætera, thou a poperin pear!

Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.  
Come, shall we go?

*Ben.* Go, then; for 'tis in vain  
To seek him here that means not to be  
found. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Capulet's orchard.*

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*[Juliet appears above at a window.]*  
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;  
Her vestal livery is but sick and green  
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.  
It is my lady, O, it is my love!  
O, that she knew she were!  
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.  
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks.  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame  
those stars,  
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in  
heaven

Would through the airy region stream so  
bright  
That birds would sing and think it were  
not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her  
hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

*Jul.* Ay me!

*Rom.* She speaks:  
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o'er my  
head

As is a winged messenger of heaven  
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes

Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art  
thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

*Rom.* *[Aside]* Shall I hear more, or shall  
I speak at this?

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other  
name!

What's in a name? that which we call a  
rose

By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo  
call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,  
And for that name which is no part of thee  
Take all myself.

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word:  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

*Jul.* What man art thou that thus be-  
screen'd in night

So stumblest on my counsel?

*Rom.* By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am:  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee;  
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

*Jul.* My ears have not yet drunk a hun-  
dred words

Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the  
sound:

Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

*Rom.* Neither, fair saint, if either thee  
dislike.

*Jul.* How camest thou hither, tell me, and  
wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to  
climb,

And the place death, considering who  
thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'er-  
perch these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out,

And what love can do that dares love attempt;

Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

*Jul.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

*Rom.* Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye

Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

*Jul.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.

*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;

And but thou love me, let them find me here:

My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

*Jul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

*Rom.* By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;

He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

*Jul.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,

Then say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,  
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,

And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

*Jul.* O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I swear by?

*Jul.* Do not swear at all;  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,

Which is the god of my idolatry,

And I'll believe thee.

*Rom.* If my heart's dear love—

*Jul.* Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night:  
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be

Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest

Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

*Rom.* O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

*Jul.* What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

*Rom.* The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

*Jul.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

*Rom.* Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

*Jul.* But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*]

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!  
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit, above.*]

*Rom.* O blessed, blessed night! I am  
afear'd,

Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

*Jul.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good  
night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honorable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
Where and what time thou wilt perform  
the rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay  
And follow thee my lord throughout the  
world.

*Nurse.* [*Within*] Madam!

*Jul.* I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st  
not well,

I do beseech thee—

*Nurse.* [*Within*] Madam!

*Jul.* By and by, I come:—  
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my  
grief:

To-morrow will I send.

*Rom.* So thrive my soul—

*Jul.* A thousand times good night!

[*Exit, above.*]

*Rom.* A thousand times the worse, to  
want thy light.

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from  
their books,

But love from love, toward school with  
heavy looks. [*Retiring.*]

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

*Jul.* Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's  
voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak  
aloud;

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse  
than mine,

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

*Rom.* It is my soul that calls upon my  
name:

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by  
night,

Like softest music to attending ears!

*Jul.* Romeo!

*Rom.* My dear?

*Jul.* At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

*Rom.* At the hour of nine.

*Jul.* I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till  
then.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

*Rom.* Let me stand here till thou remem-  
ber it.

*Jul.* I shall forget, to have thee still stand  
there,

Remembering how I love thy company.

*Rom.* And I'll still stay, to have thee still  
forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

*Jul.* 'Tis almost morning; I would have  
thee gone:

And yet no further than a wanton's bird;  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*Rom.* I would I were thy bird.

*Jul.* Sweet, so would I:  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherish-  
ing.

Good night, good night! parting is such  
sweet sorrow,

That I shall say good night till it be mor-  
row. [*Exit above.*]

*Rom.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace  
in thy breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to  
rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.  
[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket.*

*Fri. L.* The grey-eyed morn smiles on the  
frowning night,  
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks  
of light,



And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery  
wheels:

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to  
dry,

I must up-fill this osier cage of ours  
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced  
flowers.

The earth that's nature's mother is her  
tomb;

What is her burying grave that is her  
womb,

And from her womb children of divers  
kind

We sucking on her natural bosom find,  
Many for many virtues excellent,  
None but for some and yet all different.  
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qual-  
ities:

For nought so vile that on the earth doth  
live

But to the earth some special good doth  
give,

Nor aught so good but strain'd from that  
fair use

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on  
abuse:

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
And vice sometimes by action dignified.

Within the infant rind of this small flower  
Poison hath residence and medicine power:  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers  
each part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposed kings encamp them  
still

In man as well as herbs, grace and rude  
will;

And where the worser is predominant,  
Full soon the canker death eats up that  
plant.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* Good morrow, father.

*Fri. L.* Benedicite!  
What early tongue so sweet salureth me?  
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:  
Care keeps his watch in every old man's  
eye,

And where care lodges, sleep will never  
lie;

But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd  
brain

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep  
doth reign:

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure  
Thou art up-roused by some distempera-  
ture;

Or if not so, then here I hit it right,  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

*Rom.* That last is true; the sweeter rest  
was mine.

*Fri. L.* God pardon sin! wast thou with  
Rosaline?

*Rom.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father?  
no;

I have forgot that name, and that name's  
woe.

*Fri. L.* That's my good son: but where  
hast thou been, then?

*Rom.* I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me  
again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy,  
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,  
That's by me wounded: both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physic lies:  
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,  
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri. L.* Be plain, good son, and homely in  
thy drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling  
shrift.

*Rom.* Then plainly know my heart's dear  
love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
And all combined, save what thou must  
combine

By holy marriage: when and where and  
how

We met, we woo'd and made exchange of  
vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

*Fri. L.* Holy Saint Francis, what a change  
is here!

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? young men's love then  
lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosa-  
line!

How much salt water thrown away in waste,

To season love, that of it doth not taste!  
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:  
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:  
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then,

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

*Rom.* Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

*Fri. L.* For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

*Rom.* And bad'st me bury love.

*Fri. L.* Not in a grave,  
To lay one in, another out to have.

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;

The other did not so.

*Fri. L.* O, she knew well.

Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come, go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be:

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

*Rom.* O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

*Fri. L.* Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. *A street.*

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

*Mer.* Where the devil should this Romeo be?

*Cam.* he not home to-night?

*Ben.* Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

*Mer.* Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

*Ben.* Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet, Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

*Mer.* A challenge, on my life.

*Ben.* Romeo will answer it.

*Mer.* Any man that can write may answer a letter.

*Ben.* Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

*Mer.* Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt?

*Mer.* More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of complements. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai!

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these perdona-mi's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Ben.* Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

*Mer.* Without his roe, like a dried her-ring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen and Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

*Rom.* Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

*Mer.* The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

*Rom.* Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

*Mer.* That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

*Rom.* Meaning, to court'sy.

*Mer.* Thou hast most kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A most courteous exposition.

*Mer.* Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

*Rom.* Pink for flower.

*Mer.* Right.

*Rom.* Why, then is my pump well flowered.

*Mer.* Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.

*Rom.* O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

*Mer.* Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

*Rom.* Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

*Mer.* Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

*Rom.* Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou was not there for the goose.

*Mer.* I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

*Rom.* Nay, good goose, bite not.

*Mer.* Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

*Rom.* And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

*Mer.* O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

*Rom.* I stretch it out for that word 'broad;' which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

*Mer.* Why, is not this better now than

groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

*Ben.* Stop there, stop there.

*Mer.* Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

*Ben.* Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

*Mer.* O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

*Rom.* Here's goodly gear!

*Enter Nurse and PETER.*

*Mer.* A sail, a sail!

*Ben.* Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

*Nurse.* Peter!

*Peter.* Anon!

*Nurse.* My fan, Peter.

*Mer.* Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

*Nurse.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

*Mer.* God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

*Nurse.* Is it good den?

*Mer.* 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

*Nurse.* Out upon you! what a man are you!

*Rom.* One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

*Nurse.* By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

*Rom.* I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

*Nurse.* You say well.

*Mer.* Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

*Nurse.* If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

*Ben.* She will indite him to some supper.

*Mer.* A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! so ho!

*Rom.* What hast thou found?

*Mer.* No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a

lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [Sings.

An old hare hoar,  
And an old hare hoar,  
Is very good meat in lent:  
But a hare that is hoar  
Is too much for a score,  
When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner, thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [singing] 'lady, lady, lady.'

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.]

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise

Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;

And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains: Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing:—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter:—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.

[Exit Romeo.]



Peter!

*Pet.* Anon!

*Nurse.* Peter, take my fan, and go before,  
and apace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Capulet's orchard.*

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* The clock struck nine when I did  
send the nurse;

In half an hour she promised to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not  
so.

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be  
thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's  
beams,

Driving back shadows over louring hills:  
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw

love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid  
wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
Of this day's journey, and from nine till  
twelve

Is three long hours, yet she is not come.

Had she affections and warm youthful  
blood,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball;  
My words would bandy her to my sweet

love,

And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were  
dead;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

O God, she comes!

*Enter Nurse and PETER.*

O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man  
away.

*Nurse.* Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*]

*Jul.* Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord,  
why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet  
news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

*Nurse.* I am a-weary, give me leave  
awhile:

Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt  
have I had!

*Jul.* I would thou hadst my bones, and I  
thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good  
nurse, speak.

*Nurse.* Jesu, what haste? can you not stay  
awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

*Jul.* How art thou out of breath, when  
thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this de-  
lay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple

choice; you know not how to choose a

man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face

be better than any man's, yet his leg excels

all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and

a body, though they be not to be talked on,

yet they are past compare: he is not the

flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as

gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench;

serve God. What, have you dined at home?

*Jul.* No, no: but all this did I know be-  
fore. What says he of our marriage? what

of that?

*Nurse.* Lord, how my head aches! what

a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my

back!

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and

down!

*Jul.* I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not

well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what

says my love?

*Nurse.* Your love says, like an honest

gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind,

and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous,

—Where is your mother?

*Jul.* Where is my mother! why, she is

within;

Where should she be? How oddly thou

repliest!

'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,

Where is your mother?'

*Nurse.*

O God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultrie for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

*Jul.* Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?

*Nurse.* Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

*Jul.* I have.

*Nurse.* Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell;

There stays a husband to make you a wife:  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.  
Hie you to church; I must another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:

I am the drudge and toil in your delight,  
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse,  
farewell. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE VI. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

*Fri. L.* So smile the heavens upon this holy act,

That after hours with sorrow chide us not!  
*Rom.* Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then love-devouring death do what he dare;

It is enough I may but call her mine.

*Fri. L.* These violent delights have violent ends

And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,

Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey

Is loathsome in his own deliciousness

And in the taste confounds the appetite:  
Therefore love moderately; long love doth

so;

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Enter* JULIET.

Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:  
A lover may bestride the gossamer

That idles in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

*Fri. L.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter,  
for us both.

*Jul.* As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

*Rom.* Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy

Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue

Unfold the imagined happiness that both  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:  
They are but beggars that can count their worth;

But my true love is grown to such excess  
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

*Fri. L.* Come, come with me, and we will  
make short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone

Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *A public place.*

*Enter* MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

*Ben.* I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:

The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;

For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table and says 'God send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow?

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon

moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

*Ben.* And what to?

*Mer.* Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old rib-and? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

*Ben.* An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

*Mer.* The fee-simple! O simple!

*Ben.* By my head, here come the Capulets.

*Mer.* By my heel, I care not.

*Enter TYBALT and others.*

*Tyb.* Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

*Mer.* And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

*Tyb.* You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion without giving?

*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

*Mer.* Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

*Ben.* We talk here in the public haunt of men:

Either withdraw unto some private place,  
And reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

*Mer.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.

*Mer.* But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;

Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'

*Tyb.* Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford

No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

*Rom.* Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting: villain am I none;

Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

*Tyb.* Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

*Rom.* I do protest, I never injured thee,  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,

Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:  
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender

As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!

Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

*Tyb.* What wouldst thou have with me?

*Mer.* Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

*Tyb.* I am for you. [*Drawing.*

*Rom.* Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

*Mer.* Come, sir, your passado.

[*They fight.*

*Rom.* Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly  
hath  
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:  
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!  
[*Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabs Mercutio, and flies with his followers.*  
*Mer.* I am hurt.  
A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.  
Is he gone, and hath nothing?  
*Ben.* What, art thou hurt?  
*Mer.* Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry,  
'tis enough.  
Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a  
surgeon. [*Exit Page.*  
*Rom.* Courage, man; the hurt cannot be  
much.  
*Mer.* No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor  
so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough,  
'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and  
you shall find me a grave man. I am pep-  
pered, I warrant, for this world. A plague  
o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat,  
a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death!  
a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by  
the book of arithmetic! Why the devil  
came you between us? I was hurt under  
your arm.  
*Rom.* I thought all for the best.  
*Mer.* Help me into some house, Ben-  
volio,  
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your  
houses!  
They have made worms' meat of me: I  
have it,  
And soundly too: your houses!  
[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*  
*Rom.* This gentleman, the prince's near  
ally,  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an  
hour  
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate  
And in my temper soften'd valor's steel!  
*Re-enter BENVOLIO.*  
*Ben.* O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's  
dead!  
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the  
earth.  
*Rom.* This day's black fate on more days  
doth depend;

This but begins the woe, others must end.  
*Ben.* Here comes the furious Tybalt back  
again.  
*Rom.* Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio  
slain!  
Away to heaven, respective lenity,  
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!  
*Re-enter TYBALT.*  
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,  
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's  
soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company:  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with  
him.  
*Tyb.* Thou, wretched boy, that didst con-  
sort him here,  
Shalt with him hence.  
*Rom.* This shall determine that.  
[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*  
*Ben.* Romeo, away, be gone!  
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.  
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom  
thee death,  
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!  
*Rom.* O, I am fortune's fool!  
*Ben.* Why dost thou stay?  
[*Exit Romeo.*  
*Enter Citizens, &c.*  
*First Cit.* Which way ran he that kill'd  
Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?  
*Ben.* There lies that Tybalt.  
*First Cit.* Up, sir, go with me;  
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.  
*Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPU-  
LET, their Wives, and others.*  
*Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this  
fray?  
*Ben.* O noble prince, I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.  
*La. Cap.* Tybalt, my cousin! O my broth-  
er's child!  
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood  
is spilt  
O my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art  
true,  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.  
O cousin, cousin!  
*Prin.* Benvolio, who began this bloody  
fray?



*Ben.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;  
 Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him be-  
 think  
 How nice the quarrel was, and urged  
 withal  
 Your high displeasure: all this uttered  
 With gentle breath, calm look, knees  
 humbly bow'd,  
 Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
 Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
 With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's  
 breast,  
 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to  
 point,  
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand  
 beats  
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity  
 Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,  
 'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter  
 than his tongue,  
 His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose  
 arm  
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;  
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,  
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,  
 And to't they go like lightning, for, ere I  
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt  
 slain,  
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.  
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.  
*La. Cap.* He is a kinsman to the Monta-  
 gue;  
 Affection makes him false; he speaks not  
 true:  
 Some twenty of them fought in this black  
 strife,  
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.  
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must  
 give;  
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.  
*Prin.* Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;  
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth  
 owe?  
*Mon.* Not Romeo, prince, he was Mer-  
 cutio's friend;  
 His fault concludes but what the law  
 should end,  
 The life of Tybalt.

*Prin.* And for that offence  
 Immediately we do exile him hence:  
 I have an interest in your hate's proceed-  
 ing,  
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-  
 bleeding;  
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine  
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine:  
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out  
 abuses:  
 Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in  
 haste,  
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.  
 Bear hence this body and attend our will:  
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that  
 kill. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Capulet's orchard.*

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
 Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner  
 As Phaethon would whip you to the west  
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing  
 night,  
 That runaway's eyes may wink, and  
 Romeo  
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.  
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
 By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,  
 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,  
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
 And learn me how to lose a winning  
 match,  
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:  
 Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my  
 cheeks,  
 With thy black mantle; till strange love,  
 grown bold,  
 Think true love acted simple modesty.  
 Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou  
 day in night;  
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.  
 Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-  
 brow'd night,  
 Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall  
 die,  
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
 And he will make the face of heaven so  
 fine

That all the world will be in love with  
night

And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes  
And may not wear them. O, here comes  
my nurse,  
And she brings news; and every tongue  
that speaks  
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly elo-  
quence.

*Enter Nurse, with cords.*

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou  
there? the cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

*Nurse.* Ay, ay, the cords.

*[Throws them down.]*

*Jul.* Ay me! what news? why dost thou  
wring thy hands?

*Nurse.* Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's  
dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's  
dead!

*Jul.* Can heaven be so envious?

*Nurse.* Romeo can,  
Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo!  
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

*Jul.* What devil art thou, that dost tor-  
ment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.  
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but  
'I,'

And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:  
I am not I, if there be such an I;  
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer  
'I.'

If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, no:  
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

*Nurse.* I saw the wound, I saw it with  
mine eyes,—

God save the mark!—here on his manly  
breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;  
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,  
All in gore-blood; I swoounded at the sight.

*Jul.* O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt,  
break at once!

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion  
here;

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!  
*Nurse.* O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend  
I had!

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

*Jul.* What storm is this that blows so  
contrary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?  
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?  
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general  
doom!

For who is living, if those two are gone?

*Nurse.* Tybalt is gone, and Romeo ban-  
ished;

Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

*Jul.* O God! did Romeo's hand shed Ty-  
balt's blood?

*Nurse.* It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

*Jul.* O serpent heart, hid with a flowering  
face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravelling  
lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honorable villain!

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In moral paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should

dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace!

*Nurse.* There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,  
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.

Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua  
vitæ:

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows  
make me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

*Jul.* Blister'd be thy tongue  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;  
For 'tis a throne where honor may be  
crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

*Nurse.* Will you speak well of him that  
kill'd your cousin?

*Jul.* Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have man-gled it?  
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:  
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;  
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:  
 All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?  
 Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,  
 That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;  
 But, O, it presses to my memory,  
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:  
 'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished,'  
 That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'  
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there:  
 Or, if our woe delights in fellowship  
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,  
 Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'  
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
 Which modern lamentations might have moved?  
 But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,  
 'Romeo is banished,' to speak that word,  
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
 All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished!'  
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.  
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?  
*Nurse.* Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:  
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.  
*Jul.* Wash they his wounds with tears:  
 mine shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
 Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,  
 Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:  
 He made you for a highway to my bed;  
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.  
 Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;  
 And death, not Romeo, take my maiden-head!  
*Nurse.* Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo  
 To comfort you: I wot well where he is.  
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:  
 I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.  
*Jul.* O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,  
 And bid him come to take his last farewell.  
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE.

*Fri. L.* Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:  
 Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts,  
 And thou art wedded to calamity.  
*Enter* ROMEO.  
*Rom.* Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?  
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
 That I yet know not?  
*Fri. L.* Too familiar  
 Is my dear son with such sour company:  
 I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.  
*Rom.* What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?  
*Fri. L.* A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,  
 Not body's death, but body's banishment.  
*Rom.* Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death';  
 For exile hath more terror in his look,  
 Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'  
*Fri. L.* Hence from Verona art thou banished:  
 Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.  
*Rom.* There is no world without Verona walls,  
 But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,  
And world's exile is death: then banished,  
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banish-  
ment,

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden  
axe,

And smilest upon the stroke that murders  
me.

*Fri. L.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankful-  
ness!

Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind  
prince,

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to ban-  
ishment:

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven  
is here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven and may look on her;

But Romeo may not: more validity,  
More honorable state, more courtship lives

In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand

And steal immortal blessing from her lips,  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,

Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
But Romeo may not; he is banished;

Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:  
They are free men, but I am banished.

And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?  
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-

ground knife,  
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so  
mean,

But 'banished' to kill me?—'banished'?  
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;

Howlings attend it: how hast thou the  
heart,

Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,

To mangle me with that word 'banished'?  
*Fri. L.* Thou fond mad man, hear me but

speak a word.

*Rom.* O, thou wilt speak again of banish-  
ment.

*Fri. L.* I'll give thee armor to keep off  
that word:

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

*Rom.* Yet 'banished'? Hang up philos-  
ophy!

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

*Fri. L.* O, then I see that madmen have  
no ears.

*Rom.* How should they, when that wise  
men have no eyes?

*Fri. L.* Let me dispute with thee of thy  
estate.

*Rom.* Thou canst not speak of that thou  
dost not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,

Doting like me and like me banished,  
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou

tear thy hair,  
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Knocking within.*]

*Fri. L.* Arise; one knocks; good Romeo,  
hide thyself.

*Rom.* Not I; unless the breath of heart-  
sick groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of  
eyes. [*Knocking.*]

*Fri. L.* Hark, how they knock! Who's  
there? Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;  
[*Knocking.*]

Run to my study. By and by; God's will,  
What simpleness is this! I come, I come!

[*Knocking.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you?  
what's your will?

*Nurse.* [*Within*] Let me come in, and  
you shall know my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.  
*Fri. L.* Welcome, then.

*Enter Nurse.*  
*Nurse.* O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,

Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?  
*Fri. L.* There on the ground, with his

own tears made drunk.

*Nurse.* O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case! O woful sympathy!

Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,  
Blubbing and weeping, weeping and

blubbing.  
Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a  
man:

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and  
stand;

Why should you fall into so deep an O?



*Rom.* Nurse!

*Nurse.* Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.

*Rom.* Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,  
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy

With blood removed but little from her own?

Where is she? and how doth she? and what says

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

*Nurse.* O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,

And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,  
And then down falls again.

*Rom.* As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar,  
tell me,

In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack

The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

*Fri. L.* Hold thy desperate hand:  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:

Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote

The unreasonable fury of a beast:  
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!  
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!  
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?

And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven,  
and earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet

In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.

Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love,  
thy wit;

Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,  
And usest none in that true use indeed

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love,  
thy wit:

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
Digressing from the valor of a man;  
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,  
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,  
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,  
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,  
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;

There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou slew'st Tybalt; there are thou happy too:

The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend

And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,  
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:

But look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;  
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time

To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back

With twenty hundred thousand times more joy

Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.  
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;

And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:

Romeo is coming.

*Nurse.* O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night

To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!  
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

*Rom.* Do so, and bid my sweet prepare  
to chide.

*Nurse.* Here, sir, a ring she bid me give  
you, sir:

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.  
[*Exit.*]

*Rom.* How well my comfort is revived  
by this!

*Fri. L.* Go hence; good night; and here  
stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the break of day disguised from  
hence:

Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,  
And he shall signify from time to time  
Every good hap to you that chances here:  
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good  
night.

*Rom.* But that a joy past joy calls out on  
me,

It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:  
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. *A room in Capulet's house.*

*Enter* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

*Cap.* Things have fall'n out, sir, so un-  
luckily,

That we have had no time to move our  
daughter:

Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt  
dearly,

And so did I:—Well, we were born to die.  
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-  
night:

I promise you, but for your company,

I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

*Par.* These times of woe afford no time  
to woo.

Madam, good night: commend me to your  
daughter.

*La. Cap.* I will, and know her mind early  
to-morrow;

To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

*Cap.* Sir Paris, I will make a desperate  
tender

Of my child's love: I think she will be  
ruled

In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt  
it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;

Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;  
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday  
next—

But, soft! what day is this?

*Par.* Monday, my lord.

*Cap.* Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday  
is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell  
her,

She shall be married to this noble earl.

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;

For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen  
friends,

And there an end. But what say you to  
Thursday?

*Par.* My lord, I would that Thursday  
were to-morrow.

*Cap.* Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be  
it, then.

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-  
day.

Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber,  
ho!

Afore me! it is so very very late,  
That we may call it early by and by.  
Good night. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V. *Capulet's orchard.*

*Enter* ROMEO and JULIET above, at the  
window.

*Jul.* Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near  
day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine  
ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-  
tree:

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Rom.* It was the lark, the herald of the  
morn,

No nightingale: look, love, what envious  
streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund  
day.

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*Jul.* Yon light is not day-light, I know it,  
I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:  
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be  
gone.

*Rom.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to  
death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,  
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do  
beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our  
heads:

I have more care to stay than will to go:  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it  
so.

How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

*Jul.* It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing  
sharps

Some say the lark makes sweet division;  
This doth not so, for she divideth us:  
Some say the lark and loathed toad change  
eyes;

O, now I would they had changed voices  
too!

Since arm from arm that voice doth us  
affray,

Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the  
day,

O, now be gone; more light and light it  
grows.

*Rom.* More light and light; more dark  
and dark our woes!

*Enter Nurse, to the chamber.*

*Nurse.* Madam!

*Jul.* Nurse?

*Nurse.* Your lady mother is coming to  
your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about.  
[*Exit.*]

*Jul.* Then, window, let day in, and let  
life out.

*Rom.* Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and  
I'll descend. [*He goeth down.*]

*Jul.* Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay,  
husband, friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the  
hour,

For in a minute there are many days:  
O, by this count I shall be much in years  
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

*Rom.* Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to  
thee.

*Jul.* O think'st thou we shall ever meet  
again?

*Rom.* I doubt it not; and all these woes  
shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

*Jul.* O God, I have an ill-divining soul!  
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:  
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st  
pale.

*Rom.* And trust me, love, in my eye so  
do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!  
[*Exit.*]

*Jul.* O fortune, fortune! all men call thee  
fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, for-  
tune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him  
long,

But send him back.

*La. Cap.* [*Within*] Ho, daughter! are you  
up?

*Jul.* Who is't that calls? is it my lady  
mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?  
What unaccustom'd cause procures her  
hither?

*Enter LADY CAPULET.*

*La. Cap.* Why, how now, Juliet!

*Jul.* Madam, I am not well.

*La. Cap.* Evermore weeping for your  
cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave  
with tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make  
him live;

Therefore, have done: some grief shows  
much of love;

But much of grief shows still some want of  
wit.

*Jul.* Yet let me weep for such a feeling  
loss.

*La. Cap.* So shall you feel the loss, but not  
the friend

Which you weep for.

*Jul.* Feeling so the loss,  
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

*La. Cap.* Well, girl, thou weep'st not so  
much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd  
him.

*Jul.* What villain, madam?

*La. Cap.* That same villain, Romeo.

*Jul.* [*Aside*] Villain and he be many miles  
asunder.—

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;  
And yet no man like he doth grieve my  
heart.

*La. Cap.* That is, because the traitor mur-  
derer lives.

*Jul.* Ay, madam, from the reach of these  
my hands:

Would none but I might venge my cousin's  
death!

*La. Cap.* We will have vengeance for it,  
fear thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in  
Mantua,

Where that same banish'd runagate doth  
live,

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,  
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:  
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

*Jul.* Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—  
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.  
Madam, if you could find out but a man  
To bear a poison, I would temper it;  
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart  
abhors

To hear him named, and cannot come to  
him,

To wreak the love I bore my cousin  
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

*La. Cap.* Find thou the means, and I'll  
find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needy  
time:

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

*La. Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful  
father, child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,  
That thou expect'st not nor I look'd not  
for.

*Jul.* Madam, in happy time, what day is  
that?

*La. Cap.* Marry, my child, early next  
Thursday morn,

The gallant, young and noble gentleman,  
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,  
Shall happily make thee there a joyful  
bride.

*Jul.* Now, by Saint Peter's Church and  
Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.  
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed  
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to  
woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,  
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I  
swear,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

*La. Cap.* Here comes your father; tell him  
so yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.  
*Enter CAPULET and Nurse.*

*Cap.* When the sun sets, the air doth  
drizzle dew;

But for the sunset of my brother's son  
It rains downright.

How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in  
tears?

Evermore showering? In one little body  
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy  
body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy  
sighs;

Who, raging with thy tears, and they with  
them,

Without a sudden calm, will overset  
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!  
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

*La. Cap.* Ay, sir; but she will none, she  
gives you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her  
grave!

*Cap.* Soft! take me with you, take me  
with you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us  
thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her  
blest,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought



So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

*Jul.* Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

*Cap.* How now, how now, chop-logic!  
What is this?

'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'

And yet 'not proud,' mistress minion, you,  
Thank me no thankings, nor, proud me no prouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!

You tallow-face!

*La. Cap.* Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

*Jul.* Good father, I beseech you on my knees,

Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;  
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest

That God had lent us but this only child;  
But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her:

Out on her, hilding!

*Nurse.* God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

*Nurse.* I speak no treason.

*Cap.* O, God ye god-den.

*Nurse.* May not one speak?

*Cap.* Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;  
For here we need it not.

*La. Cap.* You are too hot.

*Cap.* God's bread! it makes me mad:

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,

Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd: and having now provided

A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,

Stuff'd, as they say, with honorable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;

And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer I'll not wed; I cannot love,  
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'

But, as you will not wed, I'll pardon you:  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:

Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. *[Exit.]*

*Jul.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

*La. Cap.* Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *[Exit.]*

*Jul.* O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;

How shall that faith return again to earth,  
Unless that husband send it me from heaven

By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.  
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!  
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

*Nurse.* Faith, here it is.  
Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to  
nothing,

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge  
you;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it  
doth,

I think it best you married with the county.

O, he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle,  
madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first: or if it did not,

Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he  
were.

As living here and you no use of him.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy heart?

*Nurse.* And from my soul too;

Or else beshrew them both.

*Jul.* Amen!

*Nurse.* What?

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me mar-  
velous much.

Go in: and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeased my father, to Laurence's  
cell,

To make confession and to be absolved.

*Nurse.* Marry, I will; and this is wisely  
done. *[Exit.]*

*Jul.* Ancient damnation! O most wicked  
fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same  
tongue

Which she hath praised him with above  
compare

So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be  
twain.

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:

If all else fail, myself have power to die.

*[Exit.]*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. Friar Laurence's cell.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.*

*Fri. L.* On Thursday, sir? the time is very  
short.

*Par.* My father Capulet will have it so;

And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

*Fri. L.* You say you do not know the  
lady's mind:

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's  
death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love;

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous

That she doth give her sorrow so much  
sway,

And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,

To stop the inundation of her tears;

Which, too much minded by herself alone,

May be put from her by society:

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

*Fri. L.* *[Aside]* I would I knew not why  
it should be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my  
cell.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Par.* Happily met, my lady and my wife!

*Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a  
wife.

*Par.* That may be must be, love, on  
Thursday next.

*Jul.* What must be shall be.

*Fri. L.* That's a certain text.

*Par.* Come you to make confession to this  
father?

*Jul.* To answer that, I should confess to  
you.

*Par.* Do not deny to him that you love  
me.

*Jul.* I will confess to you that I love him.

*Par.* So will ye, I am sure, that you love  
me.

*Jul.* If I do so, it will be of more price,  
Being spoke behind your back, than to  
your face.

*Par.* Poor soul, thy face is much abused  
with tears.

*Jul.* The tears have got small victory by  
that;

For it was bad enough before their spite.

*Par.* Thou wrong'st it, more than tears,  
with that report.

*Jul.* That is no slander, sir, which is a  
truth;

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slan-  
der'd it.

*Jul.* It may be so, for it is not mine own.  
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;  
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

*Fri. L.* My leisure serves me, pensive  
daughter, now.

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.  
*Par.* God shield I should disturb devotion;  
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:  
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit.*]

*Jul.* O, shut the door! and when thou hast  
done so,

Come weep with me; past hope, past cure,  
past help!

*Fri. L.* Ah, Juliet, I already know thy  
grief;

It strains me past the compass of my wits:  
I hear thou must, and nothing may pro-  
rogate it.

On Thursday next be married to this  
county.

*Jul.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st  
of this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:  
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou  
our hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:  
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced  
time,

Give me some present counsel, or, behold,  
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody  
knife

Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that  
Which the commission of thy years and  
art

Could to no issue of true honor bring.  
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*Fri. L.* Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind  
of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution.  
As that is desperate which we would pre-  
vent.

If, rather than to marry County Paris,  
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy-  
self,

Then is it likely thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to chide away this  
shame,

That copest with death himself to scape  
from it.

And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

*Jul.* O, bid me leap, rather than marry  
Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring  
bears;

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling  
bones,

With reeky shanks and yellow chapless  
skulls;

Or bid me go into a new-made grave  
And hide me with a dead man in his  
shroud;

Things that, to hear them told, have made  
me tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

*Fri. L.* Hold, then; go home, be merry,  
give consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy  
chamber:

Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;  
When presently through all thy veins shall  
run

A cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou  
livest;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;  
Each part, deprived of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like  
death:

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk  
death

Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning  
comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou  
dead:

Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come: and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night

Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame;

If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
Abate thy valor in the acting it.

*Jul.* Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

*Fri. L.* Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve; I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

*Jul.* Love give me strength! and strength  
shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II. *Hall in Capulet's house.*

*Enter* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and  
two Servingmen.

*Cap.* So many guests invite as here are writ. [*Exit First Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.  
*Sec. Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for  
I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

*Cap.* How canst thou try them so?

*Sec. Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that  
cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he  
that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

*Cap.* Go, be gone. [*Exit Sec. Servant.*]  
We shall be much unfurnished for this time.

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

*Nurse.* Ay, forsooth.

*Cap.* Well, he may chance to do some good on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

*Nurse.* See where she comes from shrift  
with merry look.

[*Enter JULIET.*]

*Cap.* How now, my headstrong! where  
have you been gadding?

*Jul.* Where I have learn'd me to repent  
the sin

Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd  
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,  
And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech  
you!

Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

*Cap.* Send for the county; go tell him of  
this:

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow  
morning.

*Jul.* I met the youthful lord at Laurence's  
cell;

And gave him what becomed love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

*Cap.* Why, I am glad on't; this is well,  
stand up:

This is as't should be. Let me see the  
county;

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.  
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,  
Our whole city is much bound to him.

*Jul.* Nurse, will you go with me into my  
closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments  
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

*La. Cap.* No, not till Thursday; there is  
time enough.

*Cap.* Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to  
church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

*La. Cap.* We shall be short in our provision:

'Tis now near night.

*Cap.* Tush, I will stir about,  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee,  
wife:

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;  
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;  
I'll play the housewife for this once. What,  
ho!

They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself

To County Paris, to prepare him up  
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous  
light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE III. *Juliet's chamber.*

[*Enter JULIET and Nurse.*]

*Jul.* Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle  
nurse,



I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night,  
For I have need of many orisons  
To move the heavens to smile upon my  
state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross, and  
full of sin.

*Enter LADY CAPULET.*

*La. Cap.* What, are you busy, ho? need  
you my help?

*Jul.* No, madam; we have cull'd such  
necessaries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the nurse this night sit up with  
you;

For, I am sure, you have your hands full  
all,

In this so sudden business.

*La. Cap.* Good night:  
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast  
need.

*[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]*

*Jul.* Farewell! God knows when we shall  
meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my  
veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me:

Nurse! What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morn-  
ing?

No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there.

*[Laying down her dagger.]*

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dis-  
honor'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should  
not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful  
point!

Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air  
breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo  
comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place,—  
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for these many hundred years, the  
bones

Of all my buried ancestors are packed:  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in  
earth,

Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they  
say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort;—  
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,

So early waking, what with loathsome  
smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of  
the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run  
mad:—

O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environ'd with all these hideous fears?

And madly play with my forefather's  
joints?

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his  
shroud?

And, in this rage, with some great kins-  
man's bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate  
brains?

O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

*[She falls upon her bed, within the cur-  
tains.]*

SCENE IV. *Hall in Capulet's house.*

*Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.*

*La. Cap.* Hold, take these keys, and fetch  
more spices, nurse.

*Nurse.* They call for dates and quinces in  
the pastry.

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock  
hath crow'd,

The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three  
o'clock:

Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:  
Spare not for cost.

*Nurse.* Go, you cot-quean, go,  
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-  
morrow

For this night's watching.

*Cap.* No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

*La. Cap.* Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

*Cap.* A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

*Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, logs, and baskets.*

Now, fellow,

What's there?

*First Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

*Cap.* Make haste, make haste.

[*Exit First Serv.*]

Sirrah, fetch drier logs:

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

*Sec. Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

*Cap.* Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!

Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 'tis day:

The county will be here with music straight,

For so he said he would: I hear him near. [*Music within.*]

*Nurse!* Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

*Re-enter Nurse.*

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;

I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste, Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:

Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:

Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!

Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!

What, not a word? you take your penny-worths now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

The County Paris hath set up his rest, That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,

Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep! I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed; He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

[*Undraws the curtains.*]

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!

I must needs wake you; Lady! lady! lady!

Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!

Some aqua vitæ, ho! My lord! my lady!

*Enter LADY CAPULET.*

*La. Cap.* What noise is here?

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.* What is the matter?

*Nurse.* Look, look! O heavy day!

*La. Cap.* O me, O me! My child, my only life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!

Help, help! Call help.

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

*Nurse.* She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!

*La. Cap.* Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

*Cap.* Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's cold;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;

Life and these lips have long been separated:

Death lies on her like an untimely frost Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.*

O woful time!

*Cap.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.*

*Fri. L.* Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return.  
O son! the night before thy wedding-day  
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she  
lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.  
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;  
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,  
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.  
*Par.* Have I thought long to see this  
morning's face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?  
*La. Cap.* Accursed, unhappy, wretched,  
hateful day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw  
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!  
But one, poor one, one poor and loving  
child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my  
sight!

*Nurse.* O woe! O woful, woful, woful  
day!

Most lamentable day, most woful day,  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!  
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!  
Never was seen so black a day as this:  
O woful day, O woful day!

*Par.* Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited,  
slain!

Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,  
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!  
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!  
*Cap.* Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd,  
kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why camest thou  
now

To murder, murder our solemnity?  
O child! O child! my soul, and not my  
child!

Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;  
And with my child my joys are buried.

*Fri. L.* Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's  
cure lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven  
hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid:  
Your part in her you could not keep from  
death,

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
The most you sought was her promotion;  
For 'twas your heaven she should be ad-  
vanced:

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:  
She's not well married that lives married  
long;

But she's best married that dies married  
young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,  
In all her best array bear her to church:

For though fond nature bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

*Cap.* All things that we ordained festival,  
Turn from their office to black funeral;  
Our instruments to melancholy bells.

Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
And all things change them to the con-  
trary.

*Fri. L.* Sir, go you in; and, madam, go  
with him;

And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare  
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:  
The heavens do lour upon you for some  
ill;

Move them no more by crossing their high  
will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet,  
Paris, and Friar.*]

*First Mus.* Faith, we may put up our  
pipes, and be gone.

*Nurse.* Honest goodfellows, ah, put up,  
put up;

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit.*]

*First Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may  
be amended.

*Enter PETER.*

*Pet.* Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's  
ease, Heart's ease.' O, an you will have me  
live, play 'Heart's ease.'

*First Mus.* Why 'Heart's ease?'

*Pet.* O, musicians, because my heart itself  
plays 'My heart is full of woe.' O, play me  
some merry dump, to comfort me.

*First Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to  
play now.

*Pet.* You will not, then?

*First Mus.* No.

*Pet.* I will then give it you soundly.

*First Mus.* What will you give us?

*Pet.* No money, on my faith, but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel.

*First Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

*Pet.* Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll re you, I'll fa you; do you note me?

*First Mus.* An you re us and fa us, you note us.

*Sec. Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

*Pet.* Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

'When griping grief the heart doth wound,

And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
Then music with her silver sound—

why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver sound'? What say you, Simon Catling?

*First Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

*Pet.* Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

*Sec. Mus.* I say 'silver sound,' because musicians sound for silver.

*Pet.* Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

*Third Mus.* Faith, I know not what to say.

*Pet.* O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound,' because musicians have no gold for sounding:

'Then music with her silver sound

With speedy help doth lend redress.'

[*Exit.*

*First Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

*Sec. Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. Mantua. A street.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;  
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—

Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,

That I revived, and was an emperor.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

*Enter BALTHASAR, booted.*

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!

Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?

How doth my lady? Is my father well?

How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;  
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

*Bal.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:

Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,

And her immortal part with angels lives.

I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,

And presently took post to tell it you:

O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,

Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

*Rom.* Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!

Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,

And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

*Bal.* I do beseech you, sir, have patience:

Your looks are pale and wild, and do import

Some misadventure.

*Rom.* Tush, thou art deceived:

Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

*Bal.* No, my good lord.

*Rom.* No matter: get thee gone,

And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit Balthasar.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Let's see for means: O mischief, thou art swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary,—

And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted



In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming  
brows,  
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:  
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins  
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty  
seeds,  
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of  
roses,  
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.  
Noting this penury, to myself I said  
'An if a man did need a poison now,  
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it  
him.'  
O, this same thought did but forerun my  
need;  
And this same needy man must sell it me.  
As I remember, this should be the house.  
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.  
What, ho! apothecary!

*Enter Apothecary.*

*Ap.* Who calls so loud?  
*Rom.* Come hither, man. I see that thou  
art poor:  
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have  
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear  
As will disperse itself through all the veins  
That the life-weary taker may fall dead  
And that the trunk may be discharged of  
breath  
As violently as hasty powder fired  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.  
*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have; but Man-  
tua's law  
Is death to any he that utters them.  
*Rom.* Art thou so bare and full of wretch-  
edness,  
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy  
back;  
The world is not thy friend nor the world's  
law;  
The world affords no law to make thee  
rich;  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take  
this.  
*Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, con-  
sents.

*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy  
will.  
*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the  
strength  
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you  
straight.  
*Rom.* There is thy gold, worse poison to  
men's souls,  
Doing more murders in this loathsome  
world,  
Than these poor compounds that thou  
mayest not sell.  
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in  
flesh.  
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me  
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use  
thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

*Enter FRIAR JOHN.*

*Friar J.* Holy Franciscan friar! brother,  
ho!

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.*

*Fri. L.* This same should be the voice of  
Friar John.  
Welcome from Mantua: what says Ro-  
meo?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.  
*Fri. J.* Going to find a bare-foot brother  
out,  
One of our order, to associate me,  
Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the  
town,  
Suspecting that we both were in a house  
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us  
forth;  
So that my speed to Mantua there was  
stay'd.  
*Fri. L.* Who bare my letter, then, to Ro-  
meo?  
*Fri. J.* I could not send it,—here it is  
again,—  
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
So fearful were they of infection.  
*Fri. L.* Unhappy fortune! by my brother-  
hood,  
The letter was not nice but full of charge  
Of dear import, and the neglecting it

May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;

Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight Unto my cell.

*Fri. J.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[*Exit.*]

*Fri. L.* Now must I to the monument alone;

Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:

She will beshrew me much that Romeo

Hath had no notice of these accidents;

But I will write again to Mantua,

And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;

Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.*

*Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch.*

*Par.* Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along, Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground,

So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,

Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,

But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me, As signal that thou hear'st something approach.

Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

*Page.* [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone

Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

*Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;— Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:

The obsequies that I for thee will keep

Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[*The Page whistles.*]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to night,

To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? What with a torch! muffle me, night,

awhile. [*Retires.*]

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock, &c.*

*Rom.* Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my lord and father. Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,

Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,

And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death,

Is partly to behold my lady's face;

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger

A precious ring, a ring that I must use In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I further shall intend to do,

By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint

And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:

The time and my intents are savage-wild, More fierce and more inexorable far Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

*Bal.* I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

*Rom.* So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:

Live, and be prosperous: and farewell good fellow.

*Bal.* [*Aside*] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[*Retires.*]

*Rom.* Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,

Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,

Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open, And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

[*Opens the tomb.*]

*Par.* This is that banish'd haughty Montague,

That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,

It is supposed, the fair creature died;  
And here is come to do some villanous  
shame

To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

[Comes forward.]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!  
Can vengeance be pursued further than  
death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:  
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came  
I hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate  
man;

Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these  
gone;

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee,  
youth,

Put not another sin upon my head,  
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!

By heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
For I come hither arm'd against myself:

Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,  
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,  
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have  
at thee, boy! [They fight.]

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call  
the watch. [Exit.]

Par. O, I am slain! [Falls.] If thou be  
merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.]

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this  
face.

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!  
What said my man, when my betossed soul  
Did not attend him as we rode? I think  
He told me Paris should have married  
Juliet:

Said he not so? or did I dream it so?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,  
One writ with me in sour misfortune's  
book!

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;  
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd  
youth,

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man in-  
terr'd. [Laying Paris in the tomb.]

How oft when men are at the point of  
death

Have they been merry! which their keep-  
ers call

A lightning before death: O, how may I  
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy  
breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign  
yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.  
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody  
sheet?

O, what more favor can I do to thee,  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in  
twain

To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous,  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again: here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chamber-maids;  
O, here

Will I set up my everlasting rest,  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-weari'd flesh. Eyes, look  
your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O  
you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous  
kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!  
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory  
guide!

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary  
bark!

Here's to my love! [Drinks.] O true apoth-  
ecary!

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I  
die. [Dies.]

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard,  
FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and  
spade.

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how  
oft to-night

Have my old feet stumbled at graves!  
Who's there?

*Bal.* Here's one, a friend, and one that  
knows you well.

*Fri. L.* Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good  
my friend,

What torch is yond, that vainly lends his  
light

To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,  
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

*Bal.* It doth so, holy sir; and there's my  
master,

One that you love.

*Fri. L.* Who is it?

*Bal.* Romeo.

*Fri. L.* How long hath he been there?

*Bal.* Full half an hour.

*Fri. L.* Go with me to the vault.

*Bal.* I dare not, sir:

My master knows not but I am gone hence;  
And fearfully did menace me with death,  
If I did stay to look on his intents.

*Fri. L.* Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear  
comes upon me:

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

*Bal.* As I did sleep under this yew-tree  
here,

I dreamt my master and another fought,  
And that my master slew him.

*Fri. L.* Romeo!

[*Advances.*]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which  
stains

The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

What mean these masterless and gory  
swords

To lie discolored by this place of peace?

[*Enters the tomb.*]

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris  
too?

And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an un-  
kind hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes.*]

*Jul.* O comfortable friar! where is my  
lord?

I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*]

*Fri. L.* I hear some noise. Lady, come  
from that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:  
A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come  
away.

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;  
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:

Stay not to question, for the watch is com-  
ing;

Come, go, good Juliet [*Noise again*], I dare  
no longer stay.

*Jul.* Go, get thee hence, for I will not  
away. [*Exit Fri. L.*]

What's here? a cup, closed in my true  
love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:  
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly  
drop

To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;  
Haply some poison yet doth hang on  
them,

To make me die with a restorative.

[*Kisses him.*]

Thy lips are warm.

*First Watch.* [*Within*] Lead, boy: which  
way?

*Jul.* Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O  
happy dagger!

[*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*]

This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there  
rust, and let me die.

[*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*]

*Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.*

*Page.* This is the place; there, where the  
torch doth burn.

*First Watch.* The ground is bloody;  
search about the churchyard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.  
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;

And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly  
dead,

Who here hath lain these two days buried.

Go, tell the prince; run to the Capulets:

Raise up the Montagues: some others  
search:

We see the ground whereon these woes do  
lie;

But the true ground of all these piteous  
woes

We cannot without circumstance descry.

*Re-enter some of the Watch, with*

BALTHASAR.

*Sec. Watch.* Here's Romeo's man; we  
found him in the churchyard.



*First Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

*Re-enter others of the Watch, with FRIAR LAURENCE.*

*Third Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,

As he was coming from this churchyard side.

*First Watch.* A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

*Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.*

*Prince.* What misadventure is so early up,

That calls our person from our morning's rest?

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.*

*Cap.* What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

*La. Cap.* The people in the street cry Romeo,

Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run, With open outcry toward our monument.

*Prince.* What fear is this which startles in our ears?

*First Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, Warm and new kill'd.

*Prince.* Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

*First Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;

With instruments upon them, fit to open These dead men's tombs.

*Cap.* O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en—for, lo, his house

Is empty on the back of Montague,—

And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

*La. Cap.* O me! this sight of death is as a bell,

That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter MONTAGUE and others.*

*Prince.* Come, Montague; for thou art early up,

To see thy son and heir more early down.

*Mon.* Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;

Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:

What further woe conspires against mine age?

*Prince.* Look, and thou shalt see.

*Mon.* O thou untaught! what manners is in this?

To press before thy father to a grave?

*Prince.* Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,

Till we can clear these ambiguities, And know their spring, their head, their true descent;

And then will I be general of your woes, And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,

And let mischance be slave to patience.

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*Fri. L.* I am the greatest, able to do least, Yet most suspected, as the time and place Doth make against me of this direful murder;

And here I stand, both to impeach and purge

Myself condemned and myself excused.

*Prince.* Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

*Fri. L.* I will be brief, for my short date of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:

I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day

Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death

Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from the city,

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,

Betroth'd and would have married her perforce

To County Paris: then comes she to me, And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean

To rid her from this second marriage, Or in my cell there would she kill herself. Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,

A sleeping potion; which so took effect  
 As I intended, for it wrought on her  
 The form of death: meantime I writ to  
 Romeo,  
 That he should hither come as this dire  
 night,  
 To help to take her from her borrow'd  
 grave,  
 Being the time the potion's force should  
 cease.

But he which bore my letter, Friar John,  
 Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight  
 Return'd my letter back. Then all alone  
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,  
 Came I to take her from her kindred's  
 vault;

Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,  
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:  
 But when I came, some minute ere the  
 time

Of her awaking, here untimely lay  
 The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.  
 She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,  
 And bear this work of heaven with pa-  
 tience:

But then a noise did scare me from the  
 tomb;

And she, too desperate, would not go with  
 me,

But, as it seems, did violence on herself.

All this I know; and to the marriage  
 Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this  
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
 Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,  
 Unto the rigor of severest law.

*Prince.* We still have known thee for a  
 holy man.

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in  
 this?

*Bal.* I brought my master news of Juliet's  
 death;

And then in post he came from Mantua  
 To this same place, to this same monu-  
 ment.

This letter he early bid me give his father,  
 And threatened me with death, going in  
 the vault,

If I departed not and left him there.

*Prince.* Give me the letter; I will look on  
 it.

Where is the county's page, that raised the  
 watch?

*Sirrah,* what made your master in this  
 place?

*Prince.* He came with flowers to strew  
 his lady's grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:

Anon comes one with light to ope the  
 tomb;

And by and by my master drew on him;

And then I ran away to call the watch.

*Prince.* This letter doth make good the  
 friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her  
 death:

And here he writes that he did buy a poi-  
 son

Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal  
 Came to this vault to die, and lie with  
 Juliet.

Where be these enemies? Capulet! Monta-  
 gue!

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
 That heaven finds means to kill your joys  
 with love.

And I for winking at your discords too  
 Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are pun-  
 ish'd.

*Cap.* O brother Montague, give me thy  
 hand:

This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
 Can I demand.

*Mon.* But I can give thee more:  
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold;  
 That while Verona by that name is known,  
 There shall no figure at such rate be set  
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

*Cap.* As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's  
 lie;

Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

*Prince.* A glooming peace this morning  
 with it brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his  
 head:

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad  
 things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some pun-  
 ished:

For never was a story of more woe  
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt*]

# KING RICHARD II

Written about 1594.    ♪

## INTRODUCTION

*King Richard II.* appeared in quarto in 1597. In 1608 a third edition was published "with new additions of the Parliament Scene and the deposing of King Richard," that is to say, with the added lines 154-318 in Act IV., Sc. I. It is probable that these lines were written as part of the original play, but relating as they did to the deposition of a king, had been omitted for fear of giving offence at a time when the Pope and Catholic princes were exhorting her subjects to dethrone Elizabeth. The date of the play is not ascertained, but it has been assigned, with an appearance of probability, to the year 1593 or 1594. Whether it preceded or followed *Richard III.* is a question in dispute. It is the inferior scenes which contain most rhymed verse; the dramatist exhibits, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, mastery over blank verse, but is not yet free from the tendency to fall back into rhyme. Upon the whole *Richard II.* bears closer affinity to *King John* than to any other of Shakespeare's plays. Marlowe's genius, however, still exercises an influence over Shakespeare's imagination while he was fashioning his *Richard II.* Having in *Richard III.* (if it preceded the present play) brought the civil wars of England to an issue and an end, Shakespeare turned back to the reign of the earlier Richard, whose deposition led the way to the disputed succession and the conflicts of half a century later. The interest of the play centres in two connected things—the personal contrast between the falling and the rising kings, and the political action of each; the misgovernment of the one inviting and almost justifying the usurpation of the other. Richard, though possessed of a certain regal charm and power of attaching tender natures to himself, is deficient in all that is sterling and real in manhood. He is self-indulgent, has much superficial sensitiveness, loves to contemplate in a romantic way whatever is pathetic or passionate in life, possesses a kind of rhetorical imagination, and has abundant command of delicate and gleaming words. His will is nerveless, he is incapable of consistency of feeling, incapable of strenuous action. Bolingbroke, on the other hand, who pushes Richard from his throne, is a man framed for such material success as waits on personal ambition. His is a resolute gaze which sees his object far off, and he has persistency and energy of will to carry him forward without faltering. His faculties are strong and well-knit; he is not cruel, but shrinks from no deed that is needful to his purpose because the deed is cruel. There is no finer contrast in Shakespeare's historical plays than that between the figures of the formidable king of deeds and the romantic king of hectic feelings and brilliant words.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING RICHARD the Second.

JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke  
of Lancaster, }  
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, } uncles to the King.  
Duke of York, }

HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of  
Hereford, son to John of Gaunt; after-  
wards KING HENRY IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, son to the Duke of  
York.

THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

DUKE OF SURREY.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

LORD BERKELEY.

BUSHY, }  
BAGOT, } servants to King Richard.  
GREEN, }

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son  
LORD ROSS.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.

LORD FITZWATER.

Bishop of Carlisle.

Abbot of Westminster.

Lord Marshal.

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

SIR PIERCE of Exton.

Captain of a band of Welshmen.

QUEEN to King Richard.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, two  
Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger,  
Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *England and Wales.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *London.* KING RICHARD's *palace.*

*Enter* KING RICHARD, JOHN OF GAUNT, *with*  
*other Nobles and Attendants.*

*K. Rich.* Old John of Gaunt, time-hon-  
or'd Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold  
son,

Here to make good the boisterous late ap-  
peal,

Which then our leisure would not let us  
hear,

Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas  
Mowbray?

*Gaunt.* I have, my liege.

*K. Rich.* Tell me, moreover, hast thou  
sounded him,

If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;  
Or worthily, as a good subject should,  
On some known ground of treachery in  
him?

*Gaunt.* As near as I could sift him on  
that argument,

On some apparent danger seen in him  
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate  
malice.

*K. Rich.* Then call them to our presence;  
face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves  
will hear

The accuser and the accused freely speak  
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of  
ire,

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE and MOWBRAY.*

*Boling.* Many years of happy days befall  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving  
liege!

*Mow.* Each day still better other's happi-  
ness;

Until the heavens, envying earth's good  
hap,

Add an immortal title to your crown!

*K. Rich.* We thank you both: yet one but  
flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;  
Namely, to appeal each other of high trea-  
son.

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas  
Mowbray?

*Boling.* First, heaven be the record to my  
speech!

In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my  
prince,

And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellant to this princely presence.



Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well; for what I  
speak

My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,  
Too good to be so and too bad to live,  
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy  
throat;

And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I  
move,

What my tongue speaks my right drawn  
sword may prove.

*Mow.* Let not my cold words here accuse  
my zeal:

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for  
this:

Yet can I not of such tame patience boast  
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say:  
First, the fair reverence of your highness  
curbs me

From giving reins and spurs to my free  
speech;

Which else would post until it had re-  
turn'd

These terms of treason doubled down his  
throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty.

And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him;

Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:  
Which to maintain I would allow him  
odds,

And meet him, were I tied to run afoot  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,

Or any other ground inhabitable,  
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.

Mean time let this defend my loyalty,  
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

*Boling.* Pale trembling coward, there I  
throw my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king,  
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,

Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to  
except.

If guilty dread have left thee so much  
strength

As to take up mine honor's pawn, then  
stoop:

By that and all the rites of knighthood else,  
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse  
devise.

*Mow.* I take it up; and by that sword I  
swear

Which gently laid my knighthood on my  
shoulder,

I'll answer thee in any fair degree,  
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:

And when I mount, alive may I not light,  
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to  
Mowbray's charge?

It must be great that can inherit us  
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Boling.* Look, what I speak, my life shall  
prove it true;

That Mowbray hath received eight thou-  
sand nobles

In name of lendings for your highness' sol-  
diers,

The which he hath detain'd for lewd em-  
ployments,

Like a false traitor and injurious villain.

Besides I say and will in battle prove,  
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge

That ever was survey'd by English eye,  
That all the treasons for these eighteen

years

Complotted and contrived in this land

Fetch from false Mowbray their first head  
and spring.

Further I say and further will maintain

Upon his bad life to make all this good,

That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's  
death,

Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,  
And consequently, like a traitor coward,

Sluiced out his innocent soul through  
streams of blood:

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the

earth,

To me for justice and rough chastisement;

And, by the glorious worth of my descent,

This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution  
soars!

Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to  
this?

*Mow.* O, let my sovereign turn away his face  
 And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
 Till I have told this slander of his blood,  
 How God and good men hate so foul a liar.  
*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes  
 and ears:  
 Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's  
 heir,  
 As he is but my father's brother's son,  
 Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,  
 Such neighbor nearness to our sacred  
 blood  
 Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize  
 The unstooping firmness of my upright  
 soul:  
 He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:  
 Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.  
*Mow.* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to  
 thy heart,  
 Through the false passage of thy throat,  
 thou liest.  
 Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais  
 Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers;  
 The other part reserved I by consent,  
 For that my sovereign liege was in my  
 debt  
 Upon remainder of a dear account,  
 Since last I went to France to fetch his  
 queen:  
 Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's  
 death,  
 I slew him not; but to my own disgrace  
 Neglected my sworn duty in that case.  
 For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,  
 The honorable father to my foe  
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,  
 A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul  
 But ere I last received the sacrament  
 I did confess it, and exactly begg'd  
 Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.  
 This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,  
 It issues from the rancor of a villain,  
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor:  
 Which in myself I boldly will defend;  
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his  
 bosom.  
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

*K. Rich.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be  
 ruled by me;  
 Let's purge this choler without letting  
 blood:  
 This we prescribe, though no physician;  
 Deep malice makes too deep incision;  
 Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed;  
 Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.  
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun;  
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your  
 son.  
*Gaunt.* To be a make-peace shall become  
 my age:  
 Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's  
 gage.  
*K. Rich.* And, Norfolk, throw down his.  
*Gaunt.* When, Harry, when?  
 Obedience bids I should not bid again.  
*K. Rich.* Norfolk, throw down, we bid;  
 there is no boot.  
*Mow.* Myself I throw, dread sovereign,  
 at thy foot.  
 My life thou shalt command, but not my  
 shame:  
 The one my duty owes; but my fair name,  
 Despite of death that lives upon my grave,  
 To dark dishonor's use thou shalt not have.  
 I am disgraced, impeach'd and baffled here,  
 Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd  
 spear,  
 The which no balm can cure but his heart-  
 blood  
 Which breathed this poison.  
*K. Rich.* Rage must be withstood:  
 Give me his gage: lions make leopards  
 tame.  
*Mow.* Yea, but not change his spots: take  
 but my shame,  
 And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,  
 The purest treasure mortal times afford  
 Is spotless reputation: that away,  
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.  
 A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest  
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
 Mine honor is my life; both grow in one;  
 Take honor from me, and my life is done:  
 Then, dear my liege, mine honor let me  
 try;  
 In that I live and for that will I die.  
*K. Rich.* Cousin, throw up your gage; do  
 you begin.  
*Boling.* O, God defend my soul from  
 such deep sin!

Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?

Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height

Before this out-dared dastard? Ere my tongue

Shall wound my honor with such feeble wrong,

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear

The slavish motive of recanting fear,  
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,

Where shame doth harbor, even in Mowbray's face. *[Exit Gaunt.]*

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to command;

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,

Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day:

There shall your swords and lances arbitrate

The swelling difference of your settled hate:

Since we cannot atone you, we shall see  
Justice design the victor's chivalry.

Lord marshal, command our officers at arms

Be ready to direct these home alarms. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II. *The Duke of Lancaster's palace.*

*Enter JOHN OF GAUNT with the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.*

*Gaunt.* Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood

Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,  
To stir against the butchers of his life!

But since correction lieth in those hands  
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,

Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;  
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,

Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

*Duch.* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?  
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,

Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,

Or seven fair branches springing from one root:

Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,

Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;

But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,

One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,

Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,  
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,

By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.  
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed,

that womb,

That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee

Made him a man; and though thou livest and breathest,

Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent  
In some large measure to thy father's death,

In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
Who was the model of thy father's life.

Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:  
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,

Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life,

Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:

That which in mean men we intitle patience

Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.  
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,

The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

*Gaunt.* God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,

His deputy anointed in His sight,  
Hath caused his death: the which if wrongfully,

Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift  
An angry arm against His minister.

*Duch.* Where then, alas, may I complain myself?

*Gaunt.* To God, the widow's champion and defence.

*Duch.* Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.

Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold

Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray  
fight:

O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's  
spear,

That it may enter butcher Mowbray's  
breast!

Or, if misfortune miss the first career,  
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,  
That they may break his foaming courser's  
back,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!  
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's  
wife

With her companion grief must end her  
life.

*Gaunt.* Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:

As much good stay with thee as go with  
me!

*Duch.* Yet one word more: grief bound-  
eth where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but  
weight:

I take my leave before I have begun,  
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.  
Commend me to thy brother, Edmund  
York.

Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;  
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;  
I shall remember more. Bid him—ah,  
what?—

With all good speed at Plashy visit me.  
Alack, and what shall good old York there  
see

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,  
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?

And what hear there for welcome but my  
groans?

Therefore commend me; let him not come  
there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells every  
where.

Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die:  
The last leave of thee takes my weeping  
eye. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *The lists at Coventry.*

*Enter the Lord Marshal and the DUKE OF  
AUMERLE.*

*Mar.* My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Here-  
ford arm'd?

*Aum.* Yea, at all points; and longs to enter  
in.

*Mar.* The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and  
bold,

Stays but the summons of the appellant's  
trumpet.

*Aum.* Why, then, the champions are pre-  
pared, and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

*The trumpets sound, and the KING enters  
with his nobles, GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT,  
GREEN, and others. When they are set,  
enter MOWBRAY in arms, defendant, with  
a Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, demand of yonder  
champion

The cause of his arrival here in arms:

Ask him his name and orderly proceed

To swear him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* In God's name and the king's, say  
who thou art

And why thou comest thus knightly clad  
in arms,

Against what man thou comest, and what  
thy quarrel:

Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy  
oath;

As so defend thee heaven and thy valor!

*Mow.* My name is Thomas Mowbray,  
Duke of Norfolk;

Who hither come engaged by my oath—  
Which God defend a knight should vio-  
late!—

Both to defend my loyalty and truth

To God, my king and my succeeding issue,  
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals

me;

And, by the grace of God and this mine  
arm,

To prove him, in defending of myself,

A traitor to my God, my king, and me:

And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*The trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE,  
appellant, in armor, with a Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in  
arms,

Both who he is and why he cometh hither

Thus plated in habiliments of war,

And formally, according to our law,

Depose him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* What is thy name? and wherefore  
comest thou hither,

Before King Richard in his royal lists?



Against whom comest thou? and what's  
thy quarrel?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee  
heaven!

*Boling.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and  
Derby

Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,  
To prove, by God's grace and my body's  
valor,

In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of  
Norfolk,

That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,  
To God of heaven, King Richard and to  
me;

And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*Mar.* On pain of death, no person be so  
bold

Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,

Except the marshal and such officers

Appointed to direct these fair designs.

*Boling.* Lord marshal, let me kiss my  
sovereign's hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty:

For Mowbray and myself are like two men

That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;

Then let us take a ceremonious leave

And loving farewell of our several friends.

*Mar.* The appellant in all duty greets your  
highness,

And craves to kiss your hand and take his  
leave.

*K. Rich.* We will descend and fold him  
in our arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,

So be thy fortune in this royal fight!

Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou  
shed,

Lament we may, but not revenge thee  
dead.

*Boling.* O, let no noble eye profane a tear  
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's  
spear:

As confident as is the falcon's flight

Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.

My loving lord, I take my leave of you;

Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;

Not sick, although I have to do with death,

But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing  
breath.

Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret

The daintiest last, to make the end most  
sweet:

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,

Doth with a twofold vigor lift me up

To reach at victory above my head,

Add proof unto mine armor with thy  
prayers;

And with thy blessings steel my lance's  
point,

That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,

And furbish new the name of John a  
Gaunt,

Even in the lusty havior of his son.

*Gaunt.* God in thy good cause make thee  
prosperous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution;

And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,

Fall like amazing thunder on the casque

Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant  
and live.

*Boling.* Mine innocence and Saint George  
to thrive!

*Mow.* However God or fortune cast my  
lot,

There lives or dies, true to King Richard's  
throne,

A loyal, just and upright gentleman:

Never did captive with a freer heart

Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace

His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,

More than my dancing soul doth celebrate

This feast of battle with mine adversary.

Most mighty liege, and my companion  
peers,

Take from my mouth the wish of happy  
years:

As gentle and as jocund as to jest

Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

*K. Rich.* Farewell, my lord: securely I  
espy

Virtue with valor couched in thine eye.

Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

*Mar.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and  
Derby,

Receive thy lance; and God defend the  
right!

*Boling.* Strong as a tower in hope, I cry  
amen.

*Mar.* Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke  
of Norfolk.

*First Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster  
and Derby,

Stands here for God, his sovereign and  
himself,

On pain to be found false and recreant,  
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas  
Mowbray,

A traitor to his God, his king and him;  
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

*Sec. Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and recreant,  
Both to defend himself and to approve  
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
To God, his sovereign and to him disloyal;  
Courageously and with a free desire  
Attending but the signal to begin.

*Mar.* Sound, trumpets; and set forward,  
combatants. [*A charge sounded.*]

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder  
down.

*K. Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets  
and their spears,

And both return back to their chairs again:  
Withdraw with us: and let the trumpets  
sound

While we return these dukes what we  
decree. [*A long flourish.*]

Draw near,

And list what with our council we have  
done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not  
be soil'd

With that dear blood which it hath fostered;

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbors' sword;

And for we think the eagle-winged pride  
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
With rival-hating envy, set on you  
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle  
sleep;

Which so roused up with boisterous untuned drums,

With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful  
bray,

And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,  
Might from our quiet confines fright fair  
peace

And make us wade even in our kindred's  
blood;

Therefore, we banish you our territories:  
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,

Till twice five summers have enrich'd our  
fields

Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Boling.* Your will be done: this must my  
comfort be,

That sun that warms you here shall shine  
on me;

And those his golden beams to you here  
lent

Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, for thee remains a  
heavier doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:

The sly slow hours shall not determinate  
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;

The hopeless word of 'never to return'  
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Mow.* A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,

And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:

A dearer merit, not so deep a main  
As to be cast forth in the common air,  
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.  
The language I have learn'd these forty  
years,

My native English, now I must forego:  
And now my tongue's use is to me no more  
Than an unstringed viol or a harp,  
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,  
Or, being open, put into his hands  
That knows no touch to tune the harmony:

Within my mouth you have engaul'd my  
tongue,

Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;  
And dull unfeeling barren ignorance  
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
Too far in years to be a pupil now:  
What is thy sentence then but speechless  
death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native  
breath?

*K. Rich.* It boots thee not to be compassionate:

After our sentence plaining comes too late.

*Mow.* Then thus I turn me from my  
country's light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

*K. Rich.* Return again, and take an oath  
with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd  
hands;

Swear by the duty that you owe to God—  
Our part therein we banish with your-  
selves—

To keep the oath that we administer:  
You never shall, so help you truth and  
God!

Embrace each other's love in banishment;  
Nor never look upon each other's face;  
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile  
This loursing tempest of your home-bred  
hate:

Nor never by advised purpose meet  
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill  
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our  
land.

*Boling.* I swear.

*Mow.* And I, to keep all this.

*Boling.* Norfolk, so far as to mine en-  
emy:—

By this time, had the king permitted us,  
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,  
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,  
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:  
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the  
realm;

Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

*Mow.* No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were  
traitor,

My name be blotted from the book of life,  
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!  
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do  
know;

And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.  
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I  
stray;

Save back to England, all the world's my  
way. [Exit.]

*K. Rich.* Uncle, even in the glasses of  
thine eyes

I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect  
Hath from the number of his banish'd  
years

Pluck'd four away. [To *Boling.*] Six frozen  
winters spent,

Return with welcome home from banish-  
ment.

*Boling.* How long a time lies in one little  
word!

Four lagging winters and four wanton  
springs

End in a word: such is the breath of kings.  
*Gaunt.* I thank my liege, that in regard  
of me

He shortens four years of my son's exile:  
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;  
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend  
Can change their moons and bring their  
times about,

My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light  
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, thou hast many  
years to live.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute, king, that thou  
canst give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen  
sorrow,

And pluck nights from me, but not lend a  
morrow;

Thou canst help time to furrow me with  
age,

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;  
Thy word is current with him for my  
death,

But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my  
breath.

*K. Rich.* Thy son is banish'd upon good  
advice,

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:  
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to  
lour?

*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste prove in  
digestion sour.

You urged me as a judge; but I had rather  
You would have bid me argue like a father.  
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,  
To smooth his fault I should have been  
more mild:

A partial slander sought I to avoid,  
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.  
Alas, I look'd when some of you should  
say,

I was too strict to make mine own away;  
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue  
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid  
him so:

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.  
[Flourish. Exeunt King Richard and train.]

*Aum.* Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,  
From where you do remain let paper show.

*Mar.* My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,

As far as land will let me, by your side.

*Gaunt.* O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

*Boling.* I have too few to take my leave of you,

When the tongue's office should be prodigal

To breathe the abundant dolor of the heart.

*Gaunt.* Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

*Boling.* Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

*Gaunt.* What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

*Boling.* To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

*Gaunt.* Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.

*Boling.* My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

*Gaunt.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home return.

*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

Will but remember me what a deal of world

I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship

To foreign passages, and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else But that I was a journeyman to grief?

*Gaunt.* All places that the eye of heaven visits

Are to a wise man ports and happy heavens

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not the king did banish thee,

But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honor

And not the king exiled thee; or suppose Devouring pestilence hangs in our air

And thou art flying to a fresher clime:

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest:

Suppose the singing birds musicians,

The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,

The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more

Than a delightful measure or a dance;

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

*Boling.* O, who can hold a fire in his hand

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite

By bare imagination of a feast?

Or wallow naked in December snow

By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?

O, no! the apprehension of the good

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more

Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

*Gaunt.* Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

*Boling.* Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,

Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV. *The court.*

*Enter the KING, with BAGOT and GREEN at one door; and the DUKE OF AUMERLE at another.*

*K. Rich.* We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,

How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

*Aum.* I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,

But to the next highway, and there I left him.

*K. Rich.* And say, what store of parting tears were shed?



*Aum.* Faith, none for me; except the  
northeast wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
Awaked the sleeping rheum, and so by  
chance

Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

*K. Rich.* What said our cousin when you  
parted with him?

*Aum.* 'Farewell:'

And, for my heart disdained that my  
tongue

Should so profane the word, that taught  
me craft

To counterfeit oppression of such grief  
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's  
grave.

Marry, would the word 'farewell' have  
lengthen'd hours

And added years to his short banishment,  
He should have had a volume of farewells;  
But since it would not, he had none of me.

*K. Rich.* He is our cousin, cousin; but  
'tis doubt,

When time shall call him home from ban-  
ishment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his  
friends.

Ourselves and Bushy, Bagot here and Green  
Observed his courtship to the common  
people;

How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
With humble and familiar courtesy,

What reverence he did throw away on  
slaves,

Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of  
smiles

And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;  
A brace of draymen bid God speed him  
well

And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving  
friends;'

As were our England in reversion his,  
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*Green.* Well, he is gone; and with him  
go these thoughts.

Now for the rebels which stand out in  
Ireland,

Expedient manage must be made, my liege,  
Ere further leisure yield them further  
means

For their advantage and your highness' loss.

*K. Rich.* We will ourselves in person to this  
war:

And, for our coffers, with too great a court  
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat  
light,

We are informed to farm our royal realm;  
The revenue whereof shall furnish us

For our affairs in hand: if that come short,  
Our substitutes at home shall have blank  
charters;

Whereeto, when they shall know what men  
are rich,

They shall subscribe them for large sums  
of gold

And send them after to supply our wants;  
For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter Bushy.*

Bushy, what news?

*Bushy.* Old John of Gaunt is grievous  
sick, my lord,

Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste  
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

*K. Rich.* Where lies he?

*Bushy.* At Ely House.

*K. Rich.* Now put it, God, in the phy-  
sician's mind

To help him to his grave immediately!

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:

Pray God we may make haste, and come  
too late!

*All.* Amen.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. Ely House.

*Enter JOHN OF GAUNT sick, with the DUKE  
OF YORK, &c.*

*Gaunt.* Will the king come, that I may  
breathe my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

*York.* Vex not yourself, nor strive not  
with your breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

*Gaunt.* O, but they say the tongues of  
dying men

Enforce attention like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom  
spent in vain,

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.  
 He that no more must say is listen'd more  
 Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;  
 More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:  
 The setting sun, and music at the close,  
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,  
 Writ in remembrance more than things long past:  
 Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,  
 My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.  
*York.* No; it is stopp'd with other flattering  
 ing sounds,  
 As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond,  
 Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound  
 The open ear of youth doth always listen;  
 Report of fashions in proud Italy,  
 Whose manners still our tardy apish nation  
 Limp after in base imitation.  
 Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—  
 So it be new, there's no respect how vile—  
 That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?  
 Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,  
 Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.  
 Direct not him whose way himself will choose:  
 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.  
*Gaunt.* Methinks I am a prophet new inspired  
 And thus expiring do foretell of him:  
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,  
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves;  
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;  
 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;  
 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:  
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.  
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
 This fortress built by Nature for herself  
 Against infection and the hand of war,  
 This happy breed of men, this little world,

This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands,  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,  
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
 For Christian service and true chivalry;  
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,  
 Like to a tenement or pelted farm:  
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
 With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:  
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death!  
*Enter KING RICHARD and QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.*  
*York.* The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;  
 For young hot colts being raged do rage the more.  
*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?  
*K. Rich.* What comfort, man? how is't with aged Gaunt?  
*Gaunt.* O, how that name befits my composition!  
 Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:  
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;  
 And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?  
 For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;  
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:

The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,  
Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's  
looks;

And therein fasting, hast thou made me  
gaunt:

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but  
bones.

*K. Rich.* Can sick men play so nicely with  
their names?

*Gaunt.* No, misery makes sport to mock  
itself:

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

*K. Rich.* Should dying men flatter with  
those that live?

*Gaunt.* No, no, men living flatter those  
that die.

*K. Rich.* Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou  
flatterest me.

*Gaunt.* O, no! thou diest, though I the  
sicker be.

*K. Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, and  
see the ill.

*Gaunt.* Now He that made me knows I  
see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.  
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land  
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;  
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,  
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure  
Of those physicians that first wounded  
thee:

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,  
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;  
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.  
O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye  
Seen how his son's son should destroy his  
sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid  
thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,  
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.  
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the  
world,

It were a shame to let this land by lease;  
But for thy world enjoying but this land,  
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?  
Landlord of England art thou now, not  
king:

Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;  
And thou—

*K. Rich.* A lunatic lean-witted fool,  
Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
Darest with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal  
blood

With fury from his native residence.  
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,  
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's  
son,

This tongue that runs so roundly in thy  
head

Should run thy head from thy unreverent  
shoulders.

*Gaunt.* O, spare me not, my brother Ed-  
ward's son,

For that I was his father Edward's son;  
That blood already, like the pelican,  
Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly ca-  
roused:

My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning  
soul,

Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy  
souls!

May be a precedent and witness good  
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's  
blood:

Join with the present sickness that I have;  
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.  
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with  
thee!

These words hereafter thy tormentors be!  
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:  
Love they to live that love and honor have.  
[Exit, borne off by his Attendants.]

*K. Rich.* And let them die that age and  
sullens have;

For both hast thou, and both become the  
grave.

*York.* I do beseech your majesty, impute  
his words

To wayward sickliness and age in him:  
He loves you, on my life, and holds you  
dear

As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.  
*K. Rich.* Right, you say true: as Here-  
ford's love, so his;

As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.  
*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

*North.* My liege, old Gaunt commends  
him to your majesty.

*K. Rich.* What says he?  
*North.* Nay, nothing; all is said:

His tongue is now a stringless instrument;  
Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath  
spent.

*York.* Be York the next that must be  
bankrupt so!

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal  
woe.

*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and  
so doth he;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.  
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed  
kerns,

Which live like venom where no venom  
else

But only they have privilege to live.

And for these great affairs do ask some  
charge,

Towards our assistance we do seize to us  
The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,  
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand pos-  
sess'd.

*York.* How long shall I be patient? ah,  
how long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's  
banishment,

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private  
wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,  
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's  
face.

I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was  
first:

In war was never lion raged more fierce,  
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,  
Than was that young and princely gentle-  
man.

His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
Accomplish'd with the number of thy  
hours;

But when he frown'd, it was against the  
French

And not against his friends; his noble hand  
Did win what he did spend and spent not  
that

Which his triumphant father's hand had  
won;

His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.  
*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?  
*York.*

O my liege,  
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleased  
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.

Seek you to seize and gripe into your  
hands

The royalties and rights of banish'd Here-  
ford?

Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford  
live?

Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?  
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?

Is not his heir a well-deserving son?

Take Hereford's rights away, and take  
from Time

His charters and his customary rights;

Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;

Be not thyself, for how art thou a king

But by fair sequence and succession?

Now, afore God—God forbid I say true!—

If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's  
rights,

Call in the letters patent that he hath

By his attorneys-general to sue

His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,

You pluck a thousand dangers on your  
head,

You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts  
And prick my tender patience to those  
thoughts

Which honor and allegiance cannot think.

*K. Rich.* Think what you will, we seize  
into our hands

His plate, his goods, his money and his  
lands.

*York.* I'll not be by the while: my liege,  
farewell:

What will ensue hereof, there's none can  
tell

But by bad courses may be understood  
That their events can never fall out good,  
[Exit.

*K. Rich.* Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wilt-  
shire straight;

Bid him repair to us to Ely House

To see this business. To-morrow next

We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:

And we create, in absence of ourself,

Our uncle York lord governor of England;

For he is just and always loved us well.



Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;

Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, and Bagot.*]

*North.* Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

*Ross.* And living too; for now his son is duke.

*Willo.* Barely in title, not in revenue.

*North.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.

*Ross.* My heart is great; but it must break with silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

*North.* Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

*Willo.* Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

*Ross.* No good at all that I can do for him;

Unless you call it good to pity him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

*North.* Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne

In him, a royal prince, and many moe

Of noble blood in this declining land.

The king is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers; and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,

That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

*Ross.* The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fined

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Willo.* And daily new exactions are devised,

As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:

But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

*North.* Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise

That which his noble ancestors achieved with blows:

More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

*Ross.* The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

*Willo.* The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

*North.* Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

*Ross.* He hath not money for these Irish wars,

His burthenous taxations notwithstanding, But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,

Yet see no shelter to avoid the storm;

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

*Ross.* We see the very wreck that we must suffer;

And unavoided is the danger now,

For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

*North.* Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death

I spy life peering; but I dare not say

How near the tidings of our comfort is.

*Willo.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

*Ross.* Be confident to speak, Northumberland:

We three are but thyself; and, speaking so, Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

*North.* Then thus: I have from Port le Blanc, a bay

In Brittany, received intelligence

That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,

. . . . .

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter, His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston, Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton

and Francis Quoint,

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,

Are making hither with all due expedience  
And shortly mean to touch our northern  
shore:

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they  
stay

The first departing of the king for Ireland.  
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
Imp out our drooping country's broken  
wing,

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd  
crown,

Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's  
gilt

And make high majesty look like itself,  
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh;  
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

*Ross.* To horse, to horse! urge doubts to  
them that fear.

*Will.* Hold out my horse, and I will first  
be there. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *The palace.*

*Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.*

*Bushy.* Madam, your majesty is too much  
sad:

You promised, when you parted with the  
king,

To lay aside life-harming heaviness  
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

*Queen.* To please the king I did; to please  
myself

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as  
grief,

Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
As my sweet Richard: yet again, methinks,  
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's  
womb,

Is coming towards me, and my inward soul  
With nothing trembles: at some thing it  
grieves,

More than with parting from my lord the  
king.

*Bushy.* Each substance of a grief hath  
twenty shadows,

Which shows like grief itself, but is not so;  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding  
tears,

Divides one thing entire to many objects;  
Like perspectives, which rightly gazed  
upon

Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry  
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,  
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
Find shapes of grief, more than himself, to  
wail;

Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but  
shadows

Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious  
queen,

More than your lord's departure weep not:  
more's not seen;

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,  
Which for things true weeps things imag-  
inary.

*Queen.* It may be so; but yet my inward  
soul

Persuades me it is otherwise: howe'er it be,  
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad

As, though on thinking on no thought I  
think,

Makes me with heavy nothing faint and  
shrink.

*Bushy.* 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gra-  
cious lady.

*Queen.* 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still  
derived

From some forefather grief; mine is not so,  
For nothing had begot my something grief;  
Or something hath the nothing that I  
grieve:

'Tis in reversion that I do possess;

But what it is, that is not yet known; what  
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

*Enter GREEN.*

*Green.* God save your majesty! and well  
met, gentlemen:

I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ire-  
land.

*Queen.* Why hopest thou so? 'tis better  
hope he is;

For his designs crave haste, his haste good  
hope:

Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not  
shipp'd?

*Green.* That he, our hope, might have re-  
tired his power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:  
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,  
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived  
At Ravenspurgh.

*Queen.* Now God in heaven forbid!

*Green.* Ah, madam, 'tis too true: and that  
is worse,

The Lord Northumberland, his son young  
Henry Percy,

The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Wil-  
loughby,

With all their powerful friends, are fled to  
him.

*Bushy.* Why have you not proclaim'd  
Northumberland

And all the rest revolted faction traitors?

*Green.* We have: whereupon the Earl of  
Worcester

Hath broke his staff, resign'd his steward-  
ship,

And all the household servants fled with  
him

To Bolingbroke.

*Queen.* So, Green, thou art the midwife  
to my woe,

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:

Now hath my soul brought forth her  
prodigy,

And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,

Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

*Bushy.* Despair not, madam.

*Queen.* Who shall hinder me?

I will despair, and be at enmity

With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,

A parasite, a keeper back of death,

Who gently would dissolve the bands of  
life,

Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Enter YORK.*

*Green.* Here comes the Duke of York.

*Queen.* With signs of war about his aged  
neck:

O, full of careful business are his looks!

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable  
words.

*York.* Should I do so, I should belie my  
thoughts:

Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the  
earth,

Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and  
grief.

Your husband, he is gone to save far off,  
Whilst others come to make him lose at  
home:

Here am I left to underprop his land,  
Who, weak with age, cannot support my-  
self:

Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit  
made;

Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd  
him.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, your son was gone before  
I came.

*York.* He was? Why, so! go all which  
way it will!

The nobles they are fled, the commons  
they are cold,

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.

Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister  
Gloucester;

Bid her send me presently a thousand  
pound:

Hold, take my ring.

*Serv.* My lord, I had forgot to tell your  
lordship,

To-day, as I came by, I called there;

But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

*York.* What is't, knave?

*Serv.* An hour before I came, the duchess  
died.

*York.* God for his mercy! what a tide of  
woes

Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!

I know not what to do: I would to God,

So my untruth had not provoked him to it,

The king had cut off my head with my  
brother's.

What, are there no posts dispatch'd for  
Ireland?

How shall we do for money for these wars?

Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray,  
pardon me.

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some  
carts

And bring away the armor that is there.

*[Exit Servant.]*

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

If I know how or which way to order  
these affairs

Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:

The one is my sovereign, whom both my  
oath

And duty bids defend; the other again

Is my kinsman, whom the king hath  
wrong'd,

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to  
right.

Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin,  
I'll

Dispose of you.

Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,  
And meet me presently at Berkeley.

I should to Plashy too;

But time will not permit: all is uneven,

And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt York and Queen.*]

*Bushy.* The wind sits fair for news to go  
to Ireland,

But none returns. For us to levy power

Proportionable to the enemy

Is all impossible.

*Green.* Besides, our nearness to the king  
in love

Is near the hate of those love not the king.

*Bagot.* And that's the wavering commons:  
for their love

Lies in their purses, and whoso empties  
them

By so much fills their hearts with deadly  
hate.

*Bushy.* Wherein the king stands generally  
condemn'd.

*Bagot.* If judgement lie in them, then so  
do we,

Because we ever have been near the king.

*Green.* Well, I will for refuge straight to  
Bristol castle:

The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bushy.* Thither will I with you; for little  
office

The hateful commons will perform for us,  
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.

Will you go along with us?

*Bagot.* No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.  
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,  
We three here part that ne'er shall meet  
again.

*Bushy.* That's as York thrives to beat back  
Bolingbroke.

*Green.* Alas, poor duke! the task he un-  
dertakes

Is numbering sands and drinking oceans  
dry:

Where one on his side fights, thousands  
will fly.

Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

*Bushy.* Well, we may meet again.

*Bagot.* I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *Wilds in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND,  
with Forces.*

*Boling.* How far is it, my lord, to Berke-  
ley now?

*North.* Believe me, noble lord,  
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire:  
These high wild hills and rough uneven  
ways

Draws out our miles, and makes them  
wearisome;

And yet your fair discourse hath been as  
sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But I bethink me what a weary way  
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be  
found

In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your  
company,

Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled  
The tediousness and process of my travel:  
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to  
have

The present benefit which I possess;

And hope to joy is little less in joy

Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords  
Shall make their way seem short, as mine  
hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble com-  
pany.

*Boling.* Of much less value is my com-  
pany

Than your good words. But who comes  
here?

*Enter HENRY PERCY.*

*North.* It is my son, young Harry Percy,  
Sent from my brother Worcester, whence-  
soever.

Harry, how fares your uncle?

*Percy.* I had thought, my lord, to have  
learn'd his health of you.

*North.* Why, is he not with the queen?

*Percy.* No, my good lord; he hath for-  
sook the court,

Broken his staff of office and dispersed

The household of the king.

*North.* What was his reason?  
He was not so resolved when last we spake  
together.

*Percy.* Because your lordship was pro-  
claimed traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,



To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,  
And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover  
What power the Duke of York had levied  
there;

Then with directions to repair to Ravens-  
purgh.

*North.* Have you forgot the Duke of  
Hereford, boy?

*Percy.* No, my good lord, for that is not  
forgot

Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowl-  
edge,

I never in my life did look on him.

*North.* Then learn to know him now;  
this is the duke.

*Percy.* My gracious lord, I tender you my  
service,

Such as it is, being tender, raw and young:  
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm  
To more approved service and desert.

*Boling.* I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be  
sure

I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul remembering my good friends;  
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:  
My heart this covenant makes, my hand  
thus seals it.

*North.* How far is it to Berkeley? and  
what stir

Keeps good old York there with his men  
of war?

*Percy.* There stands the castle, by yon  
tuft of trees,

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have  
heard;

And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley,  
and Seymour;

None else of name and noble estimate.

*Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY.*

*North.* Here come the Lords of Ross and  
Willoughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

*Boling.* Welcome, my lords. I wot your  
love pursues

A banish'd traitor: all my treasury

Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more en-  
rich'd

Shall be your love and labor's recompense.

*Ross.* Your presence makes us rich, most  
noble lord.

*Will.* And far surmounts our labor to  
attain it.

*Boling.* Evermore thanks, the exchequer  
of the poor;

Which, till my infant fortune comes to  
years,

Stands for my bounty. But who comes  
here?

*Enter BERKELEY.*

*North.* It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I  
guess.

*Berk.* My Lord of Hereford, my message  
is to you.

*Boling.* My lord, my answer is—to Lan-  
caster;

And I am come to seek that name in Eng-  
land;

And I must find that title in your tongue,  
Before I make reply to aught you say.

*Berk.* Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not  
my meaning

To raze one title of your honor out:

To you, my lord, I come, what lord you  
will,

From the most gracious regent of this land,  
The Duke of York, to know what pricks  
you on

To take advantage of the absent time

And fright our native peace with self-born  
arms.

*Enter YORK attended.*

*Boling.* I shall not need transport my  
words by you;

Here comes his grace in person.

My noble uncle! [*Kneels.*]

*York.* Show me thy humble heart, and  
not thy knee,

Whose duty is deceiveable and false.

*Boling.* My gracious uncle—

*York.* Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:

I am no traitor's uncle; and that word  
'grace'.

In an ungracious mouth is but profane.

Why have those banish'd and forbidden  
legs

Dared once to touch a dust of England's  
ground?

But then more 'why?' why have they dared  
to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,

Frighting her pale-faced villages with war  
And ostentation of despised arms?

Comest thou because the anointed king is  
hence?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,  
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.  
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth  
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars  
of men,  
From forth the ranks of many thousand  
French,

O, then how quickly should this arm of  
mine,

Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee  
And minister correction to thy fault!

*Boling.* My gracious uncle, let me know  
my fault:

On what condition stands it and wherein?

*York.* Even in condition of the worst de-  
gree,

In gross rebellion and detested treason:

Thou art a banish'd man, and here art  
come

Before the expiration of thy time,  
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

*Boling.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd  
Hereford;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace

Look on my wrongs with an indifferent  
eye:

You are my father, for methinks in you  
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father,  
Will you permit that I shall stand con-  
demn'd

A wandering vagabond; my rights and  
royalties

Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given  
away

To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I  
born?

If that my cousin king be King of England,  
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.  
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin;  
Had you first died, and he been thus trod  
down,

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a  
father,

To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the  
bay.

I am denied to sue my livery here,  
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:  
My father's goods are all distrain'd and  
sold,

And these and all are all amiss employ'd.

What would you have me do? I am a sub-  
ject,

And I challenge law: attorneys are denied  
me;

And therefore personally I lay my claim  
To my inheritance of free descent.

*North.* The noble duke hath been too  
much abused.

*Ross.* It stands your grace upon to do him  
right.

*Willo.* Base men by his endowments are  
made great.

*York.* My lords of England, let me tell  
you this:

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs  
And labored all I could to do him right;  
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,  
Be his own carver and cut out his way,  
To find out right with wrong, it may not  
be;

And you that do abet him in this kind  
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

*North.* The noble duke hath sworn his  
coming is

But for his own; and for the right of that  
We all have strongly sworn to give him  
aid;

And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that  
oath!

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these  
arms:

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
Because my power is weak and all ill left:  
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,  
I would attach you all and make you stoop  
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;  
But since I cannot, be it known to you  
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;  
Unless you please to enter in the castle  
And there repose you for this night.

*Boling.* An offer, uncle, that we will ac-  
cept:

But we must win your grace to go with us  
To Bristol castle, which they say is held  
By Bushy, Bagot and their complices,  
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck  
away.

*York.* It may be I will go with you: but  
yet I'll pause;

For I am loath to break our country's laws,  
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you  
are:

Things past redress are now with me past  
care.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A camp in Wales.*

*Enter SALISBURY and a Welsh Captain.*

*Cap.* My lord of Salisbury, we have  
stay'd ten days,  
And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;  
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: fare-  
well.

*Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty  
Welshman:

The king reposeth all his confidence in  
thee.

*Cap.* 'Tis thought the king is dead; we  
will not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all  
wither'd

And meteors fright the fixed stars of  
heaven;

The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the  
earth

And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful  
change;

Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and  
leap,

The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
The other to enjoy by rage and war:

These signs forerun the death or fall of  
kings.

Farewell: our countrymen are gone and  
fled,

As well assured Richard their king is dead.

[*Exit.*]

*Sal.* Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy  
mind

I see thy glory like a shooting star  
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.

Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
Witnessing storms to come, woe and un-  
rest:

Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,  
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Bristol. Before the castle.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBER-  
LAND, ROSS, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, with  
BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.*

*Boling.* Bring forth these men.

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your  
souls—

Since presently your souls must part your  
bodies—

With too much urging your pernicious  
lives,

For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your  
blood

From off my hands, here in the view of  
men

I will unfold some causes of your deaths.  
You have misled a prince, a royal king,

A happy gentleman in blood and line-  
aments,

By you unhappied and disfigured clean:  
You have in manner with your sinful hours

Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,  
Broke the possession of a royal bed

And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's  
cheeks

With tears drawn from her eyes by your  
foul wrongs.

Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,  
Near to the king in blood, and near in love

Till you did make him misinterpret me,  
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,

And sigh'd my English breath in foreign  
clouds,

Eating the bitter bread of banishment;  
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,

Dispark'd my parks and fell'd my forest  
woods,

From my own windows torn my house-  
hold coat,

Razed out my imprese, leaving me no sign,  
Save men's opinions and my living blood,

To show the world I am a gentleman.  
This and much more, much more than

twice all this,  
Condemns you to the death. See them de-  
liver'd over

To execution and the hand of death.

*Bushy.* More welcome is the stroke of  
death to me

Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, fare-  
well.

*Green.* My comfort is that heaven will  
take our souls

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

*Boling.* My Lord Northumberland, see  
them dispatch'd.

[*Exeunt Northumberland and others,  
with the prisoners.*]

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;  
 For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:  
 Tell her I send to her my kind commends;  
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.  
*York.* A gentleman of mine I have dispatched

With letters of your love to her at large.  
*Boling.* Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords,  
 away,

To fight with Glendower and his complices:

Awhile to work, and after holiday.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The coast of Wales. A castle in view.*

*Drums; flourish and colors. Enter KING RICHARD, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AU-MERLE, and Soldiers.*

*K. Rich.* Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?

*Aum.* Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

*K. Rich.* Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy

To stand upon my kingdom once again.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child  
 Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

And do thee favors with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,  
 And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,  
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet  
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee:

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;  
 And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder  
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.  
 Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:  
 This earth shall have a feeling and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king  
 Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

*Car.* Fear not, my lord: that Power that made you king

Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.

The means that heaven yields must be embraced,

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,  
 And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse.  
 The proffer'd means of succor and redress.

*Aum.* He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
 Grows strong and great in substance and in power.

*K. Rich.* Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,

Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,

Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen

In murders and in outrage, boldly here;

But when from under this terrestrial ball

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines

And darts his light through every guilty hole,

Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,

Who all this while hath revell'd in the night

Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,

Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,

His treasons will sit blushing in his face,

Not able to endure the sight of day,

But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea

Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;

The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The deputy elected by the Lord:



For every man that Bolingbroke hath  
press'd

To lift shrewd steel against our golden  
crown,

God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,  
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards  
the right.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your  
power?

*Sal.* Nor near nor farther off, my gracious  
lord,

Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my  
tongue

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.  
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,  
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:  
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,  
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fight-  
ing men!

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,  
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and  
thy state:

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert  
dead,

Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and  
fled:

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege; why looks your  
grace so pale?

*K. Rich.* But now the blood of twenty  
thousand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;  
And, till so much blood thither come  
again,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead?  
All souls that will be safe fly from my side,  
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege; remember who  
you are.

*K. Rich.* I had forgot myself; am I not  
king?

Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleep-  
est.

Is not the king's name twenty thousand  
names?

Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes  
At thy great glory. Look not to the  
ground,

Ye favorites of a king: are we not high?

High be our thoughts: I know my uncle  
York

Hath power enough to serve our turn. But  
who comes here?

*Enter SCROOP.*

*Scroop.* More health and happiness betide  
my liege

Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver  
him!

*K. Rich.* Mine ear is open and my heart  
prepared;

The worst is worldly loss thou canst un-  
fold.

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my  
care;

And what loss is it to be rid of care?  
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?  
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,  
We'll serve Him too and be his fellow so:  
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;  
They break their faith to God as well as  
us:

Cry woe, destruction, ruin and decay:  
The worst is death, and death will have his  
day.

*Scroop.* Glad am I that your highness is  
so arm'd

To bear the tidings of calamity.  
Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
Which makes the silver rivers drown their  
shores,

As if the world were all dissolved to tears,  
So high above his limits swells the rage  
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful  
land

With hard bright steel and hearts harder  
than steel.

White-beards have arm'd their thin and  
hairless scalps

Against thy majesty; boys, with women's  
voices,

Strive to speak big and clap their female  
joints

In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:  
The very beadsmen learn to bend their  
bows

Of double-fatal yew against thy state;  
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills  
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,  
And all goes worse than I have power to  
tell.

*K. Rich.* Too well, too well thou tell'st a  
tale so ill.

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is  
Bagot?

What is become of Bushy? where is Green?

That they have let the dangerous enemy Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it: I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

*Scroop.* Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

*K. Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!

Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!

Would they make peace? terrible hell make war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate: Again uncure their souls; their peace is made

With heads, and not with hands; those whom you curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound

And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

*Aum.* Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

*Scroop.* Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

*Aum.* Where is the duke my father with his power?

*K. Rich.* No matter where; of comfort no man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;

Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth;

Let's choose executors and talk of wills:

And yet not so, for what can we bequeath

Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,

And nothing can we call our own but death

And that small model of the barren earth Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground And tell sad stories of the death of kings; How some have been deposed; some slain in war;

Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;

Some poison'd by their wives: some sleeping kill'd;

All murder'd; for within the hollow crown That rounds the mortal temples of a king Keeps Death his court and there the antic sits,

Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp, Allowing him a breath, a little scene, To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks,

Infusing him with self and vain conceit, As if this flesh which walls about our life, Were brass impregnable, and humor'd thus Comes at the last and with a little pin Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!

Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood

With solemn reverence: throw away respect,

Tradition, form and ceremonious duty, For you have but mistook me all this while:

I live with bread like you, feel want, Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus, How can you say to me, I am a king?

*Car.* My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength,

Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,

And so your follies fight against yourself. Fear and be slain; no worse can come to fight:

And fight and die is death destroying death;

Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

*Aum.* My father hath a power; inquire of him,

And learn to make a body of a limb.

*K. Rich.* Thou chidest me well: proud Bolingbroke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

This ague fit of fear is over-blown;  
An easy task it is to win our own.  
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his  
power?

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be  
sour.

*Scroop.* Men judge by the complexion of  
the sky

The state and inclination of the day:  
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,  
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.  
I play the torturer, by small and small  
To lengthen out the worst that must be  
spoken:

Your uncle York is join'd with Boling-  
broke,

And all your northern castles yielded up,  
And all your southern gentlemen in arms  
Upon his party.

*K. Rich.* Thou has said enough.  
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me  
forth [To Aumerle.

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!  
What say you now? what comfort have  
we now?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly  
That bids me be of comfort any more.  
Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;  
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.  
That power I have, discharge; and let them  
go

To ear the land that hath some hope to  
grow,

For I have none: let no man speak again  
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

*Aum.* My liege, one word.

*K. Rich.* He does me double wrong  
That wounds me with the flatteries of his  
tongue.

Discharge my followers: let them hence  
away,

From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair  
day. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III. Wales. Before Flint castle.

*Enter, with drum and colors, BOLINGBROKE,  
YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, Attendants,  
and forces.*

*Boling.* So that by this intelligence we  
learn

The Welshmen are dispersed, and Salis-  
bury

Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed  
With some few private friends upon this  
coast.

*North.* The news is very fair and good,  
my lord:

Richard not far from hence hath hid his  
head.

*York.* It would beseem the Lord North-  
umberland

To say 'King Richard:' alack the heavy  
day

When such a sacred king should hide his  
head.

*North.* Your grace mistakes; only to be  
brief,

Left I his title out.

*York.* The time hath been,  
Would you have been so brief with him,  
he would

Have been so brief with you, to shorten  
you,

For taking so the head, your whole head's  
length.

*Boling.* Mistake not, uncle, further than  
you should.

*York.* Take not, good cousin, further than  
you should.

Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our  
heads.

*Boling.* I know it, uncle, and oppose not  
myself

Against their will. But who comes here?

*Enter PERCY.*

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle  
yield?

*Percy.* The castle royally is mann'd, my  
lord,

Against thy entrance.

*Boling.* Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

*Percy.* Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a king; King Richard lies

Within the limits of yon lime and stone:

And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord

Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman

Of holy reverence; who I cannot learn.

*North.* O, belike it is the Bishop of Car-  
lisle.

*Boling.* Noble lords,

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;

Through brazen trumpet send the breath

of parley

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:

Henry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's  
hand

And sends allegiance and true faith of  
heart

To his most royal person, hither come  
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,  
Provided that my banishment repeal'd

And lands restored again be freely granted:  
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power  
And lay the summer's dust with showers of  
blood

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd  
Englishmen:

The which, how far off from the mind of  
Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should be-  
drench

The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's  
land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

Go, signify as much, while here we march  
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

Let's march without the noise of threaten-  
ing drum,

That from this castle's tatter'd battlements  
Our fair appointments may be well pe-  
rused.

Methinks King Richard and myself should  
meet

With no less terror than the elements  
Of fire and water, when their thundering  
shock

At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of  
heaven.

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:  
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain  
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.  
March on, and mark King Richard how he  
looks.

*Parle without, and answer within. Then a  
flourish. Enter on the walls, KING RICH-  
ARD, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE,  
SCROOP, and SALISBURY.*

See, see, King Richard doth himself ap-  
pear,

As doth the blushing discontented sun  
From out the fiery portal of the east,  
When he perceives the envious clouds are  
bent

To dim his glory and to stain the track  
Of his bright passage to the occident.

*York.* Yet looks he like a king: behold, his  
eye,

As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
Controlling majesty: alack, alack, for woe,  
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

*K. Rich.* We are amazed; and thus long  
have we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,  
[*To North.*

Because we thought ourself thy lawful  
king:

And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
To pay their awful duty to our presence?  
If we be not, show us the hand of God  
That hath dismiss'd us from our steward-  
ship;

For well we know, no hand of blood and  
bone

Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,  
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.

And though you think that all, as you have  
done,

Have torn their souls by turning them from  
us,

And we are barren and bereft of friends;  
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,  
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf  
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike  
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,  
That lift your vassal hands against my head  
And threat the glory of my precious  
crown.

Tell Bolingbroke—for yond methinks he  
stands—

That every stride he makes upon my land  
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open  
The purple testament of bleeding war;  
But ere the crown he looks for live in  
peace,

Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers'  
sons

Shall ill become the flower of England's  
face,

Change the complexion of her maid-pale  
peace

To scarlet indignation and bedew  
Her pastures' grass with faithful English  
blood.

*North.* The king of heaven forbid our  
lord the king

Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin



Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand;  
And by the honorable tomb he swears,  
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,  
And by the royalties of both your bloods,  
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,  
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,  
And by the worth and honor of himself,  
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,  
His coming hither hath no further scope  
Than for his lineal royalties and to beg  
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:  
Which on thy royal party granted once,  
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,  
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart  
To faithful service of your majesty.  
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;  
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.  
*K. Rich.* Northumberland, say thus the king returns:  
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;  
And all the number of his fair demands  
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:  
With all the gracious utterance thou hast  
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.  
We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not,  
[*To Aumerle.*]  
To look so poorly and to speak so fair?  
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send  
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?  
*Aum.* No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words  
Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords.  
*K. Rich.* O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,  
That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
On yon proud man, should take it off again  
With words of sooth! O that I were as great  
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!  
Or that I could forget what I have been,  
Or not remember what I must be now!  
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,  
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

*Aum.* Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.  
*K. Rich.* What must the king do now? must he submit?  
The king shall do it: must he be deposed?  
The king shall be contented: must he lose  
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:  
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,  
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,  
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,  
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,  
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,  
My subjects for a pair of carved saints  
And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
A little little grave, an obscure grave;  
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
Some way of common trade, where sub-  
jects' feet  
May hourly trample on their sovereign's  
head;  
For on my heart they tread now whilst I  
live;  
And buried once, why not upon my head?  
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted  
cousin!  
We'll make foul weather with despised  
tears;  
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer  
corn,  
And make a dearth in this revolting land.  
Or shall we play the wantons with our  
woes,  
And make some pretty match with shed-  
ding tears?  
As thus, to drop them still upon one place,  
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—there  
lies  
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with  
weeping eyes.  
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I  
see  
I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.  
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northum-  
berland,  
What says King Bolingbroke? will his maj-  
esty  
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?  
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.  
*North.* My lord, in the base court he doth  
attend

To speak with you; may it please you to come down.

*K. Rich.* Down, down I come; like glittering Phaethon,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,

To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!

For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.

*[Exeunt from above]*

*Boling.* What says his majesty?

*North.* Sorrow and grief of heart  
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:

Yet he is come.

*Enter KING RICHARD and his attendants below.*

*Boling.* Stand all apart,  
And show fair duty to his majesty.

*[He kneels down.]*

My gracious lord,—

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee

To make the base earth proud with kissing it:

Me rather had my heart might feel your love

Than my displeased eye see your courtesy.  
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,  
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

*Boling.* My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

*K. Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

*Boling.* So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,

As my true service shall deserve your love.

*K. Rich.* Well you deserve: they well deserve to have,

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

Uncle, give me your hands: nay, dry your eyes;

Tears show their love, but want their remedies.

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;

For do we must what force will have us do.

Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?

*Boling.* Yea, my good lord.

*K. Rich.* Then I must not say no.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Langley. The DUKE OF YORK'S garden.*

*Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.*

*Queen.* What sport shall we devise here in this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

*Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

*Queen.* 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,

And that my fortune runs against the bias.

*Lady.* Madam, we'll dance.

*Queen.* My legs can keep no measure in delight,

When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

*Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.

*Queen.* Of sorrow or of joy?

*Lady.* Of either, madam

*Queen.* Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;  
Or if of grief, being altogether had,  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:

For what I have I need not to repeat;  
And what I want it boots not to complain.

*Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.

*Queen.* 'Tis well that thou hast cause  
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.

*Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

*Queen.* And I could sing, would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

*Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.*

But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,  
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so  
Against a change; woe is forerun with woe.

*[Queen and Ladies retire.]*

*Gard.* Go, bind thou up yon dangling  
apricocks,  
Which, like unruly children, make their  
sire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal  
weight:  
Give some supportance to the bending  
twigs.

Go thou, and like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too fast growing  
sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:  
All must be even in our government.  
You thus employ'd, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, which without profit  
suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flow-  
ers.

*Serv.* Why should we in the compass of  
a pale  
Keep law and form and due proportion,  
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,  
When our sea-walled garden, the whole  
land,  
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked  
up,  
Her fruit-trees all upturned, her hedges  
ruin'd,  
Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome  
herbs

Swarming with caterpillars?

*Gard.* Hold thy peace:  
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring  
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:  
The weeds which his broad-spreading  
leaves did shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,  
Are pluck'd up root and all by Boling-  
broke,

I mean the Earl of Wilshire, Bushy, Green.

*Serv.* What, are they dead?

*Gard.* They are; and Bolingbroke  
Hath seized the wasteful king. O, what  
pity is it

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his  
land

As we this garden! We at time of year  
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-  
trees,

Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,  
With too much riches it confound itself:  
Had he done so to great and growing men,

They might have lived to bear and he to  
taste

Their fruits of duty: superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughs may  
live:

Had he done so, himself had borne the  
crown,  
Which waste of idle hours hath quite  
thrown down.

*Serv.* What, think you then the king shall  
be deposed?

*Gard.* Depress'd he is already, and de-  
posed

'Tis doubt he will be: letters came last  
night

To a dear friend of the good Duke of  
York's,

That tell black tidings.

*Queen.* O, I am press'd to death through  
want of speaking! [*Coming forward.*]

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this  
garden,

How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound  
this displeasing news?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested  
thee

To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say King Richard is de-  
posed?

Darest thou, thou little better thing than  
earth,

Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and  
how,

Camest thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou  
wretch.

*Gard.* Pardon me, madam: little joy have  
I

To breathe this news; yet what I say is  
true.

King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are  
weigh'd:

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,  
And some few vanities that make him light;  
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,  
Besides himself, are all the English peers,  
And with that odds he weighs King Rich-  
ard down.

Post you to London, and you will find it  
so;

I speak no more than every one doth know.

*Queen.* Nimble mischance, that art so  
light of foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,  
And am I last that knows it? O, thou  
think'st

To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,  
To meet at London London's king in woe.  
What, was I born to this, that my sad look  
Should grace the triumph of great Boling-  
broke?

Gardener, for telling me these news of  
woe,

Pray God the plants thou graft'st may  
never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

*Gard.* Poor queen! so that thy state might  
be no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.  
Here did she fall a tear; here in this place  
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:

Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be  
seen,

In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *Westminster Hall.*

*Enter, as to the Parliament. BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, SURREY, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, the ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and another Lord, Herald, Officers, and Bagot.*

*Boling.* Call forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;  
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,

Who wrought it with the king, and who  
perform'd

The bloody office of his timeless end.

*Bagot.* Then set before my face the Lord  
Aumerle.

*Boling.* Cousin, stand forth, and look  
upon that man.

*Bagot.* My Lord Aumerle, I know your  
daring tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliv-  
er'd.

In that dead time when Gloucester's death  
was plotted,

I heard you say, 'Is not my arm of length,  
That reacheth from the restful English  
court

As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?'  
Amongst much other talk, that very time,  
I heard you say that you had rather refuse  
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns  
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;  
Adding withal, how blest this land would  
be

In this your cousin's death.

*Aum.* Princes and noble lords,

What answer shall I make to this base man?

Shall I so much dishonor my fair stars,

On equal terms to give him chastisement?

Either I must, or have mine honor soil'd

With the attainder of his slanderous lips.

There is my gage, the manual seal of death,

That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou  
liest,

And will maintain what thou hast said is  
false

In thy heart-blood, though being all too  
base

To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

*Boling.* Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take  
it up.

*Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the  
best

In all this presence that hath moved me so.

*Fitz.* If that thy valor stand on sympathy,

There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to  
thine:

By that fair sun which shows me where  
thou stand'st,

I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak-  
est it,

That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's  
death.

If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;

And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,

Where it was forged, with my rapier's  
point.

*Aum.* Thou darest not, coward, live to  
see that day.

*Fitz.* Now, by my soul, I would it were  
this hour.

*Aum.* Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell  
for this.

*Percy.* Aumerle, thou liest; his honor is  
as true

In this appeal as thou art all unjust;

And that thou art so, there I throw my  
gage,

To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou darest.



*Aum.* An if I do not, may my hands rot  
off

And never brandish more revengeful steel  
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

*Another Lord.* I task the earth to the  
like, forsworn Aumerle;

And spur thee on with full as many lies  
As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear  
From sun to sun: there is my honor's  
pawn;

Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

*Aum.* Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll  
throw at all:

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

*Surrey.* My Lord Fitzwater, I do remem-  
ber well

The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

*Fitz.* 'Tis very true: you were in presence  
then;

And you can witness with me this is true.

*Surrey.* As false, by heaven, as heaven it-  
self is true.

*Fitz.* Surrey, thou liest.

*Surrey.* Dishonorable boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,

That it shall render vengeance and revenge

Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie

In earth as quiet as thy father's skull:

In proof whereof, there is my honor's  
pawn;

Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

*Fitz.* How fondly dost thou spur a for-  
ward horse!

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,

I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,

And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,

And lies, and lies: there is my bond of  
faith,

To tie thee to my strong correction.

As I intend to thrive in this new world,

Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:

Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say

That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy  
men

To execute the noble duke at Calais.

*Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me  
with a gage,

That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down  
this,

If he may be repeal'd, to try his honor.

*Boling.* These differences shall all rest  
under gage

Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall  
be,

And, though mine enemy, restored again  
To all his lands and signories: when he's  
return'd,

Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

*Car.* That honorable day shall ne'er be  
seen.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,  
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross  
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:  
And toil'd with works of war, retired him-  
self

To Italy; and there at Venice gave  
His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
Under whose colors he had fought so long.

*Boling.* Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

*Car.* As surely as I live, my lord.

*Boling.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet  
soul to the bosom

Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants,  
Your differences shall all rest under gage  
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

*Enter YORK, attended.*

*York.* Great Duke of Lancaster, I come  
to thee

From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with  
willing soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre  
yields

To the possession of thy royal hand:

Ascend his throne, descending now from  
him;

And long live Henry, fourth of that name!

*Boling.* In God's name, I'll ascend the re-  
gal throne.

*Car.* Marry, God forbid!

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,  
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.

Would God that any in this noble presence  
Were enough noble to be upright judge

Of noble Richard! then true noblesse  
would

Learn him forbearance from so foul a  
wrong.

What subject can give sentence on his  
king?

And who sits here that is not Richard's  
subject?

Thieves are not judged but they are by to  
hear,

Although apparent guilt be seen in them;  
And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
His captain, steward, deputy-elect,  
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,  
And he himself not present? O, forfend it,  
God,

That in a Christian climate souls refined  
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a  
deed!

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his  
king.

My Lord of Hereford here, whom you  
call king,

Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:  
And if you crown him, let me prophesy:  
The blood of English shall manure the  
ground,

And future ages groan for this foul act;  
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and in-  
fidels,

And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars  
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind con-  
found;

Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny  
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
The field of Golgotha and dead men's  
skulls.

O, if you raise this house against this house,  
It will the woofullest division prove  
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.  
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,  
Lest child, child's children, cry against you  
'woe!'

*North.* Well have you argued, sir; and,  
for your pains,

Of capital treason we arrest you here.  
My Lord of Westminster, be it your  
charge

To keep him safely till his day of trial.  
May it please you, lords, to grant the com-  
mons' suit.

*Boling.* Fetch hither Richard, that in  
common view

He may surrender; so we shall proceed  
Without suspicion.

*York.* I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*]

*Boling.* Lords, you that here are under  
our arrest,

Procure your sureties for your days of an-  
swer.

Little are we beholding to your love,

And little look'd for at your helping hands.  
*Re-enter YORK, with RICHARD, and Officers  
bearing the regalia.*

*K. Rich.* Alack, why am I sent for to a  
king,

Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have  
learn'd

To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my  
limbs:

Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me  
To this submission. Yet I well remember  
The favors of these men: were they not  
mine?

Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to  
me?

So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,  
Found truth in all but one: I, in twelve  
thousand, none.

God save the king! Will no man say  
amen?

Am I both priest and clerk? well then,  
amen.

God save the king! although I be not he;  
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.  
To do what service am I sent for hither?

*York.* To do that office of thine own  
good will

Which tired majesty did make thee offer,  
The resignation of thy state and crown  
To Henry Bolingbroke.

*K. Rich.* Give me the crown. Here,  
cousin, seize the crown;

Here cousin:

On this side my hand; and on that side  
yours.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well  
That owes two buckets, filling one another,  
The emptier ever dancing in the air,  
The other down, unseen and full of water:  
That bucket down and full of tears am I,  
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up  
on high.

*Boling.* I thought you had been willing  
to resign.

*K. Rich.* My crown I am; but still my  
griefs are mine:

You may my glories and my state depose,  
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

*Boling.* Part of your cares you give me  
with your crown.

*K. Rich.* Your cares set up do not pluck  
my cares down.

My care is loss of care, by old care done;  
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:

The cares I give I have, though given away;

They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

*Boling.* Are you contented to resign the crown?

*K. Rich.* Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me, how I will undo myself;

I give this heavy weight from off my head

And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;

With mine own tears I wash away my balm,

With mine own hands I give away my crown,

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all duty's rites;

All pomp and majesty I do forswear;

My manors, rents, revenues I forego;

My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!

God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,

And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!

Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!

God save King Harry, unking'd Richard says,

And send him many years of sunshine days!

What more remains?

*North.* No more, but that you read

These accusations and these grievous crimes

Committed by your person and your followers

Against the state and profit of this land;

That, by confessing them, the souls of men

May deem that you are worthily deposed.

*K. Rich.* Must I do so? and must I ravel out

My weaved-up folly? Gentle Northumberland,

If thy offences were upon record,

Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop

To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,

There shouldst thou find one heinous article,

Containing the deposing of a king

And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,

Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:

Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,

Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,

Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands

Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates

Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,

And water cannot wash away your sin.

*North.* My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

*K. Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:

And yet salt water blinds them not so much

But they can see a sort of traitors here.

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,

I find myself a traitor with the rest;

For I have given here my soul's consent

To undeck the pompous body of a king;

Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,

Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

*North.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* No lord of thine, thou haughty insulting man,

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,

No, not that name was given me at the font,

But 'tis usurp'd: alack the heavy day,

That I have worn so many winters out,

And know not now what name to call myself!

O that I were a mockery king of snow,

Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,

To melt myself away in water-drops!

Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,

An if my word be sterling yet in England,

Let it command a mirror hither straight,

That it may show me what a face I have,  
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

*Boling.* Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass. *[Exit an attendant.]*

*North.* Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

*K. Rich.* Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell!

*Boling.* Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

*North.* The commons will not then be satisfied.

*K. Rich.* They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,

When I do see the very book indeed  
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

*Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.*

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.  
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck

So many blows upon this face of mine,  
And made no deeper wounds? O flattering glass,

Like to my followers in prosperity,  
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face

That every day under his household roof  
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face

That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?

Was this the face that faced so many follies,

And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?  
A brittle glory shineth in this face:

As brittle as the glory is the face:

*[Dashes the glass against the ground.]*

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.  
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,

How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

*Boling.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd

The shadow of your face.

*K. Rich.* Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let's see:

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;

And these external manners of laments

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief

That swells with silence in the tortured soul;

There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,

For thy great bounty, that not only givest  
Me cause to wail but teachest me the way  
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,

And then be gone and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtain it?

*Boling.* Name it, fair cousin.

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin? I am greater than a king:

For when I was a king, my flatterers  
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,

I have a king here to my flatterer.

Being so great, I have no need to beg.

*Boling.* Yet ask.

*K. Rich.* And shall I have?

*Boling.* You shall.

*K. Rich.* Then give me leave to go.

*Boling.* Whither?

*K. Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

*Boling.* Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

*K. Rich.* O, good! convey? conveyers are you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.  
*[Exeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.]*

*Boling.* On Wednesday next we solemnly set down

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

*[Exeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle.]*

*Abbot.* A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

*Car.* The woe's to come; the children yet unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

*Aum.* You holy clergymen, is there no plot

To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

*Abbot.* My lord,

Before I freely speak my mind herein,

You shall not only take the sacrament

To bury mine intents, but also to effect

Whatever I shall happen to devise.

I see your brows are full of discontent,

Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears:



Come home with me to supper; and I'll lay  
A plot shall show us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt.*]

# ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A street leading to the Tower.*

*Enter QUEEN and Ladies.*

*Queen.* This way the king will come; this  
is the way

To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,  
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Boling-  
broke:

Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth  
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

*Enter RICHARD and Guard.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,  
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
And wash him fresh again with true-love  
tears.

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did  
stand,

Thou map of honor, thou King Richard's  
tomb,

And not King Richard; thou most beaute-  
ous inn,

Why should hard-favor'd grief be lodged  
in thee,

When triumph is become an alehouse  
guest?

*K. Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman,  
do not so,

To make my end too sudden: learn, good  
soul,

To think our former state a happy dream;  
From which awaked, the truth of what we  
are

Shows us but this: I am sworn brother,  
sweet,

To grim Necessity, and he and I  
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to  
France

And cloister thee in some religious house:  
Our holy lives must win a new world's  
crown,

Which our profane hours here have  
stricken down.

*Queen.* What, is my Richard both in  
shape and mind

Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Boling-  
broke deposed

Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?  
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else,  
with rage

To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-  
like,

Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,  
And fawn on rage with base humility,  
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

*K. Rich.* A king of beasts, indeed; if  
aught but beasts,

I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence  
for France:

Think I am dead and that even here thou  
takest,

As from my death-bed, thy last living  
leave.

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire  
With good old folks and let them tell thee  
tales

Of woeful ages long ago betid;

And ere thou bid good night, to quit their  
griefs,

Tell thou the lamentable tale of me

And send the hearers weeping to their  
beds:

For why, the senseless brands will sympa-  
thize

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue

And in compassion weep the fire out;

And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-  
black,

For the deposing of a rightful king.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND and others.*

*North.* My lord, the mind of Boling-  
broke is changed:

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.  
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;  
With all swift speed you must away to  
France.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, thou ladder  
wherewithal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my  
throne,

The time shall not be many hours of age  
More than it is ere foul sin gathering head  
Shalt break into corruption: thou shalt  
think,

Though he divide the realm and give thee  
half,

It is too little, helping him to all;  
And he shall think that thou, which  
know'st the way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
Being ne'er so little urged, another way  
To pluck him headlong from the usurped  
throne.

The love of wicked men converts to fear;  
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or  
both

To worthy danger and deserved death.

*North.* My guilt be on my head, and  
there an end.

'Take leave and part; for you must part  
forthwith.

*K. Rich.* Doubly divorced! Bad men, you  
violate

A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and  
me,

And then betwixt me and my married wife.  
Let me unkind the oath 'twixt thee and me;  
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.  
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the  
north,

Where shivering cold and sickness pines  
the clime;

My wife to France: from whence, set  
forth in pomp,

She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of  
day.

*Queen.* And must we be divided? must  
we part?

*K. Rich.* Ay, hand from hand, my love,  
and heart from heart.

*Queen.* Banish us both and send the king  
with me.

*North.* That were some love but little  
policy.

*Queen.* Then whither he goes, thither  
let me go.

*K. Rich.* So two, together weeping, make  
one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee  
here;

Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.  
Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with  
groans.

*Queen.* So longest way shall have the  
longest moans.

*K. Rich.* Twice for one step I'll groan,  
the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be  
brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in  
grief;

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly  
part;

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy  
heart.

*Queen.* Give me mine own again; 'twere  
no good part

To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.  
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,

That I might strive to kill it with a groan.

*K. Rich.* We make woe wanton with this  
fond delay:

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *The DUKE OF YORK's palace.*

*Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.*

*Duch.* My lord, you told me you would  
tell the rest,

When weeping made you break the story  
off,

Of our two cousins coming into London.

*York.* Where did I leave?

*Duch.* At that sad stop, my lord,  
Where rude misgovern'd hands from win-  
dows' tops

Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's  
head.

*York.* Then, as I said, the duke, great  
Bolingbroke,

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed  
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,

With slow but stately pace kept on his  
course,

Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee,  
Bolingbroke!'

You would have thought the very win-  
dows spake,

So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring  
eyes

Upon his visage, and that all the walls  
With painted imagery had said at once

'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Boling-  
broke!'

Whilst he, from the one side to the other  
turning,

Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's  
neck,

Bespake them thus: 'I thank you, countrymen:'

And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.  
*Duch.* Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

*York.* As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;  
Even so, or with much more contempt,  
men's eyes  
Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried  
'God save him!'

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:

But dust was thrown upon his sacred head:  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,

His face still combating with tears and smiles,

The badges of his grief and patience,  
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd

The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted

And barbarism itself have pitied him.  
But heaven hath a hand in these events,  
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,

Whose state and honor I for aye allow.

*Duch.* Here comes my son Aumerle.

*York.* Aumerle that was;  
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,  
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:

I am in parliament pledge for his truth  
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.  
*Enter AUMERLE.*

*Duch.* Welcome, my son: who are the violets now

That strew the green lap of the new come spring?

*Aum.* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:

God knows I had as lief be none as one.

*York.* Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

*Aum.* For aught I know, my lord, they do.

*York.* You will be there, I know.

*Aum.* If God prevent not, I purpose so.

*York.* What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

*Aum.* My lord, 'tis nothing.

*York.* No matter, then, who see it; I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me:

It is a matter of small consequence,  
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

*York.* Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear,—

*Duch.* What should you fear?  
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into

For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

*York.* Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.  
Boy, let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

*York.* I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[*He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it.*  
Treason! foul treason! Villain! traitor! slave!

*Duch.* What is the matter, my lord?

*York.* Ho! who is within there?  
*Enter a Servant.*

Saddle my horse.  
God for his mercy, what treachery is here!

*Duch.* Why, what is it, my lord?

*York.* Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse. [*Exit Servant.*]

Now, by mine honor, by my life, by my troth,

I will appeach the villain.

*Duch.* What is the matter?

*York.* Peace, foolish woman.

*Duch.* I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle?

*Aum.* Good mother, be content; it is no more

Than my poor life must answer.

*Duch.* Thy life answer?

*York.* Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.

*Re-enter Servant with boots.*

*Duch.* Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amazed.

Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.

*York.* Give me my boots, I say.

*Duch.* Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

*York.* Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands, To kill the king at Oxford.

*Duch.* He shall be none; We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?

*York.* Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son,

I would appeach him.

*Duch.* Hadst thou groan'd for him As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son:

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not like to me, or any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

*York.* Make way, unruly woman!

[Exit.]

*Duch.* After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse;

Spur post, and get before him to the king,

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

I'll not be long behind; though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:

And never will I rise up from the ground

Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee.  
Away, be gone! [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III. A royal palace.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, PERCY, and other Lords.*

*Boling.* Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?

'Tis full three months since I did see him last;

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

I would to God, my lords, he might be found:

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,  
With unrestrained loose companions,

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,

And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;

Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy,

Takes on the point of honor to support  
So dissolute a crew.

*Percy.* My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,

And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

*Boling.* And what said the gallant?

*Percy.* His answer was, he would unto the stewes,

And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,

And wear it as a favor; and with that

He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

*Boling.* As dissolute as desperate; yet through both

I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years

May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

*Enter AUMERLE.*

*Aum.* Where is the king?

*Boling.* What means our cousin, that he stares and looks

So wildly?

*Aum.* God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,

To have some conference with your grace alone.



*Boling.* Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Percy and Lords.*]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

*Aum.* For ever may my knees grow to the earth,

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,

Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

*Boling.* Intended or committed was this fault?

If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,

To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

*Aum.* Then give me leave that I may turn the key,

That no man enter till my tale be done.

*Boling.* Have thy desire.

*York.* [*Within*] My liege, beware: look to thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

*Boling.* Villain, I'll make thee safe.

[*Drawing.*]

*Aum.* Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.

*York.* [*Within*] Open the door, secure, foolhardy king:

Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?

Open the door, or I will break it open.

*Enter YORK.*

*Boling.* What is the matter, uncle? speak;

Recover breath; tell us how near is danger, That we may arm us to encounter it.

*York.* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know

The treason that my haste forbids me show.

*Aum.* Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd:

I do repent me; read not my name there;

My heart is not confederate with my hand.

*York.* It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;

Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove

A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

*Boling.* O heinous, strong and bold conspiracy!

O loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thou sheer, immaculate and silver fountain,

From whence this stream through muddy passages

Hath held his current and defiled himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad,

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

*York.* So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;

And he shall spend mine honor with his shame,

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.

Mine honor lives when his dishonor dies,

Or my shamed life in his dishonor lies:

Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,

The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

*Duch.* [*Within*] What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let me in.

*Boling.* What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?

*Duch.* A woman, and thy aunt, great king; 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:

A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

*Boling.* Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,

And now changed to 'The Beggar and the King.'

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:

I know she is come to pray for your foul sin.

*York.* If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,

More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;

This let alone will all the rest confound.

*Enter DUCHESS.*

*Duch.* O king, believe not this hard-hearted man!

Love loving not itself none other can.

*York.* Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

*Duch.* Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*]

*Boling.* Rise up, good aunt.

*Duch.* Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I walk upon my knees,

And never see day that the happy sees,

Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

*Aum.* Unto my mother's prayers I bend  
my knee.

*York.* Against them both my true joints  
bended be.

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any  
grace!

*Duch.* Pleads he in earnest? look upon his  
face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are  
in jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours  
from our breast:

He prays but faintly and would be denied;  
We pray with heart and soul and all be-  
side:

His weary joints would gladly rise, I  
know;

Our knees shall kneel till to the ground  
they grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;

Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them  
have

That mercy which true prayer ought to  
have.

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* Nay, do not say, 'stand up';  
Say 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand  
up.'

And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to  
teach,

'Pardon' should be the first word of thy  
speech,

I never long'd to hear a word till now;

Say 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee  
how:

The word is short, but not so short as  
sweet;

No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths  
so meet.

*York.* Speak it in French, king; say, 'par-  
donne moi.'

*Duch.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to  
destroy?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted  
lord,

That set'st the word itself against the  
word!

Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land;  
The chopping French we do not under-  
stand.

Thine eye begins to speak; set thy tongue  
there;

Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine  
ear;

That hearing how our complaints and prayers  
do pierce,

Pity may move thee 'pardon' to rehearse.

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* I do not sue to stand;

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

*Boling.* I pardon him, as God shall per-  
don me.

*Duch.* O happy vantage of a kneeling  
knee!

Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;

Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon  
twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

*Boling.* With all my heart

I pardon him.

*Duch.* A god on earth thou art.

*Boling.* But for our trusty brother-in-law  
and the abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,  
Destruction straight shall dog them at the  
heels.

Good uncle, help to order several powers  
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:

They shall not live within this world, I  
swear,

But I will have them, if I once know  
where.

Uncle, farewell: and, cousin too, adieu:

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove  
you true.

*Duch.* Come, my old son: I pray God  
make thee new. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV. *The same.*

*Enter* EXTON *and* Servant.

*Exton.* Didst thou not mark the king,  
what words he spake,

'Have I no friend will rid me of this living  
fear?'

Was it not so?

*Serv.* These were his very words.

*Exton.* 'Have I no friend?' quoth he: he  
spake it twice,

And urged it twice together, did he not?

*Serv.* He did.

*Exton.* And speaking it, he wistly look'd  
on me;

And who should say, 'I would thou wert  
the man

That would divorce this terror from my heart;  
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:  
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V. Pomfret castle.

*Enter KING RICHARD.*

*K. Rich.* I have been studying how I may compare

This prison where I live unto the world:  
And for because the world is populous  
And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.  
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,  
My soul the father; and these two beget  
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,  
And these same thoughts people this little world,

In humors like the people of this world,  
For no thought is contented. The better sort,

As thoughts of things divine, are inter-mix'd

With scruples and do set the word itself  
Against the word:

As thus, 'Come, little ones,' and then again,

'It is as hard to come as for a camel  
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.'

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails

May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,

And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.

Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,

Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars

Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,

That many have and others must sit there;  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,

Bearing their own misfortunes on the back  
Of such as have before endured the like.

Thus play I in one person many people,  
And none contented: sometimes am I king;

Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,

And so I am: then crushing penury  
Persuades me I was better when a king;  
Then am I king'd again: and by and by  
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
And straight am nothing: but whate'er I be,

Nor I nor any man that but man is  
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased

With being nothing. Music do I hear?

[*Music.*]

Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is,

When time is broke and no proportion kept!

So is it in the music of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear  
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;  
But for the concord of my state and time  
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;

For now hath time made me his numbering clock:

My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar

Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is

Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart,

Which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans

Show minutes, times, and hours: but my time

Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,

While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.

This music mads me; let it sound no more;  
For though it have help madmen to their wits,

In me it seems it will make wise men mad.  
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!

For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard  
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

*Enter a Groom of the Stable.*

*Groom.* Hail, royal prince!

*K. Rich.* Thanks, noble peer;  
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.  
What art thou? and how comest thou  
hither,

Where no man never comes but that sad  
dog

That brings me food to make misfortune  
live?

*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable,  
king,

When thou wert king; who, travelling  
towards York,

With much ado at length have gotten leave  
To look upon my sometimes royal mas-  
ter's face.

O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld  
In London streets, that coronation-day,  
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,  
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,  
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? Tell me,  
gentle friend,

How went he under him?

*Groom.* So proudly as if he disdain'd the  
ground.

*K. Rich.* So proud that Bolingbroke was  
on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal  
hand;

This hand hath made him proud with clap-  
ping him.

Would he not stumble? would he not fall  
down,

Since pride must have a fall, and break the  
neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his  
back?

Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,  
Since thou, created to be awed by man,  
Wast born to bear? I was not made a  
horse;

And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,  
Spurr'd, gall'd and tired by jaunting  
Bolingbroke.

*Enter Keeper, with a dish.*

*Keep.* Fellow, give place; here is no  
longer stay.

*K. Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou  
wert away.

*Groom.* What my tongue dares not, that  
my heart shall say. *[Exit.]*

*Keep.* My lord, will't please you to fall  
to?

*K. Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou art wont  
to do.

*Keep.* My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of  
Exton, who lately came from the king,  
commands the contrary.

*K. Rich.* The devil take Henry of Lan-  
caster and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

*[Beats the keeper.]*

*Keep.* Help, help, help!

*Enter EXTON and Servants, armed.*

*K. Rich.* How now! what means death in  
this rude assault?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's  
instrument.

*[Snatching an axe from a Servant and  
killing him.]*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

*[He kills another. Then Exton strikes  
him down.]*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching  
fire

That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy  
fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the  
king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on  
high;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward,  
here to die. *[Dies.]*

*Exton.* As full of valor as of royal blood:  
Both have I spill'd; O would the deed were  
good!

For now the devil, that told me I did well,  
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear:  
Take hence the rest, and give them burial  
here. *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE VI. Windsor castle.

*Flourish.* *Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, with  
other Lords, and Attendants.*

*Boling.* Kind uncle York, the latest news  
we hear

Is that the rebels have consumed with fire  
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;  
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear  
not.



*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

*North.* First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is, I have to London sent  
The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and  
Kent:

The manner of their taking may appear  
At large discoursed in this paper here.

*Boling.* We thank thee, gentle Percy, for  
thy pains;

And to thy worth will add right worthy  
gains.

*Enter* FITZWATER.

*Fitz.* My lord, I have from Oxford sent to  
London

The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,  
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors  
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

*Boling.* Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be  
forgot;

Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter* PERCY, and the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

*Percy.* The grand conspirator, Abbot of  
Westminster,

With clog of conscience and sour melan-  
choly

Hath yielded up his body to the grave;

But here is Carlisle living, to abide

Thy kingly doom and sentence of his  
pride.

*Boling.* Carlisle, this is your doom:

Choose out some secret place, some rev-  
end room,

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy  
life;

So as thou livest in peace, die free from  
strife:

For though mine enemy thou hast ever  
been,

High sparks of honor in thee have I seen.

*Enter* EXTON, with persons bearing a coffin.

*Exton.* Great king, within this coffin I  
present

Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies

The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,

Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither  
brought.

*Boling.* Exton, I thank thee not; for thou  
hast wrought

A deed of slander with thy fatal hand

Upon my head and all this famous land.

*Exton.* From your own mouth, my lord,  
did I this deed.

*Boling.* They love not poison that do poi-  
son need,

Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,

I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy  
labor,

But neither my good word nor princely  
favor:

With Cain go wander through shades of  
light,

And never show thy head by day nor light.

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,

That blood should sprinkle me to make me  
grow:

Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,

And put on sullen black incontinent:

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,

To wash this blood off from my guilty  
hand:

March sadly after; grace my mournings  
here;

In weeping after this untimely bier.

[*Exeunt.*]

# THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Written about 1596.

## INTRODUCTION

This play takes a place by itself, midway between the group of Shakespeare's early comedies and that more brilliant group of comedies which clusters about the year 1600. With the early comedies it is allied by the frequent rhymes, the occasional doggerel verse, and the numerous classical allusions; with the later group it is connected by its centring the interest of the drama in the development of character, and by the variety, depth, and beauty of the characterization. No person depicted in any preceding comedy can compare in vigor of drawing and depth of color with Shylock; and Portia is the first of Shakespeare's women who unites in beautiful proportion, intellectual power, high and refined, with unrestrained ardor of the heart. The story of the caskets and the story of the pound of flesh had been told separately many times and in various countries. The former is first found in the mediæval Greek romance of *Barlaam and Josaphat*, by Joannes Damascenus (about A.D. 800); in another form it is told by the English poet Gower, and the Italian novelist Boccaccio. But points of resemblance are most striking between Shakespeare's version of the casket incident and that given in the collection of stories so popular in the Middle Ages, the *Gesta Romanorum*. The incident of the pound of flesh also appears in the *Gesta*; it is found in a long religious poem, written in the Northumbrian dialect about the end of the thirteenth century, the *Cursor Mundi*, in an old ballad, "showing the crueltie of Gernutus a Jew," and elsewhere; there are Persian and Egyptian versions of the tale, which itself perhaps originally came from the East. The form in which we have it in Shakespeare is most closely connected with the version found in a collection of tales, *Il Pecorone*, written by Ser Giovanni, a notary of Florence, about A.D. 1378. Here, and only here, the incident of the ring, which forms the subject of the fifth act of *The Merchant of Venice*, is given; and here the name Belmont appears. It is probable, however, that Shakespeare to become acquainted with these stories had not to go to *Il Pecorone* and the *Gesta Romanorum*. Stephen Gosson writing in 1579, in his *Schoole of Abuse*, about plays which were "tollerable at sometime," mentions "the Jew . . . showne at the Bull . . . representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers and bloody mindes of usurers." The greediness of worldly choosers seems to point to the casket incident, and the bloody minds of usurers to that of the pound of flesh; we therefore infer that a pre-Shakespearian play existed which combined these two incidents. And it is highly probable that Shakespeare's task in the case of *The Merchant of Venice*, as afterwards in that of *King Lear*, consisted in creating from old and worthless dramatic material found among the crude productions of the early English theatre those forms of beauty and of majesty with which we are familiar. Although the play is named after the merchant, Antonio, he is not the chief dramatic person; he forms, however, a centre around which the other characters are grouped: Bassanio, his friend; Shylock, his erring and would-be murderer; Portia, his savior. Antonio's part is rather a passive than an active one; he is to be an object of contention and a prize; much is to be done against him and on his behalf, but not much is to be done by him; and therefore, although his character is very firmly conceived and clearly indicated, his part is subdued and kept low, lest it might interfere with the exhibition of the two chief forces of the play—the cruel masculine force of Shylock, which holds the merchant in its relentless, vice-like grip; and the feminine force of Portia, which is as bright as sunlight, and as beneficent. Yet Shakespeare is careful to interest us in Antonio, and to show us that he was worth every exertion to save. The distinction of Portia among the women of Shakespeare is the union in her nature of high intellectual powers and decision of will with a heart full of ardor and susceptibility

to romantic feelings. She has herself never known trouble or sorrow, but prosperity has left her generous and quick in sympathy. Her noble use of wealth and joyous life, surrounded with flowers and fountains and marble statues and music, stands in contrast over against the hard, sad, and contracted life of Shylock, one of a persecuted tribe, absorbed in one or two narrowing and intense passions—the love of money-bags he clutches and yet fails to keep, and his hatred of the man who had scorned his tribe, insulted his creed, and diminished his gains. Yet Shylock is not like Marlowe's Jew, Barabas, a preternatural monster. Wolf-like as his revenge shows him, we pity his joyless, solitary life; and when, ringed round in the trial scene with hostile force, he stands firm upon his foothold of law, there is something sublime in his tenacity of passion and resolve. But we feel that it is right that his evil strength should be utterly crushed and quelled, and when Shylock leaves the court a broken man, we know it is needful that this should be so. The date of the play is uncertain. Perhaps 1596 is as likely a date as we can fix upon; but the precise year matters little if it be remembered that the play occupies an intermediate place between the early and the middle group of comedies.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE DUKE OF VENICE.

THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, }  
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } suitors to Portia.

ANTONIO, a merchant of Venice.

BASSANIO, his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.

SALANIO, }  
SALARINO, } friends to Antonio and  
GRATIANO, } Bassanio.

SALERIO, }  
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.

SHYLOCK, a rich Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, the clown, servant to Shylock.

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.

LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.

BALTHASAR, }  
STEPHANO, } servants to Portia.

PORTIA, a rich heiress.

NERISSA, her waiting-maid.

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

*Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.*

*Ant.* In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:

It wearies me; you say it wearies you;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,

What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,  
I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself.

*Salar.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean;  
There, where your argosies with portly sail,

Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,

Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,  
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Salar.* Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,

The better part of my affections would  
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still  
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,

Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;

And every object that might make me fear

Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt  
Would make me sad.

*Salar.* My wind cooling my broth  
Would blow me to an ague, when I  
thought

What harm a wind too great at sea might  
do.

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
But I should think of shallows and of flats,  
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in  
sand,

Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs  
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church  
And see the holy edifice of stone,  
And not bethink me straight of dangerous  
rocks,

Which touching but my gentle vessel's  
side,

Would scatter all her spices on the stream,  
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,  
And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the  
thought

To think on this, and shall I lack the  
thought

That such a thing bechanced would make  
me sad?

But tell not me; I know, Antonio  
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

*Ant.* Believe me, no: I thank my fortune  
for it,

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate  
Upon the fortune of this present year:  
Therefore my merchandise makes me not  
sad.

*Salar.* Why, then you are in love.

*Ant.* Fie, fie!

*Salar.* Not in love neither? Then let us  
say you are sad,

Because you are not merry: and 'twere  
as easy

For you to laugh and leap and say you  
are merry,

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-  
headed Janus,

Nature hath framed strange fellows in  
her time:

Some that will evermore peep through  
their eyes

And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,  
And other of such vinegar aspect

That they'll not show their teeth in way  
of smile,

Though Nestor swear the jest be laugh-  
able.

*Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.*

*Salan.* Here comes Bassanio, your most  
noble kinsman,

Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:  
We leave you now with better company.

*Salar.* I would have stay'd till I had made  
you merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my  
regard.

I take it, your own business calls on you  
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

*Salar.* Good morrow, my good lords.

*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we  
laugh? say, when?

You grow exceeding strange: must it be  
so?

*Salar.* We'll make our leisures to attend  
on yours.

[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*]

*Lor.* My lord Bassanio, since you have  
found Antonio,

We two will leave you: but at dinner-  
time,

I pray you, have in mind where we must  
meet.

*Bass.* I will not fail you.

*Gra.* You look not well, Signior Antonio;  
You have too much respect upon the  
world:

They lose it that do buy it with much  
care:

Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world,  
Gratiano;

A stage where every man must play a  
part,

And mine a sad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the fool:  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles  
come,

And let my liver rather heat with wine  
Than my heart cool with mortifying  
groans.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm  
within,

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
Sleep when he wakes and creep into the  
jaundice



By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—

I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—  
There are a sort of men whose visages  
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,  
And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,  
As who should say 'I am Sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'  
O my Antonio, I do know of these  
That therefore only are reputed wise  
For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,  
If they should speak, would almost damn  
those ears

Which, hearing them, would call their  
brothers fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time:  
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,  
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.  
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:  
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you then till  
dinner-time:

I must be one of these same dumb wise  
men,

For Gratiano never lets me speak.

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two  
years moe,

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine  
own tongue.

*Ant.* Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this  
gear.

*Gra.* Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only  
commendable

In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not  
vendible.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*  
*Ant.* Is that any thing now?

*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of  
nothing, more than any man in all Venice.  
His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid  
in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek  
all day ere you find them, and when you  
have them, they are not worth the search.

*Ant.* Well, tell me now what lady is  
the same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,  
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

*Bass.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,  
How much I have disabled mine estate,  
By something showing a more swelling  
port

Than my faint means would grant con-  
tinuance:

Nor do I now make moan to be abridged  
From such a noble rate; but my chief care  
Is to come fairly off from the great debts  
Wherein my time something too prodigal  
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,  
I owe the most, in money and in love,  
And from your love I have a warranty  
To unburden all my plots and purposes  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.  
*Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me

know it;

And if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
Within the eye of honor, be assured,  
My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost  
one shaft,

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight  
The self-same way with more advised  
watch,

To find the other forth, and by adventur-  
ing both

I oft found both: I urge this childhood  
proof,

Because what follows is pure innocence.  
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,  
That which I owe is lost; but if you please  
To shoot another arrow that self way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not  
doubt,

As I will watch the aim, or to find both  
Or bring your latter hazard back again  
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well, and herein  
spend but time

To wind about my love with circum-  
stance;

And out of doubt you do me now more  
wrong

In making question of my uttermost  
Than if you had made waste of all I have:  
Then do but say to me what I should do  
That in your knowledge may by me be  
done,

And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

*Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left;  
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,  
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her  
eyes

I did receive fair speechless messages:  
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued

To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:  
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her  
worth,

For the four winds blow in from every  
coast

Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;  
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos'  
strand,

And many Jasons come in quest of her.  
O my Antonio, had I but the means  
To hold a rival place with one of them,  
I have a mind presages me such thrift,  
That I should questionless be fortunate!

*Ant.* Thou know'st that all my fortunes  
are at sea;

Neither have I money nor commodity  
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;  
Try what my credit can in Venice do:  
That shall be rack'd, even to the utter-  
most,

To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,  
Where money is, and I no question make  
To have it of my trust or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S  
house.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body  
is weary of this great world.

*Ner.* You would be, sweet madam, if  
your miseries were in the same abundance  
as your good fortunes are: and yet, for  
aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit  
with too much as they that starve with  
nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore,  
to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes  
sooner by white hairs, but competency  
lives longer.

*Por.* Good sentences and well pro-  
nounced.

*Ner.* They would be better, if well fol-  
lowed.

*Por.* If to do were as easy as to know  
what were good to do, chapels had been  
churches and poor men's cottages princes'  
palaces. It is a good divine that follows his  
own instructions: I can easier teach twenty  
what were good to be done, than be  
one of the twenty to follow mine own  
teaching. The brain may devise laws for

the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a  
cold decree: such a hare is madness the  
youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good  
counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is  
not in the fashion to choose me a hus-  
band. O me, the word 'choose!' I may  
neither choose whom I would nor refuse  
whom I dislike; so is the will of a living  
daughter curbed by the will of a dead  
father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I  
cannot choose one nor refuse none?

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous; and  
holy men at their death have good inspira-  
tions: therefore the lottery, that he hath  
devised in these three chests of gold,  
silver and lead, whereof who chooses his  
meaning chooses you, will, no doubt,  
never be chosen by any rightly but one  
who shall rightly love. But what warmth  
is there in your affection towards any of  
these princely suitors that are already  
come?

*Por.* I pray thee, over-name them; and  
as thou namest them, I will describe them;  
and, according to my description, level  
at my affection.

*Ner.* First, there is the Neapolitan prince.  
*Por.* Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he  
doth nothing but talk of his horse; and  
he makes it a great appropriation to his  
own good parts, that he can shoe him  
himself. I am much afraid my lady his  
mother played false with a smith.

*Ner.* Then there is the County Palatine.  
*Por.* He doth nothing but frown, as who  
should say 'If you will not have me,  
choose:' he hears merry tales and smiles  
not: I fear he will prove the weeping  
philosopher when he grows old, being so  
full of unmannerly sadness in his youth.  
I had rather be married to a death's-head  
with a bone in his mouth than to either  
of these. God defend me from these two!

*Ner.* How say you by the French lord,  
Monsieur Le Bon?

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let  
him pass for a man. In truth, I know it  
is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! why,  
he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's,  
a better bad habit of frowning than  
the Count Palatine; he is every man in  
no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight  
a capering: he will fence with his own

shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

*Ner.* What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

*Por.* You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany and his behavior every where.

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

*Por.* That he hath a neighborly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort

than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

*Por.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

*Ner.* True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

*Enter a Serving-man.*

How now! what news?

*Serv.* The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. Venice. A public place.

*Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.*

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats; well.

*Bass.* Ay, sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months; well.

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

*Shy.* Antonio shall become bound; well.

*Bass.* May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats for three months and Antonio bound.

*Bass.* Your answer to that.

*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

*Shy.* Oh, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

*Bass.* Be assured you may.

*Shy.* I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.

*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarene conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Bass.* This is Signior Antonio.

*Shy.* [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian,  
But more for that in low simplicity  
He lends out money gratis and brings down

The rate of usance here with us in Venice.  
If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,  
Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,

Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,

If I forgive him!

*Bass.* — Shylock, do you hear?

*Shy.* I am debating of my present store,  
And, by the near guess of my memory,  
I cannot instantly raise up the gross  
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,  
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months

Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair,  
good signior;

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

*Ant.* Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow

By taking nor by giving of excess,  
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd  
How much ye would?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot; three months; you told me so.

Well then, your bond; and let me see;  
but hear you;

Methought you said you neither lend  
nor borrow

Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never use it.

*Shy.* When Jacob grazed his uncle  
Laban's sheep—

This Jacob from our holy Abram was,  
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,  
The third possessor; ay, he was the third—

*Ant.* And what of him? did he take interest?

*Shy.* No, not take interest, not, as you would say,

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.  
When Laban and himself were compromised

That all the eanlings which were streak'd  
and pied

Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,

In the end of autumn turned to the rams,  
And, when the work of generation was  
Between these woolly breeders in the act,  
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands

And, in the doing of the deed of kind,



He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,

Who then conceiving did in eaning time  
Fall parti-color'd lambs, and those were  
Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was  
blest:

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

*Ant.* This was a venture, sir, that Jacob  
served for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,  
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of  
heaven.

Was this inserted to make interest good?

Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

*Shy.* I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:  
But note me, signior.

*Ant.* Mark you this, Bassanio,  
The devil can cite Scripture for his pur-  
pose.

An evil soul producing holy witness  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,

A goodly apple rotten at the heart:

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good  
round sum.

Three months from twelve; then, let me  
see; the rate—

*Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall we be behold-  
ing to you?

*Shy.* Signior Antonio, many a time and  
oft

In the Rialto you have rated me

About my moneys and my usances:

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,  
For sufferance is the badge of all our

tribe.

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears you need my  
help:

Go to, then; you come to me, and you  
say

'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you  
say so;

You, that did void your rheum upon my  
beard

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold: moneys is your  
suit.

What should I say to you? Should I not  
say

'Hath a dog money? is it possible  
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?'

Or

Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,  
With bated breath and whispering hum-  
bleness,

Say this;

'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday  
last;

You spurn'd me such a day; another time

You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies

I'll lend you thus much moneys?'

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so again,

To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends; for when did friend-  
ship take

A breed for barren metal of his friend?

But lend it rather to thine enemy,

Who, if he break, thou mayst with better  
face

Exact the penalty.

*Shy.* Why, look you, how you storm!

I would be friends with you and have  
your love,

Forget the shames that you have stain'd  
me with,

Supply your present wants and take no  
doit

Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not  
hear me:

This is kind I offer.

*Bass.* This were kindness.

*Shy.* This kindness will I show.

Go with me to a notary, seal me there

Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,

If you repay me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum or sums as are

Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit

Be nominated for an equal pound

Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken

In what part of your body pleaseth me.

*Ant.* Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a  
bond

And say there is much kindness in the  
Jew.

*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond  
for me:

I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

*Ant.* Why, fear not, man; I will not  
forfeit it:

Within these two months, that's a month  
before

This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this  
bond.

*Shy.* O father Abram, what these Chris-  
tians are,

Whose own hard dealings teaches them  
suspect

The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell  
me this;

If he should break his day, what should  
I gain

By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh taken from a man  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favor, I extend this friend-  
ship:

If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;

And, for my love, I pray you wrong  
me not.

*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this  
bond.

*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the  
notary's;

Give him direction for this merry bond,  
And I will go and purse the ducats  
straight,

See to my house, left in the fearful guard  
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently  
I will be with you.

*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.

[*Exit Shylock.*]

The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows  
kind.

*Bass.* I like not fair terms and a villain's  
mind.

*Ant.* Come on: in this there can be no  
dismay;

My ships come home a month before  
the day. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S  
house.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF  
MOROCCO and his train; PORTIA, NERISSA,  
and others attending.*

*Mor.* Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,  
To whom I am a neighbor and near bred.

Bring me the fairest creature northward  
born,

Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the  
icicles,

And let us make incision for your love,  
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or  
mine.

I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love I  
swear

The best-regarded virgins of our clime  
Have loved it too: I would not change  
this hue,

Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle  
queen.

*Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely  
led

By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;  
Besides, the lottery of my destiny  
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;  
But if my father had not scanted me  
And hedged me by his wit, to yield my-  
self

His wife who wins me by that means I  
told you,

Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as  
fair

As any comer I have look'd on yet  
For my affection.

*Mor.* Even for that I thank you:  
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the  
caskets

To try my fortune. By this scimitar  
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince  
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,  
I would outstare the sternest eyes that  
look,

Outbrave the heart most daring on the  
earth,

Pluck the young sucking cubs from the  
she-bear,

Yea, mock the lion when he roars for  
prey,

To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!

If Hercules and Lichas play at dice

Which is the better man, the greater  
throw

May turn by fortune from the weaker  
hand:

So is Alcides beaten by his page;

And so may I, blind fortune leading me,

Miss that which one unworthier may  
attain,

And die with grieving.

*Por.* You must take your chance,  
And either not attempt to choose at all  
Or swear before you choose, if you  
choose wrong

Never to speak to lady afterward  
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

*Mor.* Nor will not. Come, bring me unto  
my chance.

*Por.* First, forward to the temple: after  
dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

*Mor.* Good fortune then!

To make me blest or cursed'st among men.  
[*Cornets, and exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. Venice. A street.

*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

*Laun.* Certainly my conscience will  
serve me to run from this Jew my master.  
The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts  
me saying to me 'Gobbo, Launcelot  
Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good  
Gobbo,' or good Launcelot Gobbo, use  
your legs, take the start, run away. My  
conscience says 'No; take heed,' honest  
Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo, or,  
as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo;  
do not run; scorn running with thy heels.'  
Well, the most courageous fiend bids me  
pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says  
the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a  
brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.'  
Well, my conscience, hanging about the  
neck of my heart, says very wisely to me  
'My honest friend Launcelot, being an  
honest man's son,' or rather an honest  
woman's son; for, indeed, my father did  
something smack, something grow to, he  
had a kind of taste; well, my conscience  
says 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says  
the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience.  
'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well,'  
'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well.' to be  
ruled by my conscience, I should stay  
with the Jew my master, who, God bless  
the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run  
away from the Jew, I should be ruled by  
the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is  
the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the  
very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience,  
my conscience is but a kind of hard con-

science, to offer to counsel me to stay  
with the Jew. The fiend gives the more  
friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my  
heels are at your command; I will run.

*Enter OLD GOBBO, with a basket.*

*Gob.* Master young man, you, I pray  
you, which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun.* [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my  
true begotten father! who, being more  
than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows  
me not: I will try confusions with him.

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray  
you, which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun.* Turn up on your right hand at the  
next turning, but, at the next turning of  
all, on your left; marry, at the very next  
turning, turn of no hand, but turn down  
indirectly to the Jew's house.

*Gob.* By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard  
way to hit. Can you tell me whether one  
Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell  
with him or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of young Master  
Launcelot? [*Aside*] Mark me now; now  
will I raise the waters. Talk you of young  
Master Launcelot?

*Gob.* No master, sir, but a poor man's  
son: his father, though I say it, is an honest  
exceeding poor man and, God be  
thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what a'  
will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worship's friend and Launcelot, sir.

*Laun.* But I pray you, ergo, old man,  
ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young  
Master Launcelot?

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an't please your  
mastership.

*Laun.* Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not  
of Master Launcelot, father; for the young  
gentleman, according to Fates and Des-  
tinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters  
Three and such branches of learning, is  
indeed deceased, or, as you would say in  
plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was  
the very staff of my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgel or a  
hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know  
me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not,  
young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me,

is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but at the length truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot think you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

*Laun.* It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO and other followers.*

*Bass.* You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. *[Exit a Servant.]*

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship!

*Bass.* Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify—

*Gob.* His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins—

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall fruitify unto you—

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is—

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both. What would you?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well; thou hast obtained thy suit:

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,

And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment

To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.



*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master and inquire My lodging out. Give him a livery More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

*Laun.* Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life: here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.*]

*Bass.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:

These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,

Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

*Leon.* My best endeavors shall be done herein.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Where is your master?

*Leon.* Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*]

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio!

*Bass.* Gratiano!

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Bass.* You have obtain'd it.

*Gra.* You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

*Bass.* Why then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;

Parts that become thee happily enough And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;

But where thou art not known, why, there they show

Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain

To allay with some cold drops of modesty

Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behavior

I be misconstrued in the place I go to And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me:

If I do not put on a sober habit,

Talk with respect and swear but now and then,

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes

Thus with my hat, and sigh and say 'amen,'

Use all the observance of civility, Like one well studied in a sad ostent To please his grandam, never trust me more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me

By what we do to-night.

*Bass.* No, that were pity:

I would entreat you rather to put on Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends

That purpose merriment. But fare you well:

I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo and the rest: But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A room in SHY-LOCK'S house.*

*Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*

*Jes.* I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:

Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil, Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness. But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee:

And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see

Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest: Give him this letter; do it secretly;

And so farewell: I would not have my father

See me in talk with thee.

*Laun.* Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave and get

thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.

*Jes.* Farewell, good Launcelot.

[*Exit Launcelot.*]

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me To be ashamed to be my father's child! But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo, If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,

Become a Christian and thy loving wife.  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

*Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.*

*Lor.* Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,

Disguise us at my lodging and return, All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.

*Salar.* We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

*Salan.* 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,

And better in my mind not undertook.

*Lor.* 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours

To furnish us.

*Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

*Laun.* An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

*Lor.* I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;

And whiter than the paper it writ on Is the fair hand that writ.

*Gra.* Love-news, in faith.

*Laun.* By your leave, sir.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica

I will not fail her; speak it privately.

Go, gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*]

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

*Salan.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meet me and Gratiano At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

*Salar.* 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*]

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house,

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. Before SHYLOCK'S house.*

*Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.*

*Shy.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Basanio:—

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise, As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—

Why, Jessica, I say!

*Laun.* Why, Jessica!

*Shy.* Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

*Laun.* Your worship was wont to tell me that

I could do nothing without bidding.

*Enter JESSICA.*

*Jes.* Call you? what is your will?

*Shy.* I am bid forth to supper, Jessica: There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me: But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,  
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:  
There is some ill a-brewing towards my  
rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beseech you, sir, go: my young  
master doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So do I his.

*Laun.* An they have conspired together,  
I will not say you shall see a masque; but  
if you do, then it was not for nothing  
that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-  
Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning,  
falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday  
was four year, in the afternoon.

*Shy.* What, are there masques? Hear  
you me, Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear  
the drum

And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd  
fife,

Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the public street  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd  
faces,

But stop my house's ears, I mean my  
casements:

Let not the sound of shallow foppery en-  
ter

My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear,  
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:  
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;  
Say I will come.

*Laun.* I will go before, sir. Mistress, look  
out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,  
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. *[Exit.]*

*Shy.* What says that fool of Hagar's off-  
spring, ha?

*Jes.* His words were 'Farewell mistress,'  
nothing else.

*Shy.* The patch is kind enough, but a  
huge feeder;

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not  
with me;

Therefore I part with him, and part with  
him

To one that I would have him help to  
waste

His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in;  
Perhaps I will return immediately:

Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:

Fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.  
*[Exit.]*

*Jes.* Farewell; and if my fortune be not  
cross,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost.  
*[Exit.]*

SCENE VI. *The same.*

*Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masked.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-house under which  
Lorenzo

Desired us to make stand.

*Salar.* His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his  
hour,

For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons  
fly

To seal love's bonds new-made, than they  
are wont

To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

*Gra.* That ever holds: who riseth from  
a feast

With that keen appetite that he sits  
down?

Where is the horse that doth untread  
again

His tedious measures with the unbated  
fire

That he did pace them first? All things  
that are,

Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.  
How like a younker or a prodigal

The scarfed bark puts from her native  
bay,

Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet  
wind!

How like the prodigal doth she return,  
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,

Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet  
wind!

*Salar.* Here comes Lorenzo: more of this  
hereafter.

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my  
long abode;

Not I, but my affairs, have made you  
wait:

When you shall please to play the thieves  
for wives,

I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;

Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

*Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.*

*Jes.* Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,

Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jes.* Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,

For who love I so much? And now who knows

But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

*Jes.* Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,

For I am much ashamed of my exchange: But love is blind and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit;

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush

To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

*Jes.* What, must I hold a candle to my shames?

They in themselves, good-sooth, are too too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;

And I should be obscured.

*Lor.* So are you, sweet,

Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.

But come at once;

For the close night doth play the run-away,

And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself

With some more ducats, and be with you straight. [*Exit above.*]

*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

*Lor.* Beshrew me but I love her heartily; For she is wise, if I can judge of her,

And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true, And true she is, as she hath proved herself,

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,

Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*Enter JESSICA, below.*

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!

Our masquing mates by this time for us stay. [*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*]

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Who's there?

*Gra.* Signior Antonio!

*Ant.* Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?

'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.

No masque to-night: the wind is come about;

Bassanio presently will go aboard:

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

*Gra.* I am glad on't: I desire no more delight

Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and their trains.*

*Por.* Go draw aside the curtains and discover

The several caskets to this noble prince. Now make your choice.

*Mor.* The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,

'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;'

The second, silver, which this promise carries,

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;'

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, prince:

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;

I will survey the inscriptions back again. What says this leaden casket?



'Who chooseth me must give and hazard  
all he hath.'  
Must give: for what? for lead? hazard  
for lead?  
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all  
Do it in hope of fair advantages:  
A golden mind stoops not to shows of  
dross;  
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for  
lead.  
What says the silver with her virgin hue?  
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as  
he deserves.'  
As much as he deserves! Pause there,  
Morocco,  
And weigh thy value with an even hand:  
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,  
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet  
enough  
May not extend so far as to the lady:  
And yet to be afeard of my deserving  
Were but a weak disabling of myself.  
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the  
lady:  
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,  
In graces and in qualities of breeding;  
But more than these, in love I do deserve.  
What if I stray'd no further, but chose  
here?  
Let's see once more this saying graved in  
gold;  
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many  
men desire.'  
Why, that's the lady; all the world de-  
sires her;  
From the four corners of the earth they  
come,  
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing  
saint:  
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds  
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now  
For princes to come view fair Portia:  
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious  
head  
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar  
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,  
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.  
One of these three contains her heavenly  
picture.  
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere  
damnation  
To think so base a thought: it were too  
gross

To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.  
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,  
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?  
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem  
Was set in worse than gold. They have  
in England

A coin that bears the figure of an angel  
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;  
But here an angel in a golden bed  
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:  
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!  
*Por.* There, take it, prince; and if my  
form lie there,

Then I am yours.

*[He unlocks the golden casket.]*

*Mor.* O hell! what have we here?  
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye  
There is a written scroll! I'll read the  
writing.

*[Reads]* All that glisters is not gold;  
Often have you heard that told:  
Many a man his life hath sold  
But my outside to behold:  
Gilded tombs do worms infold.  
Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:  
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labor lost:  
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!  
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart  
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

*[Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.]*

*Por.* A gentle riddance. Draw the cur-  
tains, go.

Let all of his complexion choose me so.

*[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE VIII. Venice. A street.

*Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.*

*Salar.* Why, man, I saw Bassanio under  
sail:

With him is Gratiano gone along;  
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is  
not.

*Salan.* The villain Jew with outcries  
raised the duke,

Who went with him to search Bassanio's  
ship.

*Salar.* He came too late, the ship was  
under sail:

But there the duke was given to understand

That in a gondola were seen together  
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:  
Besides, Antonio certified the duke  
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.  
*Salan.* I never heard a passion so confused,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:  
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!

Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!

Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,  
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!

And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,

Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.'

*Salar.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,

Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*Salan.* Let good Antonio look he keep his day,

Or he shall pay for this.

*Salar.* Marry, well remember'd.  
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,  
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part

The French and English, there miscarried  
A vessel of our country richly fraught:  
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;  
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

*Salan.* You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

*Salar.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:

Bassanio told him he would make some speed

Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;  
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,  
But stay the very riping of the time;

And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your mind of love:  
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts

To courtship and such fair ostents of love  
As shall conveniently become you there:  
And even there, his eye being big with tears,

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

And with affection wondrous sensible  
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

*Salan.* I think he only loves the world for him.

I pray thee, let us go and find him out  
And quicken his embraced heaviness  
With some delight or other.

*Salar.* Do we so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

*Enter NERISSA with a Servitor.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:

The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,

And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,

Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized;

But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,

You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:

First, never to unfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail

Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage:  
Lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.  
*Ar.* And so have I address'd me. Fortune now  
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.  
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'  
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.  
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:  
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'  
What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant  
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,  
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;  
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,  
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force and road of casualty.  
I will not choose what many men desire, Because I will not jump with common spirits  
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.  
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;  
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:  
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'  
And well said too; for who shall go about  
To cozen fortune and be honorable  
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume  
To wear an undeserved dignity.  
O, that estates, degrees and offices  
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honor  
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!  
How many then should cover that stand bare!  
How many be commanded that command!  
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd

From the true seed of honor! and how much honor  
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times  
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:  
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'  
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,  
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.  
*[He opens the silver casket.]*  
*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find there.  
*Ar.* What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,  
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.  
How much unlike art thou to Portia!  
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!  
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'  
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?  
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?  
*Por.* To offend, and judge, are distinct offices  
And of opposed natures.  
*Ar.* What is here?  
*[Reads]* The fire seven times tried this:  
Seven times tried that judgment is,  
That did never choose amiss.  
Some there be that shadows kiss;  
Such have but a shadow's bliss:  
There be fools alive, I wis,  
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.  
Take what wife you will to bed,  
I will ever be your head:  
So be gone: you are sped.  
Still more fool I shall appear  
By the time I linger here  
With one fool's head I came to woo,  
But I go away with two.  
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,  
Patiently to bear my wroth.  
*[Exeunt Arragon and train.]*  
*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.  
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,  
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy,  
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Where is my lady?

*Por.* Here: what would my lord?

*Serv.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate

A young Venetian, one that comes before  
To signify the approaching of his lord;  
From whom he bringeth sensible greets,  
To wit, besides commends and courteous  
breath,

Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen  
So likely an ambassador of love:

A day in April never came so sweet,

To show how costly summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee: I am half  
afear'd

Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to  
thee,

Thou spend'st such high-day wit in  
praising him.

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see  
Quick Cupid's post that comes so man-  
nerly.

*Ner.* Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it  
be!

*[Exeunt.]*

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

*Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.*

*Salan.* Now, what news on the Rialto?

*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there un-  
checked that Antonio hath a ship of rich  
lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the  
Goodwins, I think they call the place; a  
very dangerous flat and fatal, where the  
carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as  
they say, if my gossip Report be an hon-  
est woman of her word.

*Salan.* I would she were as lying a gos-  
sip in that as ever knapped ginger or made  
her neighbors believe she wept for the  
death of a third husband. But it is true,  
without any slips of prolixity or crossing  
the plain highway of talk, that the good  
Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I  
had a title good enough to keep his  
name company!—

*Salar.* Come, the full stop.

*Salan.* Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the  
end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of  
his losses.

*Salan.* Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest  
the devil cross my prayer, for here he  
comes in the likeness of a Jew.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock! what news among  
the merchants?

*Shy.* You know, none so well, none so  
well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*Salar.* That's certain: I, for my part,  
knew the tailor that made the wings she  
flew withal.

*Salan.* And Shylock, for his own part,  
knew the bird was fledged; and then it is  
the complexion of them all to leave the  
dam.

*Shy.* She is damned for it.

*Salan.* That's certain, if the devil may be  
her judge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*Salan.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it  
at these years?

*Shy.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and  
blood.

*Salar.* There is more difference between  
thy flesh and hers than between jet and  
ivory; more between your bloods than  
there is between red wine and rhenish.  
But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio  
have had any loss at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a  
bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce  
show his head on the Rialto; a beggar,  
that was used to come so smug upon the  
mart; let him look to his bond: he was  
wont to call me usurer; let him look to  
his bond: he was wont to lend money for  
a Christian courtesy; let him look to his  
bond.

*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou  
wilt not take his flesh: what's that good  
for?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal: if it will feed  
nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He  
hath disgraced me, and hindered me half  
a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at  
my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my  
bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine  
enemies; and what's his reason? I am a



Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

*Salar.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter TUBAL.*

*Salan.* Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

*[Exeunt Salan., Salar., and Servant.]*

*Shy.* How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*Shy.* Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so: and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

*Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?  
*Tub.* Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

*Shy.* I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't true?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha! ha! where? in Genoa?

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

*Shy.* Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

*Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

*Shy.* I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

*Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two

Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,

I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.

There's something tells me, but it is not love,

I would not lose you; and you know yourself,

Hate counsels not in such a quality.

But lest you should not understand me  
 well,—  
 And yet a maiden hath no tongue but  
 thought,—  
 I would detain you here some month or  
 two  
 Before you venture for me. I could teach  
 you  
 How to choose right, but I am then for-  
 sworn;  
 So will I never be: so may you miss me;  
 But if you do, you'll make me wish a  
 sin,  
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your  
 eyes,  
 They have o'erlook'd me and divided  
 me;  
 One half of me is yours, the other half  
 yours,  
 Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then  
 yours,  
 And so all yours. O, these naughty times  
 Put bars between the owners and their  
 rights!  
 And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it  
 so,  
 Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.  
 I speak too long; but 'tis to prize the time,  
 To eke it and to draw it out in length,  
 To stay you from election.  
*Bass.* Let me choose;  
 For as I am, I live upon the rack.  
*Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio! then con-  
 fess  
 What treason there is mingled with your  
 love.  
*Bass.* None but that ugly treason of mis-  
 trust,  
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my  
 love:  
 There may as well be amity and life  
 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my  
 love.  
*Por.* Ay, but I fear you speak upon the  
 rack,  
 Where men enforced do speak anything.  
*Bass.* Promise me life, and I'll confess the  
 truth.  
*Por.* Well then, confess and live.  
*Bass.* 'Confess' and 'love'  
 Had been the very sum of my confession:  
 O happy torment, when my torturer  
 Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.  
*Por.* Away, then! I am lock'd in one of  
 them:  
 If you do love me, you will find me out.  
 Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.  
 Let music sound while he doth make his  
 choice;  
 Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like  
 end,  
 Fading in music: that the comparison  
 May stand more proper, my eye shall be  
 the stream  
 And watery death-bed for him. He may  
 win;  
 And what is music then? Then music is  
 Even as the flourish when true subjects  
 bow  
 To a new-crowned monarch: such it is  
 As are those dulcet sounds in break of  
 day  
 That creep into the dreaming bride-  
 groom's ear  
 And summon him to marriage. Now he  
 goes,  
 With no less presence, but with much  
 more love,  
 Than young Alcides, when he did re-  
 deem  
 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy  
 To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;  
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,  
 With bleared visages, come forth to view  
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!  
 Live thou, I live: with much, much more  
 dismay  
 I view the fight than thou that makest the  
 fray.

*Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the  
 caskets to himself.*

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,  
 Or in the heart, or in the head?  
 How begot, how nourished?  
 Reply, reply.  
 It is engender'd in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
 In the cradle where it lies.  
 Let us all ring fancy's knell:  
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.  
*All.* Ding, dong, bell.  
*Bass.* So may the outward shows be least  
 themselves:  
 The world is still deceived with ornament.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt  
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
There is no vice so simple but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward  
parts:

How many cowards, whose hearts are all  
as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their  
chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning  
Mars,

Who, inward search'd, have livers white  
as milk;

And these assume but valor's excrement  
To render them redoubted! Look on  
beauty,

And you shall see 'tis purchased by the  
weight;

Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest that wear most of  
it:

So are those crisped snaky golden locks  
Which make such wanton gambols with  
the wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,

The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.  
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore

To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous  
scarf

Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times  
put on

To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou  
gaudy gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;  
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common  
drudge

'Tween man and man: but thou, thou  
meagre lead,

Which rather threatenest than dost  
promise aught,

Thy paleness moves me more than elo-  
quence;

And here choose I; joy be the conse-  
quence!

*Por.* [Aside] How all the other passions  
fleet to air,

As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced  
despair,  
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jeal-  
ousy!

O love,  
Be moderate; allay thy ecstasy,  
In measure rein thy joy; scant this excess.  
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,  
For fear I surfeit.

*Bass.* What find I here?

[Opening the leaden casket.]

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation? Move these  
eyes?

Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd  
lips,

Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here  
in her hairs

The painter plays the spider and hath  
woven

A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of  
men

Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her  
eyes,—

How could he see to do them? having  
made one,

Methinks it should have power to steal  
both his

And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how  
far

The substance of my praise doth wrong  
this shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's  
the scroll,

The continent and summary of my for-  
tune.

[Reads] You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair and choose as true!

Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content and seek no new,

If you be well pleased with this  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,

Turn you where your lady is  
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;  
I come by note, to give and to receive.

Like one of two contending in a prize,  
That thinks he hath done well in people's  
eyes,

Hearing applause and universal shout,  
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt  
Whether those pearls of praise be his or  
no;

So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;  
As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.  
*Por.* You see me, Lord Bassanio, where  
I stand,

Such as I am: though for myself alone  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet, for you  
I would be trebled twenty times myself;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thou-  
sand times

More rich;  
That only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtue, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account; but the full sum of me  
Is sum of something, which, to term in  
gross,  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unprac-  
tised;

Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn; happier than this,  
She is not bread so dull but she can learn;  
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
Myself and what is mine to you and yours  
Is now converted: but now I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my serv-  
ants,

Queen o'er myself: and even now, but  
now,

This house, these servants and this same  
myself

Are yours, my lord: I give them with this  
ring;

Which when you part from, lose, or give  
away,

Let it presage the ruin of your love  
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all  
words,

Only my blood speaks to you in my  
veins;

And there is such confusion in my powers,  
As after some oration fairly spoke  
By a beloved prince, there doth appear  
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;  
Where every something, being blent to-  
gether,

Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
Express'd and not express'd. But when  
this ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life  
from hence:

O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our  
time,

That have stood by and seen our wishes  
prosper,

To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and  
lady!

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio and my gentle  
lady,

I wish you all the joy that you can wish;

For I am sure you can wish none from  
me:

And when your honors mean to solem-  
nize

The bargain of your faith, I do beseech  
you,

Even at that time I may be married too.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst  
get a wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordship, you have got  
me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as  
yours:

You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid:

You loved, I loved for intermission.

No more pertains to me, my lord, than  
you.

Your fortune stood upon the casket there

And so did mine too, as the matter falls

For wooing here until I sweat again,

And swearing until my very roof was dry

With oaths of love, at last, if promise last

I got a promise of this fair one here

To have her love, provided that your  
fortune

Achieved her mistress.

*Por.* Is this true, Nerissa?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleased  
withal.

*Bass.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good  
faith?

*Gra.* Yes, faith, my lord.

*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honor'd in  
your marriage.

*Gra.* We'll play with them the first boy  
for a thousand ducats.

*Ner.* What, and stake down?



*Gra.* No; we shall ne'er win at that sport,  
and stake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his  
infidel?

What, and my old Venetian friend  
Salerio?

*Enter* LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO, a  
Messenger from Venice.

*Bass.* Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome  
hither;

If that the youth of my new interest here  
Have power to bid you welcome. By  
your leave,

I bid my very friends and countrymen,  
Sweet Portia, welcome.

*Por.* So do I, my lord:  
They are entirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honor. For my part,  
my lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you  
here;

But meeting with Salerio by the way,  
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,  
To come with him along.

*Saler.* I did, my lord;  
And I have reason for it. Signor Antonio  
Commends him to you.

[*Gives Bassanio a letter.*]

*Bass.* Ere I ope his letter,  
I pray you, tell me how my good friend  
doth.

*Saler.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in  
mind;

Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there  
Will show you his estate.

*Gra.* Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her  
welcome.

Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from  
Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good  
Antonio?

I know he will be glad of our success;  
We are the Jasons, we have won the  
fleece.

*Saler.* I would you had won the fleece  
that he hath lost.

*Por.* There are some shrewd contents in  
yon same paper,

That steals the color from Bassanio's  
cheek:

Some dear friend dead; else nothing in  
the world

Could turn so much the constitution

Of any constant man. What, worse and  
worse!

With leave, Bassanio: I am half yourself,  
And I must freely have the half of any  
thing

That this same paper brings you.

*Bass.* O sweet Portia,

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words  
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,  
When I did first impart my love to you,  
I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;  
And then I told you true: and yet, dear  
lady,

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see  
How much I was a braggart. When I told  
you

My state was nothing, I should then have  
told you

That I was worse than nothing; for, in-  
deed,

I have engaged myself to a dear friend,  
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,  
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;  
The paper as the body of my friend,  
And every word in it a gaping wound,  
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?  
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not  
one hit?

From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,  
From Lisbon, Barbary and India?

And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful  
touch

Of merchant-marring rocks?

*Saler.* Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
The present money to discharge the Jew,  
He would not take it. Never did I know  
A creature, that did bear the shape of  
man,

So keen and greedy to confound a man:  
He plies the duke at morning and at  
night,

And doth impeach the freedom of the  
state,

If they deny him justice: twenty mer-  
chants,

The duke himself, and the magnificoes  
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with  
him;

But none can drive him from the envious  
plea

Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.

*Jes.* When I was with him I have heard  
him swear

To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,  
That he would rather have Antonio's  
flesh

Than twenty times the value of the sum  
That he did owe him: and I know, my  
lord,

If law, authority and power deny not,  
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

*Por.* Is it your dear friend that is thus  
in trouble?

*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the  
kindest man,

The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies, and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honor more appears  
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Por.* What sum owes he the Jew?

*Bass.* For me three thousand ducats.

*Por.* What, no more?  
Pay him six thousand, and deface the  
bond;

Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.  
First go with me to church and call me  
wife,

And then away to Venice to your friend;  
For never shall you lie by Portia's side  
With an inquiet soul. You shall have gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:  
When it is paid, bring your true friend  
along.

My maid Nerissa and myself meantime  
Will live as maids and widows. Come,  
away!

For you shall hence upon your wedding-  
day:

Bid your friends welcome, show a merry  
cheer:

Since you are dear bought, I will love  
you dear.

But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bass.* [*Reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships  
have all miscarried, my creditors grow  
cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to  
the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it,  
it is impossible I should live, all debts are  
cleared between you and I, if I might but  
see you at my death. Notwithstanding,  
use your pleasure: if your love do not  
persuade you to come, let not my letter.

*Por.* O love, dispatch all business, and  
be gone!

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to go  
away,

I will make haste: but, till I come again,  
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,  
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. Venice. A street.

*Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and  
Gaoler.*

*Shy.* Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of  
mercy;

This is the fool that lent out money  
gratis:

Gaoler, look to him.

*Ant.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; speak not against  
my bond:

I have sworn an oath that I will have my  
bond.

Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst  
a cause;

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:  
The duke shall grant me justice. I do  
wonder,

Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so  
fond

To come abroad with him at his request.

*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; I will not hear  
thee speak:

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak  
no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and  
yield

To Christian intercessors. Follow not;  
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.

[*Exit.*]

*Salar.* It is the most impenetrable cur  
That ever kept with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone:

I'll follow him no more with bootless  
prayers.

He seeks my life; his reason well I know:  
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures  
Many that have at times made moan to  
me;

Therefore he hates me.

*Salar.* I am sure the duke  
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold

*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course of law:

For the commodity that strangers have With us in Venice, if it be denied, Will much impeach the justice of his state;

Since that the trade and profit of the city Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go: These griefs and losses have so bated me, That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh To-morrow to my bloody creditor.

Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come

To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHASAR.

*Lor.* Madam, although I speak it in your presence,

You have a noble and a true conceit Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly

In bearing thus the absence of your lord. But if you knew to whom you show this honor

How true a gentleman you send relief, How dear a lover of my lord your husband,

I know you would be prouder of the work

Than customary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I never did repent for doing good, Nor shall not now: for in companions That do converse and waste the time together,

Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,

There must needs be a like proportion Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit; Which makes me think that this Antonio, Being the bosom lover of my lord, Must needs be like my lord. If it be so, How little is the cost I have bestow'd In purchasing the semblance of my soul From out the state of hellish misery! This comes too near the praising of myself;

Therefore no more of it: hear other things.

Lorenzo, I commit into your hands The husbandry and manage of my house Until my lord's return: for mine own part,

I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow

To live in prayer and contemplation, Only attended by Nerissa here, Until her husband and my lord's return: There is a monastery two miles off; And there will we abide. I do desire you Not to deny this imposition; The which my love and some necessity Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart; I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,

And will acknowledge you and Jessica In place of Lord Bassanio and myself. And so farewell, till we shall meet again.

*Lor.* Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

*Jes.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

*Por.* I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased

To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.]

Now, Balthasar, As I have ever found thee honest-true, So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,

And use thou all the endeavor of a man In speed to Padua: see thou render this Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario; And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed

Unto the tranect, to the common ferry Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,

But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

*Balth.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [Exit.]

*Por.* Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand

That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands

Before they think of us.

*Ner.* Shall they see us?

*Por.* They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,

That they shall think we are accomplished  
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any  
wager,

When we are both accoutred like young  
men,

I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver  
grace,

And speak between the change of man  
and boy

With a reed voice, and turn two mincing  
steps

Into a manly stride, and speak of frays  
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint  
lies,

How honorable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;  
I could not do withal; then I'll repent,  
And wish, for all that, that I had not  
kill'd them;

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
That men shall swear I have discontinued  
school

Above a twelvemonth. I have within my  
mind

A thousand raw tricks of these bragging  
Jacks,

Which I will practise.

*Ner.* Why, shall we turn to men?

*Por.* Fie, what a question's that,

If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!

But come, I'll tell thee all my whole de-  
vice

When I am in my coach, which stays for  
us

At the park gate; and therefore haste  
away,

For we must measure twenty miles to-day.  
[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V. *The same. A garden.*

*Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.*

*Laun.* Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins  
of the father are to be laid upon the chil-  
dren: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you.  
I was always plain with you, and so now  
I speak my agitation of the matter: there-  
fore be of good cheer, for truly I think

you are damned. There is but one hope in  
it that can do you any good; and that is  
but a kind of bastard hope neither.

*Jes.* And what hope is that, I pray thee?

*Laun.* Marry, you may partly hope that  
your father got you not, that you are not  
the Jew's daughter.

*Jes.* That were a kind of bastard hope,  
indeed: so the sins of my mother should  
be visited upon me.

*Laun.* Truly then I fear you are damned  
both by father and mother: thus when I  
shun Scylla, your father, I fall into  
Charybdis, your mother: well, you are  
gone both ways.

*Jes.* I shall be saved by my husband; he  
hath made me a Christian.

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he: we  
were Christians enow before; e'en as many  
as could well live, one by another. This  
making of Christians will raise the price  
of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters,  
we shall not shortly have a rasher on the  
coals for money.

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Jes.* I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what  
you say: here he comes.

*Lor.* I shall grow jealous of you shortly,  
Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into  
corners.

*Jes.* Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo:  
Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly,  
there is no mercy for me in heaven, be-  
cause I am a Jew's daughter: and he says,  
you are no good member of the common-  
wealth, for in converting Jews to Chris-  
tians, you raise the price of pork.

*Lor.* I shall answer that better to the  
commonwealth than you can the getting  
up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with  
child by you, Launcelot.

*Laun.* It is much that the Moor should  
be more than reason: but if she be less  
than an honest woman, she is indeed more  
than I took her for.

*Lor.* How every fool can play upon the  
word! I think the best grace of wit will  
shortly turn into silence and discourse  
grow commendable in none only but par-  
rots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for  
dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, sir; they have all  
stomachs.



*Lor.* Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

*Lawn.* That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

*Lor.* Will you cover then, sir?

*Lawn.* Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

*Lawn.* For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humors and conceits shall govern. [Exit.]

*Lor.* O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words; and I do know  
A many fools, that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky  
word

Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou,  
Jessica?

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,  
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's  
wife?

*Jes.* Past all expressing. It is very meet  
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;  
For, having such a blessing in his lady,  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;  
And if on earth he do not mean it, then  
In reason he should never come to heaven.  
Why, if two gods should play some  
heavenly match

And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one, there must be something  
else

Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude  
world

Hath not her fellow.

*Lor.* Even such a husband  
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

*Jes.* Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

*Lor.* I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

*Jes.* Nay, let me praise you while I have  
a stomach.

*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;

Then, howso'er thou speak'st, 'mong other  
things

I shall digest it.

*Jes.* Well, I'll set you forth. [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I. Venice. A court of justice.

Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, and others.

*Duke.* What, is Antonio here?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*Ant.* I have heard  
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to  
qualify

His rigorous course; but since he stands  
obdurate

And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the  
court.

*Saler.* He is ready at the door: he comes,  
my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before  
our face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so  
too,

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy  
malice

To the last hour of act; and then 'tis  
thought

Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse  
more strange

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;  
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's  
flesh,

Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,  
But, touch'd with human gentleness and  
love,

Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
 That have of late so huddled on his back  
 Enow to press a royal merchant down  
 And pluck commiseration of his state  
 From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of  
 flint.  
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never  
 train'd

To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what  
 I purpose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn  
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
 If you deny it, let the danger light  
 Upon your charter and your city's free-  
 dom.

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to  
 have

A weight of carrion flesh than to receive  
 Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer  
 that:

But, say, it is my humor: is it answer'd?  
 What if my house be troubled with a rat  
 And I be pleased to give ten thousand  
 ducats

To have it baned? What, are you answer'd  
 yet?

Some men there are love not a gaping  
 pig;

Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;  
 And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the  
 nose,

Cannot contain their urine: for affection,  
 Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
 Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your  
 answer:

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
 Why he, a woollen bagpipe; but of force  
 Must yield to such inevitable shame  
 As to offend, himself being offended;  
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
 More than a lodged hate and a certain  
 loathing

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus

A losing suit against him. Are you an-  
 swer'd?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling  
 man,

To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with  
 my answers.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do  
 not love?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would  
 not kill?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What, wouldst thou have a serpent  
 sting thee twice?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you question with  
 the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach  
 And bid the main flood bate his usual  
 height;

You may as well use question with the  
 wolf

Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the  
 lamb;

You may as well forbid the mountain  
 pines

To wag their high tops and to make no  
 noise,

When they are fretten with the gusts of  
 heaven;

You may as well do anything most hard,  
 As seek to soften that—than which what's  
 harder?—

His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech  
 you,

Make no more offers, use no farther  
 means,

But with all brief and plain conveniency  
 Let me have judgment and the Jew his  
 will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here  
 is six.

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand  
 ducats

Were in six parts and every part a ducat,  
 I would not draw them; I would have my  
 bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy,  
 rendering none?

*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing  
 no wrong?

You have among you many a purchased  
 slave,

Which, like your asses and your dogs and  
 mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
 Because you bought them: shall I say to  
 you,

- Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
- Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
- Be made as soft as yours and let their palates
- Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
- 'The slaves are ours:' so do I answer you: The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
- Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
- If you deny me, fie upon your law! There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
- I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?
- Duke.* Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
- Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, Whom I have sent for to determine this, Come here to-day.
- Saler.* My lord, here stays without A messenger with letters from the doctor, New come from Padua.
- Duke.* Bring us the letters; call the messenger.
- Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
- The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,
- Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
- Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock, Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
- Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
- You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio, Than to live still and write mine epitaph.
- Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*
- Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
- Ner.* From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace. [*Presenting a letter.*]
- Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
- Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
- Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
- Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,
- No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
- Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
- Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
- Gra.* O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
- And for thy life let justice be accused. Thou almost makest me waver in my faith To hold opinion with Pythagoras, That souls of animals infuse themselves Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
- Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
- And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
- Infused itself in thee; for thy desires Are wolvish, bloody, starved and ravenous.
- Shy.* Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
- Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
- Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.
- Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend
- A young and learned doctor to our court. Where is he?
- Ner.* He attendeth here hard by, To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
- Duke.* With all my heart. Some three or four of you
- Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
- Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.
- Clerk.* [*Reads*] Your grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his

own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

*Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference That holds this present question in the court?

*Por.* I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not?

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd, It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest; It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes The throned monarch better than his crown;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway; It is enthroned in the hearts of kings, It is an attribute to God himself; And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this, That, in the course of justice, none of us Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea; Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;

Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice, I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er, On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:

If this will not suffice, it must appear That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,

Wrest once the law to your authority:

To do a great right, do a little wrong, And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be; there is no power in Venice

Can alter a decree established:

'Twill be recorded for a precedent, And many an error by the same example Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!

O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.



*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit; And lawfully by this the Jew may claim A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:

Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenor.

It doth appear you are a worthy judge; You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar, Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear There is no power in the tongue of man To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why then, thus it is: You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

*Shy.* O noble judge! O excellent young man!

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty, Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

*Por.* Therefore lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast: So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?

'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here to weigh

The flesh?

*Shy.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond?

*Por.* It is not so express'd: but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

*Shy.* I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

*Por.* You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

*Ant.* But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.

Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty; from which lingering penance

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honorable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end;

Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love. Repent but you that you shall lose your

friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For if the Jew do cut but deep enough, I'll pay it presently with all my heart.

*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world, Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:

I would she were in heaven, so she could Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;

The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Sky.* These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas  
Had been her husband rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*]

We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Sky.* Most rightful judge!

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Sky.* Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

*Por.* Tarry a little; there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;

The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh:'

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands  
and goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

*Sky.* Is that the law?

*Por.* Thyself shalt see the act:  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

*Gra.* O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

*Sky.* I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice

And let the Christian go.

*Bass.* Here is the money.

*Por.* Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

*Por.* Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more

But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more

Or less than a just pound, be it but so much

As makes it light or heavy in the substance,

Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn

But in the estimation of a hair,  
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

*Sky.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee; here it is.

*Por.* He hath refused it in the open court:

He shall have merely justice and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Sky.* Shall I not have barely my principal?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Sky.* Why, then the devil give him good of it!

I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew:  
The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be proved against an alien

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state:

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;

For it appears, by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly and directly too

Thou hast contrived against the very life

Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd  
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.  
Down therefore and beg mercy of the  
duke.

*Gra.* Beg that thou mayst have leave to  
hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the  
state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;  
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the  
state's charge.

*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference  
of our spirits,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:  
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;

The other half comes to the general state,  
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all; pardon  
not that:

You take my house when you do take the  
prop

That doth sustain my house; you take my  
life

When you do take the means whereby I  
live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him,  
Antonio?

*Gra.* A halter gratis; nothing else, for  
God's sake.

*Ant.* So please my lord the duke and all  
the court

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,  
I am content; so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter:

Two things provided more, that, for this  
favor,

He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,  
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this, or else I do  
recant

The pardon that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew? what dost  
thou say?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go  
from hence;

I am not well: send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.* In christening shalt thou have two  
god-fathers:

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had  
ten more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.  
[Exit *Shylock*.]

*Duke.* Sir, I entreat you home with me  
to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do desire your grace of  
pardon:

I must away this night toward Padua,

And it is meet I presently set forth.

*Duke.* I am sorry that your leisure serves  
you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman,

For, in my mind, you are much bound to  
him. [Exit *Duke* and his train.]

*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my  
friend

Have by your wisdom been this day ac-  
quitted

Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope your courteous pains  
withal.

*Ant.* And stand indebted, over and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.

*Por.* He is well paid that is well satis-  
fied;

And I, delivering you, am satisfied

And therein do account myself well paid:

My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you, know me when we meet  
again:

I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

*Bass.* Dear sir, of force I must attempt  
you further:

Take some remembrance of us, as a trib-  
ute,

Not as a fee: grant me two things, I  
pray you,

Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I  
will yield.

[To *Ant.*] Give me your gloves, I'll wear  
them for your sake;

[To *Bass.*] And, for your love, I'll take  
this ring from you:

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no  
more;

And you in love shall not deny me this.

*Bass.* This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!

I will not shame myself to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this;

And now methinks I have a mind to it.

*Bass.* 'There's more depends on this than on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,

And find it out by proclamation:

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

*Por.* I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:

You taught me first to beg; and now methinks

You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;

And when she put it on, she made me vow

That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

*Por.* That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad-woman, And know how well I have deserved the ring,

She would not hold out enemy for ever, For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you! [*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*]

*Ant.* My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:

Let his deservings and my love withal Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;

Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,

Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste. [*Exit Gratiano.*]

Come, you and I will thither presently; And in the morning early will we both Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed

And let him sign it: we'll away to-night

And be a day before our husbands home: This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:

My Lord Bassanio upon more advice

Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat

Your company at dinner.

*Por.* That cannot be: His ring I do accept most thankfully:

And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore, I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

*Gra.* That will I do.

*Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you.

[*Aside to Por.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

*Por.* [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant.

We shall have old swearing

That they did give the rings away to men; But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.

[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

*Ner.* Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to PORTIA'S house.*

*Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.*

*Lor.* The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees

And they did make no noise, in such a night

Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls

And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,

Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jes.* In such a night

Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew

And saw the lion's shadow ere himself

And ran dismay'd away.



*Lor.* In such a night  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her  
love

To come again to Carthage.

*Jes.* In such a night  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson.

*Lor.* In such a night  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew  
And with an unthrift love did run from  
Venice

As far as Belmont.

*Jes.* In such a night  
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her  
well,

Stealing her soul with many vows of faith  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* In such a night  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*Jes.* I would out-night you, did no body  
come;

But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter STEPHANO.*

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of  
the night?

*Steph.* A friend.

*Lor.* A friend! what friend? your name,  
I pray you, friend?

*Steph.* Stephano is my name; and I bring  
word

My mistress will before the break of day  
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about  
By holy crosses, where she kneels and  
prays

For happy wedlock hours.

*Lor.* Who comes with her?

*Steph.* None but a holy hermit and her  
maid.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard  
from him.

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the  
house.

*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

*Laun.* Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

*Lor.* Who calls?

*Laun.* Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo?  
Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!

*Lor.* Leave hollaing, man: here.

*Laun.* Sola! where? where?

*Lor.* Here.

*Laun.* Tell him there's a post come from  
my master, with his horn full of good  
news: my master will be here ere morn-  
ing. *[Exit.]*

*Lor.* Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect  
their coming.

And yet no matter: why should we go in?  
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at  
hand;

And bring your music forth into the air.

*[Exit Stephano.]*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this  
bank!

Here will we sit and let the sounds of  
music

Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the  
night

Become the touchés of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:  
There's not the smallest orb which thou  
behold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn!  
With sweetest touches pierce your mis-  
tress' ear

And draw her home with music. *[Music.]*

*Jes.* I am never merry when I hear sweet  
music.

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are atten-  
tive:

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and  
neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet  
sound,

Or any air of music touch their ears,

You shall perceive them make a mutual  
stand,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze  
By the sweet power of music: therefore  
the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones  
and floods;  
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of  
rage,  
But music for the time doth change his  
nature.

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet  
sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
And his affections dark as Erebus:

Let no such man be trusted. Mark the  
music.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* That light we see is burning in my  
hall.

How far that little candle throws his  
beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Ner.* When the moon shone, we did not  
see the candle.

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the  
less:

A substitute shines brightly as a king  
Unto the king be by, and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

*Ner.* It is your music, madam, of the  
house.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without re-  
spect:

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by  
day.

*Ner.* Silence bestows that virtue on it,  
madam.

*Por.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as  
the lark

When neither is attended, and I think  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be  
thought

No better a musician than the wren.  
How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise and true perfection!  
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endym-  
ion

And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*  
*Lor.* That is the voice,

Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

*Por.* He knows me as the blind man  
knows the cuckoo,

By the bad voice.

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*Por.* We have been praying for our hus-  
bands' healths,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our  
words.

Are they return'd?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet;

But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their coming.

*Por.* Go in, Nerissa;  
Give order to my servants that they take  
No note at all of our being absent hence;  
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket sounds.*]

*Lor.* Your husband is at hand; I hear  
his trumpet:

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

*Por.* This night methinks is but the day-  
light sick;

It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and  
their followers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the Antip-  
odes,

If you would walk in absence of the sun.

*Por.* Let me give light, but let me not  
be light;

For a light wife doth make a heavy hus-  
band,

And never be Bassanio so for me:

But God sort all! You are welcome home,  
my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, madam. Give wel-  
come to my friend.

This is the man, this is Antonio,  
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much  
bound to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for  
you.

*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted  
of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our  
house:

It must appear in other ways than words,  
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

*Gra.* [*To Ner.*] By yonder moon I swear  
you do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:  
Would he were gelt that had it, for my  
part,

Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

*Por.* A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring That she did give me, whose posy was For all the world like cutler's poetry Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'

*Ner.* What talk you of the posy or the value?

You swore to me, when I did give it you, That you would wear it till your hour of death

And that it should lie with you in your grave:

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,

You should have been respective and have kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,

The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

*Gra.* He will, an if he live to be a man.

*Ner.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

*Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,

A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy, No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:

I could not for my heart deny it him.

*Por.* You were to blame, I must be plain with you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift:

A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger

And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring and made him swear

Never to part with it; and here he stands;

I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it

Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth

That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,

You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:

An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

*Bass.* [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

*Gra.* My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away

Unto the judge that begg'd it and indeed Deserved it too; and then the boy, his

clerk,

That took some pains in writing, he

begg'd mine;

And neither man nor master would take aught

But the two rings.

*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord?

Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

*Bass.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,

I would deny it; but you see my finger

Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

*Por.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.

By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed

Until I see the ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours

Till I again see mine.

*Bass.* Sweet Portia,

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,

If you did know for whom I gave the

ring

And would conceive for what I gave the

ring

And how unwillingly I left the ring,

When nought would be accepted but the

ring,

You would abate the strength of your dis-

pleasure.

*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the

ring,

Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,

Or your own honor to contain the ring,

You would not then have parted with the

ring.

What man is there so much unreasonable,

If you had pleased to have defended it

With any terms of zeal, wanted the mod-

esty

To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe:

I'll die for't but some woman had the

ring.

*Bass.* No, by my honor, madam, by my

soul,

No woman had it, but a civil doctor,

Which did refuse three thousand ducats

of me

And begg'd the ring; the which I did  
deny him

And suffer'd him to go displeased away;  
Even he that did uphold the very life  
Of my dear friend. What should I say,  
sweet lady?

I was enforced to send it after him;  
I was beset with shame and courtesy;  
My honor would not let ingratitude  
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good  
lady;

For, by these blessed candles of the night,  
Had you been there, I think you would  
have begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.  
*Por.* Let not that doctor e'er come near  
my house:

Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,  
And that which you did swear to keep  
for me,

I will become as liberal as you;  
I'll not deny him any thing I have,  
No, not my body nor my husband's bed:  
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:  
Lie not a night from home; watch me  
like Argus:

If you do not, if I be left alone,  
Now, by mine honor, which is yet mine  
own,

I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

*Ner.* And I his clerk; therefore be well  
advised

How you do leave me to mine own pro-  
tection.

*Gra.* Well, do you so; let not me take  
him, then;

For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's  
pen.

*Ant.* I am the unhappy subject of these  
quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you; you are wel-  
come notwithstanding.

*Bass.* Portia, forgive me this enforced  
wrong;

And, in the hearing of these many friends,  
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair  
eyes,

Wherein I see myself—

*Por.* Mark you but that!  
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;  
In each eye, one: swear by your double  
self,

And there's an oath of credit.

*Bass.*

Nay, but hear me:  
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear  
I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Ant.* I once did lend my body for his  
wealth;

Which, but for him that had your hus-  
band's ring,

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound  
again,

My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
Will never more break faith advisedly.

*Por.* Then you shall be his surety. Give  
him this

And bid him keep it better than the other.

*Ant.* Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep  
this ring.

*Bass.* By heaven, it is the same I gave the  
doctor!

*Por.* I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;  
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gra-  
tiano;

For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's  
clerk,

In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of  
highways

In summer, where the ways are fair  
enough:

What, are we cuckolds ere we have de-  
served it?

*Por.* Speak not so grossly. You are all  
amazed:

Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;

It comes from Padua, from Bellario:

There you shall find that Portia was the  
doctor,

Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here

Shall witness I set forth as soon as you

And even but now return'd; I have not yet

Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are wel-  
come;

And I have better news in store for you  
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;  
There you shall find three of your ar-  
gosies

Are richly come to harbor suddenly:

You shall not know by what strange  
accident

I chanced on this letter.

*Ant.*

I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the doctor and I knew  
you not?



*Gra.* Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

*Ner.* Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-fellow:

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;

For here I read for certain that my ships  
Are safely come to road.

*Por.* How now, Lorenzo!

My clerk hath some good comforts too  
for you.

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without  
a fee.

There do I give to you and Jessica,  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the  
way

Of starved people.

*Por.* It is almost morning,  
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied

Of these events at full. Let us go in;

And charge us there upon inter'gatories,

And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Let it be so: the first inter'gatory

That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,

Whether till the next night she had rather  
stay,

Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:

But were the day come, I should wish  
it dark,

That I were couching with the doctor's  
clerk.

Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing

So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt.*]

# KING HENRY IV. PART I

Written about 1597-98.

## INTRODUCTION

The two parts of *King Henry IV.* may be considered as one play in ten acts. It is probable that Shakespeare went on with little or no delay from the first part to its continuation in the second. Both were written before the entry of the first in the Stationers' register, Feb. 25, 1597-98; for the entry shows that the name of the fat knight, who originally appeared in both parts under the name of Oldcastle, had been already altered to Falstaff. Meres makes mention of *Henry IV.*; and Ben Jonson, in *Every Man Out of His Humour* (1599), alludes to Justice Silence, one of the characters of the Second Part of Shakespeare's play. The materials upon which Shakespeare worked in *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* were obtained from Holinshed, and from an old play, full of vulgar mirth, and acted before 1588, *The Famous Victories of Henry V.* Both parts of *Henry IV.* consist of a comedy and a history fused together. The hero of the one is the royal Bolingbroke, the hero of the other is Falstaff, while Prince Henry passes to and fro between the history and the comedy, serving as the bond which unites the two. Henry IV. is the same Bolingbroke who had been so greatly conceived in *Richard II.*; only he is no longer in the full force of his manhood. He is worn by care and toil, harassed by revolts and conspiracies, yet still resolved to hold firmly what he has forcibly attained. There is a pathetic power in the figure of this weary ambitious man, who can take no rest until the rest of death comes upon him. Hotspur, who, to bring him into contrast with the Prince, is made much younger than the Harry Percy of history, is as ardent in the pursuit of glory as the Prince seems to be indifferent to it. To his hot temper and quick sense of personal honor small matters are great; he does not see things in their true proportions; he lacks self-control, he has no easiness of nature. Yet he is gallant, chivalrous, not devoid of generosity nor of quick affections, though never in a high sense disinterested. Prince Hal, whom Shakespeare admires and loves more than any other person in English history, afterwards to become Shakespeare's ideal king of England, cares little for mere reputation. He does not think much of himself and of his own honor; and while there is nothing to do, and his great father holds all power in his own right hand, he escapes from the cold proprieties of the court to the boisterous life and mirth of the tavern. He is, however, only waiting for a call to action, and Shakespeare declares that from the first he was conscious of his great destiny, and while seeming to scatter his force in frivolity, was holding his true self, well-guarded, in reserve. Falstaff is everything in little, or rather everything in *much*; for is he not a tun of flesh? English literature knows no humorous creation to set beside Falstaff; and to find his equal—yet his opposite—we must turn to the gaunt figure of the romantic knight of La Mancha, in whose person Cervantes smiled away pathetically the chivalry of the Middle Ages from out our modern world. Falstaff exercises upon the reader of these plays much the same fascination which he exercised upon the Prince. We know him to be a gross-bodied, self-indulgent old sinner, devoid of moral sense and of self-respect, and yet we cannot part with him. We cannot live in this world without humor, and Falstaff is humor maintaining its mastery against all antagonisms. We admit, however, the necessity of his utter banishment from Henry, when Henry enters upon the grave responsibilities of kingship. Still we have a tender thought for Sir John in his exile from London taverns. And at the last, when he fumbles with the sheets and plays with flowers, when "a" went away, an it had been any christom child," we bid him adieu with a tear that does not forbid a smile. The historical period represented by 1 *Henry IV.* dates from the battle of Holmedon Hill, Sept. 14, 1402, to the battle of Shrewsbury, July 21, 1403. 2 *Henry IV.* continues the history to the king's death and the accession of Henry V., 1413.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY the Fourth.  
 HENRY, Prince of Wales, } sons to the King.  
 JOHN of Lancaster, }  
 EARL OF WESTMORELAND.  
 SIR WALTER BLUNT.  
 THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.  
 HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.  
 HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.  
 EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.  
 RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York.  
 ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.  
 OWEN GLENDOWER.  
 SIR RICHARD VERNON.  
 SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.  
 SIR MICHAEL, a friend to the Archbishop of York.

POINS.  
 GADSHILL.  
 PETO.  
 BARDOLPH.  
 LADY PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.  
 LADY MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.  
 MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.  
 Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travelers, and Attendants.  
 SCENE: *England.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, the EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

*King.* So shaken as we are, so wan with care,

Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
 And breathe short-winded accents of new broils

To be commenced in strands afar remote.  
 No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;

Nor more shall trenching war channel her fields,

Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs

Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,  
 Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,

All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
 And furious close of civil butchery  
 Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,  
 March all one way and be no more opposed

Against acquaintance, kindred and allies:  
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore,  
 friends,

As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,  
 Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross

We are impressed and engaged to fight,  
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;

Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb

To chase these pagans in those holy fields  
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet  
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd

For our advantage on the bitter cross.  
 But this our purpose now is twelve month old,

And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:  
 Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
 What yesternight our council did decree  
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,

And many limits of the charge set down  
 But yesternight: when all athwart there came

A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;

Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,  
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,  
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,

A thousand of his people butchered;  
 Upon whose dead corpse there was such  
 misuse,  
 Such beastly shameless transformation,  
 By those Welshwomen done as may not be  
 Without much shame retold or spoken of.  
*King.* It seems then that the tidings of this  
 broil  
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land.  
*West.* This match'd with other did, my  
 gracious lord;  
 For more uneven and unwelcome news  
 Came from the north and thus it did im-  
 port:  
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur  
 there,  
 Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,  
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
 At Holmedon met,  
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody  
 hour;  
 As by discharge of their artillery,  
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told;  
 For he that brought them, in the very heat  
 And pride of their contention did take  
 horse,  
 Uncertain of the issue any way.  
*King.* Here is a dear, a true industrious  
 friend,  
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his  
 horse,  
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil  
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of  
 ours;  
 And he hath brought us smooth and wel-  
 come news.  
 The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:  
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty  
 knights,  
 Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter  
 see  
 On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hot-  
 spur took  
 Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son  
 To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,  
 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:  
 And is not this an honorable spoil?  
 A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?  
*West.* In faith,  
 It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.  
*King.* Yea, there thou makest me sad and  
 makest me sin  
 In envy that my Lord Northumberland

Should be the father to so blest a son,  
 A son who is the theme of honor's tongue;  
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest  
 plant;  
 Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her  
 pride:  
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
 See riot and dishonor stain the brow  
 Of my young Harry. O that it could be  
 proved  
 That some night-tripping fairy had ex-  
 changed  
 In cradle-clothes our children where they  
 lay,  
 And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!  
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.  
 But let him from my thoughts. What think  
 you, coz,  
 Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,  
 Which he in this adventure hath surprised,  
 To his own use he keeps; and sends me  
 word,  
 I shall have none but Mordake Earl of  
 Fife.  
*West.* This is his uncle's teaching; this is  
 Worcester,  
 Malevolent to you in all aspects;  
 Which makes him prune himself, and  
 bristle up )  
 The crest of youth against your dignity.  
*King.* But I have sent for him to answer  
 this;  
 And for this cause awhile we must neglect  
 Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.  
 Cousin, on Wednesday next our council  
 we  
 Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:  
 But come yourself with speed to us again;  
 For more is to be said and to be done  
 Than out of anger can be uttered.  
*West.* I will, my liege. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *London. An apartment of the  
 Prince's.*

*Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and FALSTAFF.*  
*Fal.* Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?  
*Prince.* Thou art so fat-witted, with  
 drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee  
 after supper and sleeping upon benches  
 after noon, that thou hast forgotten to de-  
 mand that truly which thou wouldst truly  
 know. What a devil hast thou to do with



the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons and clocks the tongues of bawds and dials the signs of leaping-houses and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colored taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as God save thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

*Prince.* What, none?

*Fal.* No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

*Prince.* Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

*Fal.* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

*Prince.* Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by' and spent with crying 'Bring in;' now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

*Fal.* By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

*Prince.* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

*Fal.* How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

*Prince.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

*Prince.* Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

*Fal.* No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

*Prince.* Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

*Prince.* No; thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

*Prince.* Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

*Fal.* Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

*Prince.* For obtaining of suits?

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

*Prince.* Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

*Prince.* What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

*Fal.* Thou hast the most unsavory similes and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

*Prince.* Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fal.* O, thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a

man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the Lord, and I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

*Prince.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

*Fal.* 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

*Prince.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

*Fal.* Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

*Enter POINS.*

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow, Ned.

*Poins.* Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

*Prince.* Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due.

*Poins.* Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

*Prince.* Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

*Poins.* But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be haunted.

*Fal.* Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

*Poins.* You will, chops?

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

*Fal.* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou daarest not stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

*Fal.* Why, that's well said.

*Prince.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

*Fal.* By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

*Prince.* I care not.

*Poins.* Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

*Prince.* Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallowen summer! [*Exit Falstaff.*]

*Poins.* Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid: yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

*Prince.* How shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Poins.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

*Prince.* Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

*Poins.* Tut! our horses they shall not see: I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce,

to immask our noted outward garments.

*Prince.* Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

*Poins.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

*Prince.* Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

*Poins.* Farewell, my lord. [Exit.

*Prince.* I know you all, and will awhile uphold

The yoked humor of your idleness:

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at;

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

So, when this loose behavior I throw off

And pay the debt I never promised,

By how much better than my word I am,

By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;

And like bright metal on a sullen ground,

My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,

Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes

Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;

Redeeming time when men think least I will. [Exit.

SCENE III. *London. The palace.*

*Enter the KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, with others.*

*King.* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,

Unapt to stir at these indignities,

And you have found me; for accordingly  
You tread upon my patience: but be sure  
I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;

Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,

And therefore lost that title of respect

Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves

The scourge of greatness to be used on it;  
And that same greatness too which our own hands

Have help to make so portly.

*North.* My lord,—

*King.* Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see

Danger and disobedience in thine eye:

O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,

And majesty might never yet endure

The moody frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us: when we need

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [Exit *Wor.*

You were about to speak. [To *North.*

*North.* Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,

Were, as he says, not with such strength denied

As is deliver'd to your majesty:

Either envy, therefore, or misprision

Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

*Hot.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,

Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;

He was perfumed like a milliner;  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose and took't away again;  
 Who therewith angry, when it next came  
 there,

Took it in snuff; and still he smiled and  
 talk'd,

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unman-  
 nerly,

To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms  
 He question'd me; amongst the rest, de-  
 manded

My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.

I then, all smarting with my wounds being  
 cold,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
 Out of my grief and my impatience,  
 Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,  
 He should or he should not; for he made  
 me mad

To see him shine so brisk and smell so  
 sweet

And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
 Of guns and drums and wounds,—God  
 save the mark!—

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on  
 earth

Was *parmaceti* for an inward bruise;  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had de-  
 stroy'd

So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.

This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,

I answer'd indirectly, as I said;

And I beseech you, let not his report

Come current for an accusation

Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good  
 my lord,

Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said

To such a person and in such a place,

At such a time, with all the rest retold,

May reasonably die and never rise

To do him wrong or any way impeach

What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*King.* Why, yet he doth deny his pris-  
 oners,

But with proviso and exception,  
 That we at our own charge shall ransom  
 straight

His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;  
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
 Against that great magician, damn'd Glen-  
 dower,

Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of  
 March

Hath lately married. Shall our coffers,  
 then,

Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?

Shall we buy treason? and indent with  
 fears,

When they have lost and forfeited them-  
 selves?

No, on the barren mountains let him  
 starve;

For I shall never hold that man my friend  
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny  
 cost

To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
 But by the chance of war; to prove that  
 true

Needs no more but one tongue for all  
 those wounds,

Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly  
 he took,

When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
 In single opposition, hand to hand,

He did confound the best part of an hour  
 In changing hardiment with great Glen-  
 dower:

Three times they breathed and three times  
 did they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;  
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody  
 looks,

Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank

Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.

Never did base and rotten policy

Color her working with such deadly  
 wounds;

Nor never could the noble Mortimer

Receive so many, and all willingly:

Then let not him be slander'd with revol-



*King.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou  
dost belie him;

He never did encounter with Glendower:  
I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone  
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, hence-  
forth

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:  
Send me your prisoners with the speediest  
means,

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
As will displease you. My Lord Northum-  
berland,

We license your departure with your son.  
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear  
of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.*]

*Hot.* An if the devil come and roar for  
them,

I will not send them: I will after straight  
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,  
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

*North.* What, drunk with choler? stay  
and pause awhile:

Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter WORCESTER.*

*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer!  
"Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my  
soul

Want mercy, if I do not join with him:  
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,  
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in  
the dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
As high in the air as this unthankful king,  
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

*North.* Brother, the king hath made your  
nephew mad.

*Wor.* Who struck this heat up after I  
was gone?

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my pris-  
oners;

And when I urged the ransom once again  
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd  
pale,

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him: was not he  
proclaim'd

By Richard that dead is the next of blood?

*North.* He was; I heard the proclamation:  
And then it was when the unhappy king,—

Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set  
forth

Upon his Irish expedition;  
From whence he intercepted did return  
To be deposed and shortly murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death we in the  
world's wide mouth

Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

*Hot.* But, soft, I pray you; did King  
Richard then

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer  
Heir to the crown?

*North.* He did; myself did hear it.

*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin  
king,

That wished him on the barren mountains  
starve.

But shall it be that you, that set the crown  
Upon the head of this forgetful man  
And for his sake wear the detested blot  
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,  
That you a world of curses undergo,  
Being the agents, or base second means,  
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman  
rather?

O, pardon me that I descend so low,  
To show the line and the predicament  
Wherein you range under this subtle king;  
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,  
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobility and power  
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,  
As both of you—God pardon it!—have  
done,

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely  
rose,

And plant this thorn, this canker, Boling-  
broke?

And shall it in more shame be further  
spoken,

That you are fool'd, discarded and shook  
off

By him for whom these shames ye under-  
went?

No; yet time serves wherein you may re-  
deem

Your banish'd honors and restore your-  
selves

Into the good thoughts of the world again,  
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd con-  
tempt

Of this proud king, who studies day and  
night

To answer all the debt he owes to you  
Even with the bloody payment of your  
deaths:

Therefore, I say,—

*Wor.* Peace, cousin, say no more:

And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,  
As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night! or sink or  
swim:

Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honor cross it from the north to south,  
And let them grapple: O, the blood more  
stirs

To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

*Hot.* By heaven, methinks it were an easy  
leap,

To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced  
moon,

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the  
ground,

And pluck up drowned honor by the locks;  
So he that doth redeem her thence might  
wear

Without corrival, all her dignities:

But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures  
here,

But not the form of what he should attend.  
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots  
That are your prisoners,—

*Hot.* I'll keep them all;  
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;  
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall  
not:

I'll keep them, by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away  
And lend no ear unto my purposes.

Those prisoners you shall keep.

*Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flat:

He said he would not ransom Mortimer;  
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'

Nay,

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him  
To keep his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Hear you, cousin; a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly defy,  
Save how to gall and pinch this Boling-  
broke:

And that same sword-and-buckler Prince  
of Wales,

But that I think his father loves him not  
And would be glad he met with some mis-  
chance,

I would have him poison'd with a pot of  
ale.

*Wor.* Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you  
When you are better temper'd to attend.

*North.* Why, what a wasp-stung and im-  
patient fool

Art thou to break into this woman's mood,  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine  
own!

*Hot.* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and  
scourged with rods,

Nettled and stung with pismires, when I  
hear

Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—what do you call the  
place?—

A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire;  
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle  
kept,

His uncle York; where I first bow'd my  
knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—  
'Sblood!—

When you and he came back from Ravens-  
purgh.

*North.* At Berkley-castle.

*Hot.* You say true:

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer  
me!

Look, 'when his infant fortune came to  
age,'

And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind  
cousin;'

O, the devil take such cozeners! God for-  
give me!

Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to it again;  
We will stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I have done, i' faith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,

And make the Douglas' son your only mean

For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assured,  
Will easily be granted. You, my lord,

[*To Northumberland.*]

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,  
The archbishop.

*Hot.* Of York, is it not?

*Wor.* True; who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord  
Scroop.

I speak not this in estimation,  
As what I think might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,  
And only stays but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it: upon my life, it will do  
well.

*North.* Before the game is afoot, thou still  
let'st slip.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a  
noble plot;

And then the power of Scotland and of  
York,

To join with Mortimer, ha?

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids us  
speed,

To save our heads by raising of a head;  
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,

The king will always think him in our debt,  
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,

Till he hath found a time to pay us home:  
And see already how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

*Hot.* He does, he does: we'll be revenged  
on him.

*Wor.* Cousin, farewell: no further go in  
this

Than I by letters shall direct your course.  
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,

I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;  
Where you and Douglas and our powers at  
once,

As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,  
To bear our fortunes in our own strong  
arms,

Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

*North.* Farewell, good brother: we shall  
thrive, I trust.

*Hot.* Uncle, adieu: O, let the hours be  
short

Till fields and blows and groans applaud  
our sport! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Rochester. An inn yard.*

*Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.*

*First Car.* Heigh-ho! an it be not four by  
the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is  
over the new chimney, and yet our horse  
not packed. What, ostler!

*Ost.* [*Within*] Anon, anon.

*First Car.* I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's sad-  
dle, put a few flocks in the point; poor jade,  
is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

*Enter another Carrier.*

*Sec. Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here  
as a dog, and that is the next way to give  
poor jades the bots: this house is turned  
upside down since Robin Ostler died.

*First Car.* Poor fellow, never joyed since  
the price of oats rose; it was the death of  
him.

*Sec. Car.* I think this be the most villan-  
ous house in all London road for fleas: I  
am stung like a tench.

*First Car.* Like a tench! by the mass,  
there is ne'er a king christen could be bet-  
ter bit than I have been since the first cock.

*Sec. Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a  
jordan, and then we leak in your chimney;  
and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a  
loach.

*First Car.* What, ostler! come away and  
be hanged! come away.

*Sec. Car.* I have a gammon of bacon and  
two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far  
as Charing-cross.

*First Car.* God's body! the turkeys in my  
pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A  
plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in  
thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as  
good deed as drink, to break the pate on

thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

*Enter GADSHILL.*

*Gads.* Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

*First Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

*Gads.* I pray thee lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

*First Car.* Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

*Gads.* I pray thee, lend me thine.

*Sec. Car.* Ay, when? can'st tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

*Gads.* Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

*Sec. Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbor Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. *[Exeunt carriers.]*

*Gads.* What, ho! chamberlain!

*Cham.* *[Within]* At hand, quoth pick-purse.

*Gads.* That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from laboring; thou layest the plot how.

*Enter Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter; they will away presently.

*Gads.* Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

*Cham.* No, I'll none of it: I pray thee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

*Gads.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou drest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some

grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot-land rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

*Cham.* What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

*Gads.* She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

*Gads.* Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

*Gads.* Go to; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II. *The highway, near Gadshill.*

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

*Poins.* Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

*Prince.* Stand close.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

*Prince.* Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

*Fal.* Where's Poins, Hal?

*Prince.* He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

*Fal.* I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I



'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal hath not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. Poin! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged! Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

*Enter GADSHILL, BARDOLPH and PETO with him.*

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poin and I will walk lower; if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

*[Exeunt Prince and Poin.*

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

*Enter the Travellers.*

First Trav. Come, neighbor: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travellers. Jesus bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them: fleece them.

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live, You are grand-jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, 'faith.

*[Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.]*

*Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

*Enter the Thieves again.*

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poin be not two arrant cowards,

there's no equity stirring: there's no more valor in that Pains than in a wild-duck.

*Prince.* Your money!

*Poins.* Villains!

*[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.]*

*Prince.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear

So strongly that they dare not meet each other;

Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along:

Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

*Poins.* How the rogue roar'd! *[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III. Warkworth castle.

*Enter HOTSPUR, solus, reading a letter.*

*Hot.* 'But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.' He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous;—why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's

fan. Is there not my father, my uncle and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honorable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward tonight.

*Enter LADY PERCY.*

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

*Lady.* O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure and thy golden sleep?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,

And start so often when thou sit'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;

And given my treasures and my rights of thee

To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?

In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,

And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars; Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;

Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd

Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets, Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin, Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain, And all the currents of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,

That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow

Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;  
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
 On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?  
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.  
*Hot.* What, ho!

*Enter Servant.*

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?  
*Serv.* He is, my lord, an hour ago.  
*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?  
*Serv.* One horse, my lord, he brought even now.  
*Hot.* What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?  
*Serv.* It is, my lord.  
*Hot.* That roan shall be my throne.  
 Well, I will back him straight: O espérance!  
 Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

*[Exit Servant.]*

*Lady.* But hear you, my lord.  
*Hot.* What say'st thou, my lady?  
*Lady.* What is it carries you away?  
*Hot.* Why, my horse, my love, my horse.  
*Lady.* Out, you mad-headed ape!  
 A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen  
 As you are toss'd with. In faith,  
 I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.  
 I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir  
 About his title, and hath sent for you  
 To line his enterprize: but if you go,—  
*Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.  
*Lady.* Come, come, you paraquito, answer me  
 Directly unto this question that I ask:  
 In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,  
 An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.  
*Hot.* Away,  
 Away, you trifter! Love! I love thee not,  
 I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world  
 To play with mamnets and to tilt with lips:  
 We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,  
 And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!  
 What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with me?

*Lady.* Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?  
 Well, do not then; for since you love me not,  
 I will not love myself. Do you not love me?  
 Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.  
*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride?  
 And when I am o' horseback, I will swear  
 I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;  
 I must not have you henceforth question me  
 Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts:  
 Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,  
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.  
 I know you wise, but yet no farther wise  
 Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,  
 But yet a woman: and for secrecy,  
 No lady closer; for I well believe  
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;  
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.  
*Lady.* How! so far?  
*Hot.* Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:  
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too;  
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.  
 Will this content you, Kate?  
*Lady.* It must of force. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.*

*Enter the PRINCE, and POINS.*

*Prince.* Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.  
*Poins.* Where hast been, Hal?  
*Prince.* With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet;

and when you breathe in your watering, they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than 'Eight shillings and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome,' with this shrill addition, 'Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling 'Francis,' that his tale to me may be nothing but 'Anon.' Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

*Poins.* Francis!

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poins.* Francis! [Exit *Poins.*

*Enter FRANCIS.*

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

*Prince.* Come hither, Francis.

*Fran.* My lord?

*Prince.* How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

*Fran.* Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

*Poins.* [Within] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Prince.* Five year! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

*Fran.* O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart.

*Poins.* [Within] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, sir.

*Prince.* How old art thou, Francis?

*Fran.* Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

*Poins.* [Within] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

*Prince.* Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

*Fran.* O Lord, I would it had been two!

*Prince.* I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

*Poins.* [Within] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon.

*Prince.* Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

*Fran.* My lord?

*Prince.* Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

*Fran.* O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

*Prince.* Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What, sir?

*Poins.* [Within] Francis!

*Prince.* Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [Exit *Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

*Prince.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [Exit *Vintner.*] *Poins!*

*Re-enter POINS.*

*Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Prince.* Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

*Poins.* As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

*Prince.* I am now of all humors that have showed themselves humors since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

*Re-enter FRANCIS.*

What's o'clock, Francis?

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

[Exit.]



*Prince.* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO; FRANCIS following with wine.*

*Poins.* Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

*Prince.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Fal.* You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Prince.* How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

*Fal.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

*Prince.* Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are not you a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

*Poins.* 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

*Prince.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

*Prince.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

*Prince.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

*Prince.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

*Prince.* Speak, sirs; how was it?

*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen—

*Fal.* Sixteen at least, my lord.

*Gads.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

*Gads.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*Prince.* What, fought you with them all?

*Fal.* All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I

am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

*Prince.* Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

*Prince.* What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Poins.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*Prince.* Seven? why, there were but four even now.

*Fal.* In buckram?

*Poins.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*Prince.* Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*Prince.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

*Prince.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,—

*Poins.* Down fell their hose.

*Fal.* Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

*Prince.* O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

*Fal.* But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prince.* These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whore-son, obscene, greasy tallow-catch,—

*Fal.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prince.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

*Poins.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*Prince.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

*Fal.* 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—

*Prince.* Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

*Poins.* Mark, Jack.

*Prince.* We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Poins.* Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter;

I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*Prince.* Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

*Enter Hostess.*

*Host.* O Jesu, my lord the prince!

*Prince.* How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

*Host.* Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

*Prince.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Host.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

*Prince.* Prithee, do, Jack.

*Fal.* 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.

*[Exit.]*

*Prince.* Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

*Bard.* 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*Prince.* 'Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

*Peto.* Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

*Prince.* O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast

blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bard.* My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*Prince.* I do.

*Bard.* What think you they portend?

*Prince.* Hot livers and cold purses.

*Bard.* Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

*Prince.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast!

How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

*Fal.* My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.

There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

*Poins.* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same: and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

*Prince.* He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

*Fal.* You have hit it.

*Prince.* So did he never the sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

*Prince.* Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

*Fal.* O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

*Prince.* Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

*Prince.* Why, then, it is like, if there



come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afraid? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prince.* Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

*Prince.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

*Prince.* Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyse's vein.

*Prince.* Well, here is my leg.

*Fal.* And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

*Host.* O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

*Fal.* Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

*Host.* O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

*Fal.* For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Host.* O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

*Fal.* Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the

faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*Prince.* What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

*Prince.* Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

*Prince.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand: judge, my masters.

*Prince.* Now, Harry, whence come you?

*Fal.* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

*Prince.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*Fal.* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.



*Prince.* Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

*Prince.* That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Fal.* My lord, the man I know.

*Prince.* I know thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

*Prince.* I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*]  
[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*]

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.*

*Bard.* O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.  
*Fal.* Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter the Hostess.*

*Host.* O Jesu, my lord, my lord!

*Prince.* Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

*Host.* The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

*Prince.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

*Prince.* Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

*Prince.* Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*]

*Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.*

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

*Prince.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well known, my gracious lord,

A gross fat man.

*Car.* As fat as butter.

*Prince.* The man, I do assure you, is not here;

For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charged withal: And so let me entreat you leave the house.

*Sher.* I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

*Prince.* It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble lord.

*Prince.* I think it is good morrow, is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

*Prince.* This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

*Peto.* Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

*Prince.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found?

*Peto.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*Prince.* Let's see what they be: read them.

*Peto.* [*Reads*] Item, A capon, . . . 2s. 2d.  
 Item, Sauce, . . . 4d.  
 Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.  
 Item, Anchovies and sack  
 after supper, . . . 2s. 6d.  
 Item, Bread, . . . ob.

*Prince.* O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honorable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto.

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.*

*Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.*

*Mort.* These promises are fair, the parties sure,

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hot.* Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,

Will you sit down?

And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it!

I have forgot the map.

*Glend.* No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur, For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with

A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

*Hot.* And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him: at my nativity

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

Of burning cressets; and at my birth

The frame and huge foundation of the earth

Shaked like a coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitteden, though yourself had never been born.

*Glend.* I say the earth did shake when I was born.

*Hot.* And I say the earth was not of my mind,

If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

*Glend.* The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

*Hot.* O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down

Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,

In passion shook.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again that at my birth

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;

And all the courses of my life do show

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea

That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?  
And bring him out that is but woman's son  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think there's no man speaks better  
Welsh. I'll to dinner.

*Mort.* Peace, cousin Percy; you will make  
him mad.

*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty  
deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I, or so can any man;  
But will they come when you do call for  
them?

*Glend.* Why, I can teach you, cousin, to  
command

The devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame  
the devil

By telling truth: tell truth and shame the  
devil.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him  
hither,

And I'll be sworn I have power to shame  
him hence.

O, while you live, tell truth and shame the  
devil!

*Mort.* Come, come, no more of this un-  
profitable chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath Henry Boling-  
broke made head

Against my power; thrice from the banks  
of Wye

And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent  
him

Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

*Hot.* Home without boots, and in foul  
weather too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

*Glend.* Come, here's the map: shall we  
divide our right

According to our threefold order ta'en?

*Mort.* The archdeacon hath divided it  
into three limits very equally:

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,  
by south and east is to my part assign'd:

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn  
shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to

you

The remnant northward, lying off from  
Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn;

Which being sealed interchangeably,  
A business that this night may execute,  
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I  
And my good Lord of Worcester will set  
forth

To meet your father and the Scottish  
power,

As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen  
days.

Within that space you may have drawn  
together

Your tenants, friends and neighboring gen-  
tlemen.

*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to  
you, lords:

And in my conduct shall your ladies come;  
From whom you now must steal and take  
no leave,

For there will be a world of water shed  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*Hot.* Methinks my moiety, north from  
Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours:

See how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land

A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.  
I'll have the current in this place damm'd

up;

And here the smug and silver Trent shall  
run

In a new channel, fair and evenly;  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

*Glend.* Not wind? it shall, it must; you  
see it doth.

*Mort.* Yea, but

Mark how he bears his course, and runs me  
up

With like advantage on the other side;  
Gelding the opposed continent as much

As on the other side it takes from you.

*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench  
him here

And on this north side win this cape of  
land;

And then he runs straight and even.

*Hot.* I'll have it so: a little charge will do  
it.

*Glend.* I'll not have it alter'd.

*Hot.* Will not you?

*Glend.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.*

Who shall say me nay?

*Glend.* Why, that will I.

*Hot.* Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.

*Glend.* I can speak English, lord, as well as you;

For I was train'd up in the English court;  
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp

Many an English ditty lovely well  
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

*Hot.* Marry,

And I am glad of it with all my heart:

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;

I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

Nothing so much as mincing poetry:  
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

*Glend.* Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

*Hot.* I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land

To any well-deserving friend;  
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

*Glend.* The moon shines fair; you may away by night:

I'll haste the writer and withal  
Break with your wives of your departure hence:

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

[*Exit.*]

*Mort.* Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

*Hot.* I cannot choose: sometime he angers me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,  
And of a dragon and a finless fish,

A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,  
A couching lion and a ramping cat,

And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what;

He held me last night at least nine hours  
In reckoning up the several devils' names

That were his lackeys: I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious

As a tired horse, a railing wife;  
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live

With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me

In any summer-house in Christendom.

*Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,  
Exceedingly well read, and profited

In strange concealments, valiant as a lion  
And wondrous affable and as bountiful

As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?  
He holds your temper in a high respect

And curbs himself even of his natural scope

When you come 'cross his humor; faith, he does:

I warrant you, that man is not alive

Might so have tempted him as you have done,

Without the taste of danger and reproof:  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;

And since your coming hither have done enough

To put him quite beside his patience.

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:

Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—

And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,

Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain:  
The least of which haunting a nobleman

Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain

Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

*Re-enter GLENDOWER with the ladies.*

*Mort.* This is the deadly spite that angers me;

My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.



*Glend.* My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;

She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

*Mort.* Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.]*

*Glend.* She is desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good upon.

*[The lady speaks in Welsh.]*

*Mort.* I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh

Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,

In such a parley should I answer thee.

*[The lady speaks again in Welsh.]*

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,

And that's a feeling disputation:

But I will never be a truant, love,

Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower, With ravishing division, to her lute.

*Glend.* Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

*[The lady speaks again in Welsh.]*

*Mort.* O, I am ignorance itself in this!

*Glend.* She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,

And she will sing the song that pleaseth you

And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,

Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,

Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep

As is the difference betwixt day and night

The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team

Begins his golden progress in the east.

*Mort.* With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:

By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

*Glend.* Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you

Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,

And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

*Hot.* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

*Lady P.* Go, ye giddy goose.

*[The music plays.]*

*Hot.* Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;

And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.

By'r lady, he is a good musician.

*Lady P.* Then should you be nothing but musical for you are altogether governed by humors. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

*Lady P.* Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*Lady P.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

*Lady P.* Now God help thee!

*Hot.* To the Welsh lady's bed.

*Lady P.* What's that?

*Hot.* Peace! she sings.

*[Here the lady sings a Welsh song.]*

*Hot.* Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

*Lady P.* Not mine, in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. 'Not you, in good sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall mend me,' and 'as sure as day,'

And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,

As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art, A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread, To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

*Lady P.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. *[Exit.]*

*Glend.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.  
By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal,  
And then to horse immediately.

*Mort.* With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *London. The palace.*

*Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES,  
and others.*

*King.* Lords, give us leave; the Prince of  
Wales and I  
Must have some private conference; but be  
near at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service I have done,  
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for  
me;

But thou dost in thy passages of life  
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of  
heaven

To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,  
Could such inordinate and low desires,  
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such  
mean attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood  
And hold their level with thy princely  
heart?

*Prince.* So please your majesty, I would I  
could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse  
As well as I am doubtless I can purge  
Myself of many I am charged withal:  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As, in reproof of many tales devised,  
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must  
hear,

By smiling pick-thanks and base news-  
mongers,

I may, for some things true, wherein my  
youth

Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission.

*King.* God pardon thee! yet let me won-  
der, Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.

Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,  
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,  
And art almost an alien to the hearts  
Of all the court and princes of my blood:  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man  
Prophetically doth forethink thy fall.  
Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession  
And left me in reputeless banishment,  
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;  
That men would tell their children 'This  
is he;'

Others would say 'Where, which is Bol-  
ingbroke?'

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
And dress'd myself in such humility  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's  
hearts,

Loud shouts and salutations from their  
mouths,

Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;  
My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my  
state,

Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast  
And won by rareness such solemnity.

The skipping king, he ambled up and  
down

With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,  
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his  
state,

Mingled his royalty with capering fools,  
Had his great name profaned with their  
scorns

And gave his countenance, against his  
name,

To laugh at gibing boys and stand the  
push

Of every beardless vain comparative,  
Grew a companion to the common streets,  
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;

That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
They surfeited with honey and began

To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof  
a little

More than a little is by much too much.  
 So when he had occasion to be seen,  
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
 Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such  
 eyes

As, sick and blunted with community,  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;  
 But rather drowzed and hung their eyelids  
 down,

Slept in his face and render'd such aspect  
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries,  
 Being with his presence glutted, gorged  
 and full.

And in that very line, Harry, standest  
 thou;

For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
 With vile participation: not an eye  
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
 Save mine, which hath desired to see thee  
 more;

Which now doth that I would not have it  
 do,

Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.  
*Prince.* I shall hereafter, my thrice graci-  
 cious lord,

Be more myself.

*King.* For all the world

As thou art to this hour was Richard then  
 When I from France set foot at Ravens-  
 purgh

And even as I was then is Percy now.  
 Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,  
 He hath more worthy interest to the state  
 Than thou the shadow of succession;  
 For of no right, nor color like to right,  
 He doth fill fields with harness in the  
 realm,

Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,  
 And, being no more in debt to years than  
 thou,

Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops  
 on

To bloody battles and to bruising arms.  
 What never-dying honor hath he got  
 Against renowned Douglas! whose high  
 deeds,

Whose hot incursions and great name in  
 arms

Holds from all soldiers chief majority  
 And military title capital

Through all the kingdoms that acknowl-  
 edge Christ:

Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swath-  
 ling clothes,

This infant warrior, in his enterprizes  
 Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,  
 Enlarged him and made a friend of him,  
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up  
 And shake the peace and safety of our  
 throne.

And what say you to this? Percy, North-  
 umberland,

The Archbishop's grace of York, Doug-  
 las, Mortimer,

Capitulate against us and are up.

But wherefore do I tell these news to  
 thee?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
 Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?  
 Thou that art like enough, through vassal  
 fear,

Base inclination and the start of spleen  
 To fight against me under Percy's pay,  
 To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,  
 To show how much thou art degenerate.  
*Prince.* Do not think so; you shall not  
 find it so:

And God forgive them that so much have  
 sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from  
 me!

I will redeem all this on Percy's head  
 And in the closing of some glorious day  
 Be bold to tell you that I am your son;  
 When I will wear a garment all of blood  
 And stain my favors in a bloody mask,  
 Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame  
 with it:

And that shall be the day, whene'er it  
 lights,

That this same child of honor and re-  
 nown,

This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised  
 knight,

And your unthought-of Harry chance to  
 meet.

For every honor sitting on his helm,  
 Would they were multitudes, and on my  
 head

My shames redoubled! for the time will  
 come,

That I shall make this northern youth ex-  
 change

His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;

And I will call him to so strict account,  
 That he shall render every glory up,  
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
 This, in the name of God, I promise here:  
 The which if He be pleased I shall perform,

I do beseech your majesty may salve  
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:

If not, the end of life cancels all bands;  
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths  
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*King.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this:

Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

*Enter BLUNT.*

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

*Blunt.* So hath the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word  
 That Douglas and the English rebels met  
 The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:

A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
 If promises be kept on every hand,  
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

*King.* The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;

With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;  
 For this advertisement is five days old:

On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;

On Thursday we ourselves will march:  
 our meeting

Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march

Through Gloucestershire; by which account,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence

Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.

Our hands are full of business: let's away;  
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

*Bard.* Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it: come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; dined not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

*Bard.* Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

*Bard.* Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

*Fal.* No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a memento mori: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be 'By this fire, that's God's angel:' but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus



or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

*Bard.* 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

*Fal.* God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

*Enter Hostess.*

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

*Host.* Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

*Host.* Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

*Host.* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it; let him pay.

*Host.* He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not

pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

*Host.* O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

*Fal.* How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

*Enter the PRINCE and PETO, marching, and FALSTAFF meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

*Host.* My lord, I pray you, hear me.

*Prince.* What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my lord, hear me.

*Fal.* Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

*Prince.* What sayest thou, Jack?

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

*Prince.* What didst thou lose, Jack?

*Fal.* Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

*Prince.* A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

*Prince.* What! he did not?

*Host.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

*Host.* Say, what thing? what thing?

*Fal.* What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

*Host.* I am no thing to thank God on,

I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knight-hood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

*Fal.* What beast! why, an otter.

*Prince.* An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

*Fal.* Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

*Host.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

*Prince.* Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

*Host.* So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

*Prince.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

*Host.* Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

*Fal.* Did I, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

*Fal.* Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

*Prince.* I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

*Prince.* And why not as the lion?

*Fal.* The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

*Prince.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it;

you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?

*Prince.* It appears so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

*Prince.* O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labor.

*Prince.* I am good friends with my father and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

*Prince.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

*Prince.* Bardolph!

*Bard.* My lord?

*Prince.* Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive

Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either we or they must lower lie.

[Exit.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess,  
my breakfast, come!

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!

[Exit.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas have,  
As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general current through the world.

By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy  
The tongues of soothers; but, a braver place

In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:

Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honor:  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground

But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.

*Enter a Messenger with letters.*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence

He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole

Ere he by sickness had been visited:

His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here, that inward sickness—  
And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul removed but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,  
That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is disposed to us;  
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possess'd  
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:

And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it: were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

It were not good; for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope,

The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;

Where now remains a sweet reversion:

We may boldly spend upon the hope of what

Is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

If that the devil and mischance look big

Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.

The quality and hair of our attempt

Brooks no division: it will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike  
Of our proceedings kept the earl from  
hence:

And think how such an apprehension  
May turn the tide of fearful faction  
And breed a kind of question in our  
cause;

For well you know we of the offering side  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,  
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from  
whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us:  
This absence of your father's draws a  
curtain,

That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You strain too far.  
I rather of his absence make this use:  
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to our great enterprise,  
Than if the earl were here; for men  
must think,

If we without his help can make a head  
To push against a kingdom, with his help  
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.  
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are  
whole.

*Doug.* As heart can think: there is not  
such a word

Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.  
*Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.*

*Hot.* My cousin Vernon, welcome, by  
my soul.

*Ver.* Pray God my news be worth a  
welcome, lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand  
strong,  
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince  
John.

*Hot.* No harm: what more?

*Ver.* And further, I have learn'd,  
The king himself in person is set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too. Where  
is his son,

The nimble-footed madcap Prince of  
Wales,

And his comrades, that daff'd the world  
aside,

And bid it pass?

*Ver.* All furnish'd, all in arms;

All plumed like estridges that with the  
wind

Baited like eagles having lately bathed;  
Glittering in golden coats, like images;  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;  
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young  
bulls.

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mer-  
cury,

And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the  
clouds,

To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus  
And witch the world with noble horse-  
manship.

*Hot.* No more, no more: worse than the  
sun in March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them  
come;

They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war  
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit  
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh  
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my  
horse,

Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt  
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:  
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down  
a corse.

O that Glendower were come!

*Ver.* There is more news.  
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteen  
days.

*Doug.* That's the worst tidings that I  
hear of yet.

*Wor.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a  
frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the king's whole battle  
reach unto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be:  
My father and Glendower being both  
away,

The powers of us may serve so great a  
day

Come, let us take a muster speedily:



Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

*Doug.* Talk not of dying: I am out of fear

Of death or death's hand for this one-half year. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *A public road near Coventry.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton Co'fil to-night.

*Bard.* Will you give me money, captain?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.

*Fal.* An if it do, take it for thy labor; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

*Bard.* I will, captain: farewell. *[Exit.]*

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and

husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter the PRINCE and WESTMORELAND.*

*Prince.* How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

*Fal.* What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

*West.* Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

*Fal.* Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

*Prince.* I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*Prince.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

*West.* Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

*Prince.* No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

*Fal.* What, is the king encamped?

*West.* He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

*Hot.* We'll fight with him to-night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You give him then advantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

*Ver.* Do not, my lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsel well:

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,

If well-respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle  
Which of us fears.

*Doug.* Yea, or to-night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To-night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labor tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy  
In general, journey-bated and brought low:

The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth ours:

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in. [*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

*Enter* SIR WALTER BLUNT.

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the king,

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well; and even those some

Envy your great deservings and good name,

Because you are not of our quality,

But stand against us like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend but still I should stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule

You stand against anointed majesty.

But to my charge. The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs, and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty. If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed

You shall have your desires with interest

And pardon absolute for yourself and these

Herein misled by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The king is kind; and well we know the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father and my uncle and myself

Did give him that same royalty he wears;

And when he was not six and twenty strong,

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,  
My father gave him welcome to the shore;  
And when he heard him swear and vow  
to God

He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery and beg his peace,  
With tears of innocency and terms of  
zeal,

My father, in kind heart and pity moved,  
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.  
Now when the lords and barons of the  
realm

Perceived Northumberland did lean to  
him,

The more and less came in with cap  
and knee;

Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their  
oaths,

Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd  
him

Even at the heels in golden multitudes.  
He presently, as greatness knows itself,  
Steps me a little higher than his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was  
poor,

Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;  
And now, forsooth, takes on him to re-  
form

Some certain edicts and some strait decrees  
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs; and by this  
face,

This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
The hearts of all that he did angle for;  
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads  
Of all the favorites that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personal in the Irish war.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.

*Hot.* Then to the point.  
In short time after, he deposed the king;  
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;  
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole  
state:

To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman  
March,

Who is, if every owner were well placed,  
Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,  
There without ransom to lie forfeited;  
Disgraced me in my happy victories,

Sought to entrap me by intelligence;  
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the  
court;

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on  
wrong,

And in conclusion drove us to seek out  
This head of safety; and withal to pry  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I return this answer to the  
king?

*Hot.* Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw  
awhile.

Go to the king; and let there be im-  
paw'n'd

Some surety for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall my uncle  
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of  
grace and love.

*Hot.* And may be so we shall.

*Blunt.* Pray God you do.  
[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. *York. The ARCHBISHOP's palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP of YORK and SIR  
MICHAEL.*

*Arch.* Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this  
sealed brief

With winged haste to the lord marshal;  
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest  
To whom they are directed. If you knew  
How much they do import, you would  
make haste.

*Sir M.* My good lord,  
I guess their tenor.

*Arch.* Like enough you do.  
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrews-  
bury,

As I am truly given to understand,  
The king with mighty and quick-raised  
power

Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir  
Michael,

What with the sickness of Northumber-  
land,

Whose power was in the first proportion,  
And what with Owen Glendower's ab-  
sence thence,

Who with them was a rated sinew too  
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophe-  
cies,

I fear the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king.

*Sir M.* Why, my good lord, you need  
not fear;

There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon,  
Lord Harry Percy,

And there is my Lord of Worcester and  
a head

Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is: but yet the king  
hath drawn

The special head of all the land together:

The Prince of Wales, Lord John of  
Lancaster,

The noble Westmoreland and warlike  
Blunt;

And many moe corrivals and dear men

Of estimation and command in arms.

*Sir M.* Doubt not, my lord, they shall  
be well opposed.

*Arch.* I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to  
fear;

And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael,  
speed:

For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king  
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,

For he hath heard of our confederacy,

And 'tis but wisdom to make strong  
against him:

Therefore make haste. I must go write  
again

To other friends; and so farewell, Sir  
Michael. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *The KING's camp near Shrews- bury.*

*Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD  
JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORE-  
LAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and FALSTAFF.*

*King.* How bloodily the sun begins to  
peer

Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale  
At his distemperature.

*Prince.* The southern wind

Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And by his hollow whistling in the  
leaves

Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

*King.* Then with the losers let it sym-  
pathize,

For nothing can seem foul to those that  
win. [*The trumpet sounds.*]

*Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis  
not well

That you and I should meet upon such  
terms

As now we meet. You have deceived our  
trust,

And made us doff our easy robes of peace,

To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:

This is not well, my lord, this is not well.

What say you to it? will you again  
unknit

This curlish knot of all-abhorred war?

And move in that obedient orb again

Where you did give a fair and natural  
light,

And be no more an exhaled meteor,

A prodigy of fear and a portent

Of broached mischief to the unborn  
times?

*Wor.* Hear me, my liege:

For mine own part, I could be well con-  
tent

To entertain the lag-end of my life

With quiet hours; for I do protest,

I have not sought the day of this dislike.

*King.* You have not sought it! how comes  
it, then?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he  
found it.

*Prince.* Peace, chewet, peace!

*Wor.* It pleased your majesty to turn  
your looks

Of favor from myself and all our house;

And yet I must remember you, my lord,

We were the first and dearest of your  
friends.

For you my staff of office did I break

In Richard's time; and posted day and  
night

To meet you on the way, and kiss your  
hand,

When yet you were in place and in ac-  
count

Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.



It was myself, my brother and his son,  
That brought you home and boldly did  
outdare

The dangers of the time. You swore to us,  
And you did swear that oath at Don-  
caster,

That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the  
state;

Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n  
right,

The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:  
To this we swore our aid. But in short  
space

It rain'd down fortune showering on your  
head;

And such a flood of greatness fell on  
you,

What with our help, what with the absent  
king,

What with the injuries of a wanton time,  
The seeming sufferances that you had  
borne,

And the contrarious winds that held the  
king

So long in his unlucky Irish wars  
That all in England did repute him dead:

And from this swarm of fair advantages  
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd

To gripe the general sway into your hand;  
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;

And being fed by us you used us so  
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,

Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;  
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk

That even our love durst not come near  
your sight

For fear of swallowing; but with nimble  
wing

We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly  
Out of your sight and raise this present  
head;

Whereby we stand opposed by such  
means

As you yourself have forged against your-  
self

By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
And violation of all faith and troth

Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

*King.* These things indeed you have  
articulate,

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in  
churches,

To face the garment of rebellion

With some fine color that may please  
the eye

Of fickle changelings and poor discon-  
tents,

Which gape and rub the elbow at the  
news

Of hurlyburly innovation:  
And never yet did insurrection want

Such water-colors to impaint his cause;  
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time

Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

*Prince.* In both your armies there is  
many a soul

Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
If once they join in trial. Tell your  
nephew,

The Prince of Wales doth join with all  
the world

In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,  
This present enterprise set off his head,

I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,

More daring or more bold, is now alive  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
I have a truant been to chivalry;

And so I hear he doth account me too;  
Yet this before my father's majesty—

I am content that he shall take the odds  
Of his great name and estimation,

And will, to save the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

*King.* And, Prince of Wales, so dare we  
venture thee,

Albeit considerations infinite  
Do make against it. No, good Worcester,

no,  
We love our people well; even those we  
love

That are misled upon your cousin's part;  
And, will they take the offer of our  
grace,

Both he and they and you, yea, every man:  
Shall be my friend again and I'll be his;

So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
What he will do: but if he will not yield,

Rebuke and dread correction wait on us  
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;

We will not now be troubled with reply:  
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.*]

*Prince.* It will not be accepted, on my  
life:

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together

Are confident against the world in arms.  
*King.* Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;

For, on their answer, will we set on them:  
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.*]

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

*Prince.* Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

*Fal.* I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

*Prince.* Why, thou owest God a death.

[*Exit.*]

*Fal.* 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honor? a word. What is in that word honor? what is that honor? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then. Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II. *The rebel camp.*

*Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

*Wor.* O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,

The liberal and kind offer of the king.

*Ver.* 'Twere best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all undone. It is not possible, it cannot be, The king should keep his word in loving us;

He will suspect us still and find a time To punish this offence in other faults:

Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;

For treason is but trusted like the fox,  
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,  
Interpretation will misquote our looks,  
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.  
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;  
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,

And an adopted name of privilege,  
A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:

All his offences live upon my head  
And on his father's; we did train him on,  
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,

In any case, the offer of the king.

*Ver.* Deliver what you will; I'll say 'tis so.

Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS.*

*Hot.* My uncle is return'd:  
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.

Uncle, what news?

*Wor.* The king will bid you battle presently.

*Doug.* Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

*Doug.* Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*]

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the king.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid!

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grievances,  
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,

By now forswearing that he is forsworn:  
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge

With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

*Re-enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,

And Westmoreland, that was engaged,  
did bear it;

Which cannot choose but bring him  
quickly on.

*Wor.* The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth  
before the king,

And, nephew, challenged you to single  
fight.

*Hot.* O, would the quarrel lay upon  
our heads,

And that no man might draw short  
breath to-day

But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me,  
tell me,

How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in  
contempt?

*Ver.* No, by my soul; I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man;  
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely  
tongue,

Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,  
Making you ever better than his praise  
By still dispraising praise valued with  
you;

And, which became him like a prince  
indeed,

He made a blushing cital of himself;  
And chid his truant youth with such a  
grace

As if he master'd there a double spirit  
Of teaching and of learning instantly.  
There did he pause: but let me tell the  
world,

If he outlive the envy of this day,  
England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

*Hot.* Cousin, I think thou art enamored  
On his follies: never did I hear  
Of any prince so wild a libertine.

But be he as he will, yet once ere night  
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.  
Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows,  
soldiers, friends,

Better consider what you have to do  
Than I, that have not well the gift of  
tongue,

Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, here are letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot read them now.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short!  
To spend that shortness basely were too  
long,

If life did ride upon a dial's point.  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

An if we live, we live to tread on kings;  
If die, brave death, when princes die with  
us!

Now, for our consciences, the arms are  
fair,

When the intent of bearing them is just.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, prepare; the king comes  
on apace.

*Hot.* I thank him, that he cuts me from  
my tale,

For I profess not talking; only this—  
Let each man do his best: and here draw I  
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain  
With the best blood that I can meet  
withal

In the adventure of this perilous day.  
Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.  
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,  
And by that music let us all embrace;  
For, heaven to earth, some of us never  
shall

A second time do such a courtesy.

*[The trumpets sound. They embrace,  
and exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *Plain between the camps.*

*The KING enters with his power. Alarum  
to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and  
SIR WALTER BLUNT.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in the  
battle thus

Thou crossest me? what honor dost thou  
seek

Upon my head?

*Doug.* Know then, my name is Douglas;  
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus  
Because some tell me that thou art a  
king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The Lord of Stafford dear to-  
day hath bought

Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King  
Harry,

This sword hath ended him: so shall it  
thee,

Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

*Blunt.* I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge

Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.*

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,

I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

*Doug.* All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

*Hot.* Where?

*Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;

Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

*Doug.* A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

*Hot.* The king hath many marching in his coats.

*Doug.* Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,

Until I meet the king.

*Hot.* Up, and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, solus.*

*Fal.* Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there's honor for you! here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

*Enter the PRINCE.*

*Prince.* What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee, lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

*Prince.* He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

*Prince.* Give it me: what, is it in the case?

*Fal.* Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. [*The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.*

*Prince.* What, is it a time to jest and dally now? [*He throws the bottle at him.*

[*Exit.*

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes unlooked for, and there's an end.

[*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter the KING, the PRINCE, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, and EARL OF WESTMORELAND.*

*King.* I prithee,

Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

*Lan.* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

*Prince.* I beseech your majesty, make up, Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

*King.* I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

*West.* Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

*Prince.* Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:



And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,

Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

*Lan.* We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*]

*Prince.* By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:  
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

*King.* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point

With lustrier maintenance than I did look for

Of such an ungrown warrior.

*Prince.* O, this boy lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*]

*Enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That wear those colors on them: what art thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

*King.* The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart

So many of his shadows thou hast met  
And not the very king. I have two boys

Seek Percy and thyself about the field:

But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

*Doug.* I fear thou art another counterfeit;

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:

But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,

And thus I win thee. [*They fight; the King being in danger, re-enter Prince of Wales.*]

*Prince.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Never to hold it up again! the spirits

Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;

Who never promiseth but he means to pay. [*They fight: Douglas flies.*]

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent,  
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

*King.* Stay, and breathe awhile:  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,  
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

*Prince.* O God! they did me too much injury

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.

If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you,  
Which would have been as speedy in your

end  
As all the poisonous potions in the world

And saved the treacherous labor of your son.

*King.* Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit.*]

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*Prince.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*Prince.* Why, then I see  
A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to God  
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

*Prince.* I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honors on thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*]

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Well said, Hal, to it, Hal! Nay, you

shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Re-enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.*

*Hot.* O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy, But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust.

And food for—

*[Dies.]*

*Prince.* For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit, A kingdom for it was too small a bound;

But now two paces of the vilest earth Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of zeal:

But let my favors hide thy mangled face;

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

*[He spieth Falstaff on the ground.]*

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spared a better man:

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity!

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:  
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

*[Exit.]*

*Fal.* *[Rising up]* Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah *[stabbing him]*, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. *[Takes up Hotspur on his back.]*

*Re-enter the PRINCE OF WALES and LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER.*

*Prince.* Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd  
Thy maiden sword.

*Lan.* But, soft! whom have we here? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prince.* I did; I saw him dead, Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?

Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?

I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy *[throwing the body down]*: if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*Prince.* Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

*Lan.* This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

*Prince.* This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.

Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.*]

*Fal.* I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE V. Another part of the field.

*The trumpets sound. Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, with WORCESTER and VERNON prisoners.*

*King.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.

Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,

Pardon and terms of love to all of you?

And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?

Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust? Three knights upon our party slain to-day,

A noble earl and many a creature else Had been alive this hour,

If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I have done my safety urged me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

*King.* Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*]

How goes the field?

*Prince.* The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

The noble Percy slain, and all his men Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest; And falling from a hill, he was so bruised That the pursuers took him. At my tent The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace I may dispose of him.

*King.* With all my heart.

*Prince.* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you

This honorable bounty shall belong:

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:

His valor shown upon our crests to-day Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

*Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courtesy,

Which I shall give away immediately.

*King.* Then this remains, that we divide our power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland

Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,

To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway, Meeting the check of such another day: And since this business so fair is done, Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*]

# AS YOU LIKE IT

Written about 1599.

## INTRODUCTION

*As You Like It* was entered on the Stationers' register together with *Henry V.*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, "to be staied," i.e. not printed; the date is August 4, but the year is not mentioned. The previous entry is dated May 27, 1600, and as the other plays were printed in 1600 and 1601, we infer that the August was that of the year 1600. The comedy is not mentioned by Meres. A line, "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?" is quoted (Act III., Sc. v.) from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which was published in 1598. We may set down the following year, 1599, as the probable date of the creation of this charming comedy. The story is taken from Thomas Lodge's prose tale, *Rosalynde, Euphues Golden Legacie*, first printed in 1590, and a passage in Lodge's dedication probably suggested to Shakespeare the name of his play. Lodge, who wrote this tale on his voyage to the Canaries, founded it in part on the *Cook's Tale of Gamelyn*, wrongly ascribed to Chaucer, and inserted in some editions as one of the *Canterbury Tales*. In parts of his work the dramatist follows the story-teller closely, but there are some important differences. The heroic names Orlando, Oliver, and Sir Rowland are due to Shakespeare. It was a thought of Shakespeare to make the rightful and usurping dukes, as in *The Tempest*, brothers. In Lodge's novel the girl-friends pass in the forest for lady and page, in Shakespeare for brother and sister. Shakespeare omits the incident of Aliena's rescue from robbers by her future husband; love at first sight was natural in Arden, but a band of robbers would have marred the tranquillity of the scene. To Shakespeare we owe the creation of the characters of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey. Written perhaps immediately after *Henry V.*, the play presents a striking contrast with that high-pitched historical drama. It is as if Shakespeare's imagination craved repose and refreshment after the life of courts and camps. We are still on French soil, but instead of the sound of the shock of battle at Agincourt, we hear the waving forest boughs, and the forest streams of Arden, where "they fleet the time carelessly as they did in the Golden World." There is an open-air feeling about this play, as there is about *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; but in *The Merry Wives* all the surroundings are English and real; here they belong to a land of romance. For the Renaissance, that age of vast energy, national enterprise, religious strife, and court intrigue, pastoral or idyllic poetry possessed a peculiar charm; the quiet and innocence of a poetical Arcadia was a solace to a life of highly-wrought ambition and aspiration. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," moralizes the banished Duke, and external, material adversity has come to him, to Rosalind, and to Orlando; but if fortune is harsh, nature—both external nature and human character—is sound and sweet, and of real suffering there is none in the play. All that is evil remains in the society which the denizens of the forest have left behind; and both seriously, in the characters of the usurping Duke and Oliver, and playfully, through Touchstone's mockery of court follies, a criticism on what is evil and artificial in society is suggested in contrast with the woodland life. Yet Shakespeare never falls into the conventional, pastoral manner. Orlando is an ideal of youthful strength, beauty, and noble innocence of heart; and Rosalind's bright, tender womanhood seems but to grow more exquisitely feminine in the male attire which she has assumed in self-defence. Her feelings are almost as quick and fine as those of Imogen (she has not, like Imogen, known fear and sorrow), and she uses her wit and bright play of intellect as a protection against her own eager and vivid emotions. Possessed of a delighted consciousness of power to confer happiness, she can dally with disguises, and make what is most serious to her at the same time possess the charm of an exquisite frolic. The melancholy Jaques is a sentimentalist and in some degree a superficial cynic, but he is not a bad-hearted egoist, like Don John; he is a per-



fectly idle seeker for new sensations and an observer of his own feelings; he is weary of all he has found, and especially professes to despise the artificial society, which yet he never really escapes from as the others do. His wisdom is half foolery, as Touchstone's foolery is half wisdom. Touchstone is the daintiest fool of the comedies, and in comparing him with the clowns of *The Comedy of Errors* or *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, we perceive how Shakespeare's humor has grown in refinement.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, living in banishment.

FREDERICK, his brother, an usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS, } lords attending on the ban-  
JAQUES, } ished duke.

ADAM, } servants to Oliver.  
DENNIS, }

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.

CORIN, } shepherds.  
SILVIUS, }

WILLIAM, a country fellow in love with Audrey.

A person representing Hymen

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

OLIVER, }  
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.  
ORLANDO, }

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, Pages, and Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Orchard of OLIVER's house.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Orl.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in

him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oli.* Now, sir! what make you here?

*Orl.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir?

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir?

*Orl.* O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

*Orl.* Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

*Oli.* What, boy!

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orl.* I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

*Adam.* Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*Adam.* Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow

upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

*Enter DENNIS.*

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.

*Oli.* Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

*Cha.* O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live?

*Cha.* They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

*Cha.* Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to

foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practice against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so God keep your worship!

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Lawn before the Duke's palace.*

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

*Cel.* Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

*Ros.* What shall be our sport, then?

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in

gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE.*

*Cel.* No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

*Ros.* Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

*Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes and swore by his honor the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*Cel.* Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

*Touch.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

*Cel.* My father's love is enough to honor him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

*Touch.* The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-crammed.

*Cel.* All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

*Enter LE BEAU.*

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

*Le Beau.* Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport! of what color?

*Le Beau.* What color, madam! how shall I answer you?

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will.

*Touch.* Or as the Destinies decree.

*Cel.* Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

*Ros.* Thou lovest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

*Ros.* You tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man and his three sons,—

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

*Ros.* With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second,



and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

*Ros.* Alas!

*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

*Le Beau.* You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

*Cel.* Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish.* Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS,

ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

*Duke F.* Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam.

*Cel.* Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

*Duke F.* How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

*Ros.* Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

*Duke F.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

*Duke F.* Do so: I'll not be by.

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

*Orl.* I attend them with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

*Orl.* No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are

too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that was willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you!

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orl.* Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[*They wrestle.*]

*Ros.* O excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell you who should down.

[*Shout. Charles is thrown.*]

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

*Duke F.* I would thou hadst been son to some man else:

The world esteem'd thy father honorable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleased me  
with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.  
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.*]

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,

His youngest son; and would not change  
that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*Ros.* My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was of my father's mind:

Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,

Ere he should thus have ventured.

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him:

My father's rough and envious disposition  
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:

If you do keep your promises in love

But justly, as you have exceeded all  
promise,

Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman,  
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]

Wear this for me, one out of suits with  
fortune,

That could give more, but that her hand  
lacks means.

Shall we go, coz?

*Cel.* Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

*Orl.* Can I not say, I thank you? My  
better parts

Are all thrown down, and that which here  
stands up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

*Ros.* He calls us back: my pride fell with  
my fortunes;

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call,  
sir?

Sir, you have wrestled well and over-  
thrown

More than your enemies.

*Cel.* Will you go, coz?

*Ros.* Have with you. Fare you well.  
[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

*Orl.* What passion hangs these weights  
upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged con-  
ference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Or Charles or something weaker masters  
thee.

*Re-enter LE BEAU.*

*Le Beau.* Good sir, I do in friendship  
counsel you

To leave this place. Albeit you have de-  
served

High commendation, true applause and  
love,

Yet such is now the duke's condition

That he misconstrues all that you have  
done.

The duke is humorous; what he is indeed,  
More suits you to conceive than I to  
speak of.

*Orl.* I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell  
me this;

Which of the two was daughter of the  
duke

That here was at the wrestling?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we  
judge by manners;

But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter:

The other is daughter to the banish'd  
duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,  
To keep his daughter company; whose  
loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sis-  
ters.

But I can tell you that of late this duke

Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,

Grounded upon no other argument

But that the people praise her for her virtues

And pity her for her good father's sake;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady

Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:

Hereafter, in a better world than this,

I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you: fare you well. [*Exit Le Beau.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;

From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:

But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III. *A room in the palace.*

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

*Cel.* Why, cousin! why, Rosalind!

Cupid have mercy! not a word?

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

*Ros.* Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father?

*Ros.* No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ros.* I would try, if I could cry 'hem' and have him.

*Cel.* Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

*Ros.* O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

*Cel.* O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on

such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

*Ros.* The duke my father loved his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

*Ros.* No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

*Ros.* Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.*

*Duke F.* Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste

And get you from our court.

*Ros.* Me, uncle?

*Duke F.* You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found

So near our public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.

*Ros.* I do beseech your grace,

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:

If with myself I hold intelligence

Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,

If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—

As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,

Never so much as in a thought unborn

Did I offend your highness.

*Duke F.* Thus do all traitors:

If their purgation did consist in words,

They are as innocent as grace itself:

Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

*Duke F.* Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

*Ros.* So was I when your highness took his dukedom;

So was I when your highness banish'd him:

Treason is not inherited, my lord;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me? my father was no traitor;

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much

To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke F.* Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,

Else had she with her father ranged along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay;

It was your pleasure and your own remorse:

I was too young that time to value her;

But now I know her: if she be a traitor,

Why so am I; we still have slept together, Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,

Still we went coupl'd and inseparable.

*Duke F.* She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,

Her very silence and her patience

Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;

And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:

Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:

I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke F.* You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:

If you outstay the time, upon mine honor, And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

*Cel.* O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

*Ros.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not, cousin;

Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke

Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:

Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?

No: let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,

Whither to go and what to bear with us; And do not seek to take your change upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us, Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire

And with a kind of umber smirch my face;

The like do you: so shall we pass along And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall, That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,

As many other mannish cowards have

That do outface it with their semblances.

*Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

*Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;

And therefore look you call me Gany-mede.

But what will you be call'd?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state



No longer Celia, but Aliena.

*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal

The clownish fool out of your father's court?

Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,  
And get our jewels and our wealth together,

Devise the fittest time and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight. Now go we in content  
To liberty and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and two or three Lords, like foresters.*

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods

More free from peril than the envious court?

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,

Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say

'This is no flattery: these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'  
Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And this our life exempt from public haunt

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

Sermons in stones and good in every thing.

I would not change it.

*Ami.* Happy is your grace,

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune

Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?

And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,  
Being native burghers of this desert city,  
Should in their own confines with forked heads

Have their round haunches gored.

*First Lord.* Indeed, my lord,

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,  
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp

Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.

To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself  
Did steal behind him as he lay along  
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out

Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:

To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,

That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,

Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,

The wretched animal heaved forth such groans

That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat

Almost to bursting, and the big round tears

Coursed one another down his innocent nose

In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,

Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.* But what said Jaques? Did he not moralize this spectacle?

*First Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping into the needless stream;

'Poor deer,' quoth he 'thou makest a testament

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much:' then, being there alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,

'Tis right:' quoth he 'thus misery doth  
part  
The flux of company:' anon a careless  
herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him  
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,'  
quoth Jaques,  
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;  
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you  
look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt  
there?'

Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's  
worse,

To fright the animals and to kill them up  
In their assign'd and native dwelling-  
place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this  
contemplation?

*Sec. Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and  
commenting

Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place:  
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

*First Lord.* I'll bring you to him  
straight. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II. A room in the palace.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.*

*Duke F.* Can it be possible that no man  
saw them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

*First Lord.* I cannot hear of any that  
did see her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early  
They found the bed untreasured of their  
mistress.

*Sec. Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown,  
at whom so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also  
missing.

Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,  
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard  
Your daughter and her cousin much com-  
mend

The parts and graces of the wrestler

That did but lately foil the sinewy  
Charles;

And she believes, wherever they are gone,  
That youth is surely in their company.

*Duke F.* Send to his brother; fetch that  
gallant hither;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me  
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly  
And let not search and inquisition quail  
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE III. Before OLIVER's house.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there?

*Adam.* What, my young master? O my  
gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory  
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make  
you here?

Why are you virtuous? why do people  
love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong and  
valiant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome  
The bonny priser of the humorous duke?  
Your praise is come too swiftly home be-  
fore you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of  
men

Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle

master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
O, what a world is this, when what is  
comely

Envenoms him that bears it!

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?

*Adam.* O unhappy youth!  
Come not within these doors; within this  
roof

The enemy of all your graces lives:  
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the  
son—

Yet not the son, I will not call him son  
Of him I was about to call his father—  
Hath heard your praises, and this night he  
means

To burn the lodging where you used to  
lie

And you within it: if he fail of that,  
He will have other means to cut you off.  
I overheard him and his practices.

This is no place; this house is but a butchery:

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.

*Orl.* What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce

A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the malice  
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,

Which I did store to be my foster-nurse  
When service should in my old limbs lie

lame

And unregarded age in corners thrown:

Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;

And all this I give you. Let me be your servant:

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you

I'll do the service of a younger man

In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* O good old man, how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,

When service sweat for duty, not for meed!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat but for promotion,

And having that, do choke their service up

Even with the having: it is not so with thee.

But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,

That cannot so much as a blossom yield

In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry

But come thy ways; we'll go along together,

And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,

We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on, and I will follow thee,

To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

From seventeen years till now almost fourscore

Here lived I, but now live here no more.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;

But at fourscore it is too late a week:

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
Than to die well and not my master's

debtor. *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA, and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore courage, good Aliena!

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

*Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.*

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

*Cor.* I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,

Though in thy youth thou wast as a true lover

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:  
But if thy love were ever like to mine—

As sure I think did never man love so—  
How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not broke from company  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! *[Exit.]*

*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

*Touch.* And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

*Ros.* Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

*Ros.* Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion Is much upon my fashion.

*Touch.* And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond man

If he for gold will give us any food:  
I faint almost to death.

*Touch.* Holla, you clown.

*Ros.* Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched

*Ros.* Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold

Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves  
and feed:

Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd

And faints for succor.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her

And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,

My fortunes were more able to relieve her;

But I am shepherd to another man

And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:

My master is of churlish disposition

And little recks to find the way to heaven

By doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed

Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,

By reason of his absence, there is nothing

That you will feed on; but what is, come see,

And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing.

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,



And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.  
*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages. I like  
 this place,  
 And willingly could waste my time in it.  
*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold  
 Go with me: if you like upon report  
 The soil, the profit and this kind of life,  
 I will your very faithful feeder be  
 And buy it with your gold right suddenly.  
*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *The Forest.*

*Enter AMIENS, JAKUES, and others.*  
 SONG.

*Ami.* Under the greenwood tree  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And turn his merry note  
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* More, more, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* I thank it. More, I prithee, more.  
 I can suck melancholy out of a song, as  
 a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me; I  
 do desire you to sing. Come, more; another  
 stanza: call you 'em stanzas?

*Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names; they  
 owe me nothing. Will you sing?

*Ami.* More at your request than to please myself.

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man,  
 I'll thank you; but that they call compliment  
 is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and  
 when a man thanks me heartily, methinks  
 I have given him a penny and he renders me  
 the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that  
 will not, hold your tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover  
 the while; the duke will drink under this  
 tree. He hath been all this day to look  
 you.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to  
 avoid him. He is too disputable for my

company: I think of as many matters as  
 he, but I give heaven thanks and make no  
 boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun

*[All together here.]*

And loves to live i' the sun,

Seeking the food he eats

And pleased with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither:

Here shall he see

No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note that  
 I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it,

*Jaq.* Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass

That any man turn ass,

Leaving his wealth and ease,

A stubborn will to please,

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:

Here shall he see

Gross fools as he,

An if he will come to me.

*Ami.* What's that 'ducdame'?

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call  
 fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if  
 I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born  
 of Egypt.

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the duke: his  
 banquet is prepared. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE VI. *The forest.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further:  
 O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and  
 measure out my grave. Farewell, kind  
 master.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam! no greater  
 heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a  
 little; cheer thyself a little. If this un-  
 couth forest yield any thing savage, I will  
 either be food for it or bring it for food  
 to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than  
 thy powers. For my sake be comfortable;  
 hold death awhile at the arm's end: I  
 will here be with thee presently; and if I  
 bring thee not something to eat, I will  
 give thee leave to die: but if thou diest  
 before I come, thou art a mocker of my  
 labor. Well said! thou lookest cheerly,

and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The forest.*

*A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and Lords like outlaws.*

*Duke S.* I think he be transform'd into a beast;

For I can no where find him like a man.

*First Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence:

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

*Duke S.* If he, compact of jars, grow musical,

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.

Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

*Enter JAQUES.*

*First Lord.* He saves my labor by his own approach.

*Duke S.* Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company?

What, you look merrily!

*Jaq.* A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,

A motley fool; a miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms and yet a motley fool. 'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,'

quoth he,

'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'

And then he drew a dial from his poke,

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye, Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:

Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time, My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, That fools should be so deep-contemplative,

And I did laugh sans intermission

An hour by his dial. O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

*Duke S.* What fool is this?

*Jaq.* O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,

They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit After a voyage, he hath strange places

cramm'd

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only suit. Provided that you weed your better judgments

Of all opinion that grows rank in them

That I am wise. I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;

And they that are most galled with my folly,

They must must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?

The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:

He that a fool doth very wisely hit

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,

Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,

The wise man's folly is anatomized

Even by the squandering glances of the fool.

Invest me in my motley; give me leave

To speak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,

If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*Duke S.* Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

*Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do but good?

*Duke S.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;  
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,

That thou with license of free foot hast caught,

Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any private party?  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
Till that the weary very means do ebb?  
What woman in the city do I name,  
When that I say the city-woman bears  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in and say that I mean her,

When such a one as she such is her neighbor?

Or what is he of basest function  
That says his bravery is not of my cost,  
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,

Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,

Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

*Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more.

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of?

*Duke S.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred  
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:

He dies that touches any of this fruit  
Till I and my affairs are answered.

*Jaq.* An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

*Duke S.* What would you have? Your gentleness shall force  
More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food; and let me have it.

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here;

And therefore put I on the countenance  
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are

That in this desert inaccessible,  
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;

If ever you have look'd on better days,  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

If ever sat at any good man's feast,  
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear  
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:  
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

*Duke S.* True is it that we have seen better days,

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church

And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;  
And therefore sit you down in gentleness  
And take upon command what help we have

That to your wanting may be minister'd.

*Orl.* Then but forbear your food a little while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn  
And give it food. There is an old poor man,

Who after me hath many a weary step  
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first  
sufficed,

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and  
hunger,

I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go find him out,  
And we will nothing waste till you re-  
turn.

*Orl.* I thank ye; and be blest for your  
good comfort! [Exit.

*Duke S.* Thou seest we are not all alone  
unhappy:

This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the  
scene

Wherein we play in.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely  
players:

They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many  
parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first the in-  
fant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
And then the whining school-boy, with  
his satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like  
snail

Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a  
soldier,

Full of strange oaths and bearded like the  
pard,

Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in  
quarrel,

Seeking the bubble reputation

Even in the cannon's mouth. And then  
the justice,

In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age  
shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloen,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on  
side,

His youthful hose, well saved, a world  
too wide

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly  
voice,

Turning again toward childish treble,  
pipes

And whistles in his sound. Last scene of  
all,

That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every  
thing.

*Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.*

*Duke S.* Welcome. Set down your ven-  
erable burthen,

And let him feed.

*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need:  
I scarce can speak to thank you for my-  
self.

*Duke S.* Welcome; fall to: I will not  
trouble you

As yet, to question you about your for-  
tunes.

Give us some music; and, good cousin,  
sing.

SONG.

*Ami.* Blow, blow, thou winter wind.

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green  
holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving  
mere folly:

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

*Duke S.* If that you were the good Sir  
Rowland's son,

As you have whisper'd faithfully you  
were,

And as mine eye doth his effigies witness

Most truly limn'd and living in your face,

Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke

That loved your father: the residue of  
your fortune,

Go to my cave and tell me. Good old  
man,



Thou art right welcome as thy master is.  
Support him by the arm. Give me your  
hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the palace.*

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and OLIVER.*

*Duke F.* Not see him since? Sir, sir, that  
cannot be:

But were I not the better part made  
mercy,

I should not seek an absent argument  
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to  
it:

Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;  
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or  
living

Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou  
no more

To seek a living in our territory.

Thy lands and all things that thou dost  
call thine

Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,  
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's  
mouth

Of what we think against thee.

*Oli.* O that your highness knew my heart  
in this!

I never loved my brother in my life.

*Duke F.* More villain thou. Well, push  
him out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature

Make an extent upon his house and lands:  
Do this expediently and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The forest.*

*Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.*

*Orl.* Hang there, my verse, in witness of  
my love:

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of  
night, survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere  
above,

Thy huntress' name that my full life  
doth sway.

O Rosalind; these trees shall be my books  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll  
character;

That every eye which in this forest looks  
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every  
where.

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree  
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she.  
[*Exit.*]

*Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's  
life, Master Touchstone?

*Touch.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of it-  
self, it is a good life; but in respect that it  
is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect  
that it is solitary, I like it very well; but  
in respect that it is private, it is a very  
vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields,  
it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is  
not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a  
spare life, look you, it fits my humor well;  
but as there is no more plenty in it, it  
goes much against my stomach. Hast any  
philosophy in thee, shepherd?

*Cor.* No more but that I know the more  
one sickens the worse at ease he is; and  
that he that wants money, means and  
content is without three good friends;  
that the property of rain is to wet and  
fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat  
sheep, and that a great cause of the night  
is lack of the sun; that he that hath  
learned no wit by nature nor art may  
complain of good breeding or comes of  
a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philoso-  
pher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art damned.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope.

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damned like an  
ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at court? Your  
reason.

*Touch.* Why, if thou never wast at  
court, thou never sawest good manners;  
if thou never sawest good manners, then  
thy manners must be wicked; and wicked-  
ness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou  
art in a parlous state, shepherd.

*Cor.* Not a whit, Touchstone: those that  
are good manners at the court are as  
ridiculous in the country as the behavior  
of the country is most mockable at the  
court. You told me you salute not at the  
court, but you kiss your hands: that

courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

*Touch.* Instance, briefly; come, instance.

*Cor.* Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

*Touch.* Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep: and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*Touch.* Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

*Touch.* Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

*Touch.* That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

*Cor.* Here comes young Master Gany-mede, my new mistress's brother.

*Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading.*

*Ros.* From the east to western Ind,

No jewel is like Rosalind.

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,

Through all the world bears Rosalind.

All the pictures fairest lined  
Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no fair be kept in mind  
But the fair of Rosalind.

*Touch.* I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

*Ros.* Out, fool!

*Touch.* For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.

If the cat will after kind,  
So be sure will Rosalind.

Winter garments must be lined,  
So must slender Rosalind.

They that reap must sheaf and bind;  
Then to cart with Rosalind.

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,  
Such a nut is Rosalind.

He that sweetest rose will find

Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

*Ros.* Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

*Touch.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*Touch.* You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

*Enter CELIA, with a writing.*

*Ros.* Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

*Cel.* [Reads]

Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No:

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil saying show:

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age;

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write,

Teaching all that read to know  
The quintessence of every sprite  
Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charged

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide-enlarged:

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,

Cleopatra's majesty,

Atalanta's better part,

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synod was devised,

Of many faces, eyes and hearts,

To have the touches dearest prized.

Heaven would that she these gifts  
should have,

And I to live and die her slave.

*Ros.* O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried 'Have patience, good people!'

*Cel.* How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*]

*Cel.* Didst thou hear these verses?

*Ros.* O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

*Cel.* That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

*Cel.* But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Trow you who hath done this?

*Ros.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

*Ros.* I prithee, who?

*Cel.* O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ros.* Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

*Ros.* Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Ros.* Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

*Ros.* Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

*Cel.* I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

*Ros.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando.

*Ros.* Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes him here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and

no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

*Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

*Ros.* It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

*Ros.* O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

*Cel.* You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

*Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.*

*Ros.* 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

*Orl.* And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name?

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of?

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers.

Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

*Orl.* Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have is to be in love.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There I shall see mine own figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*]

*Ros.* [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him, like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

*Orl.* Very well: what would you?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't o'clock?

*Orl.* You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

*Ros.* By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I prithee, who doth he trot withal.

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is



so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain, the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury; these Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation, for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place?

*Ros.* As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

*Ros.* There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I prithee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth,

deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and sunken, which you have not, an unquestionable spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at

which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? *[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III. *The forest.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JACQUES behind.*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

*Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features!

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

*Jaq. [Aside]* O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

*Touch.* I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou were a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

*Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

*Jaq. [Aside]* A material fool!

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! slutishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

*Jaq. [Aside]* I would fain see this meeting.

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by

so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

*Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.*

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq.* [*Advancing*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good Master Whatye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp.

*Touch.* [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey.*

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV. *The forest.*

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* Never talk to me; I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling color.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

*Ros.* I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

*Cel.* An excellent color: your chestnut was ever the only color.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so?

*Cel.* Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was.

*Cel.* 'Was' is not 'is:' besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confinner of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

*Ros.* I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man! he writes

brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

*Enter CORIN.*

*Cor.* Mistress and master, you have oft inquired

After the shepherd that complain'd of love,

Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd,

Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,

Go hence a little and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O, come, let us remove: The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. Bring us to this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;

Say that you love me not, but say not so In bitterness. The common executioner, Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck But first begs pardon: will you sterner be Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner:

I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,

That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies, Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;

Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,

The cicatrice and capable impressure

Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes That can do hurt.

*Sil.* O dear Phebe,

If ever,—as that ever may be near,—

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,

Then shall you know the wounds invisible

That love's keen arrows make.

*Phe.*

But till that time

Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;

As till that time I shall not pity thee.

*Ros.* And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once, Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—

As, by my faith, I see no more in you

Than without candle may go dark to bed—

Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary

Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,

I think she means to tangle my eyes too!

No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:

'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,



Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,

Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?

You are a thousand times a properer man  
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you  
That makes the world full of ill-favor'd children:

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;

And out of you she sees herself more proper

Than any of her lineaments can show her.  
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:

Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with your foulness and she'll fall in love with my anger.

If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,

For I am falser than vows made in wine:  
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.

Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.

Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,

And be not proud: though all the world could see,

None could be so abused in sight as he.

Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*]

*Phe.* Dear shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,

'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe,—

*Phe.* Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:  
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love your sorrow and my grief  
Were both extermined.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love: is not that neighborly?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.  
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,  
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:  
But do not look for further recompense  
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*Sil.* So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st now the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft;

And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds

That the old carlot once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him;

'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;  
But what care I for words? yet words do well

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:

But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride  
becomes him:

He'll make a proper man: the best thing  
in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his  
tongue

Did make offence his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's  
tall:

His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip.

A little riper and more lusty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just  
the difference

Between the constant red and mingled  
damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they  
mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him; but, for my  
part,

I love him not nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to  
love him:

For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black and my  
hair black:

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at  
me:

I marvel why I answer'd not again:

But that's all one; omittance is no quit-  
tance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight;

The matter's in my head and in my heart:

I will be bitter with him and passing  
short.

Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *The forest.*

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAUQUES.*

*Jaq.* I prithee, pretty youth, let me be  
better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy  
fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so; I do love it better than  
laughing.

*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of  
either are abominable fellows and betray  
themselves to every modern censure  
worse than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say  
nothing.

*Ros.* Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melan-  
choly, which is emulation, nor the mu-  
sician's, which is fantastical, nor the cour-  
tier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's,  
which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's,  
which is politic, nor the lady's, which is  
nice, nor the lover's, which is all these:  
but it is a melancholy of mine own, com-  
pounded of many simples, extracted from  
many objects, and indeed the sundry's  
contemplation of my travels, in which  
my often rumination wraps me in a most  
humorous sadness.

*Ros.* A traveller! By my faith, you have  
great reason to be sad: I fear you have  
sold your own lands to see other men's;  
then, to have seen much and to have  
nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor  
hands.

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gained my experience.

*Ros.* And your experience makes you  
sad: I had rather have a fool to make me  
merry than experience to make me sad;  
and to travel for it too!

*Enter ORLANDO.*

*Orl.* Good day and happiness, dear Rosa-  
lind!

*Jaq.* Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you  
talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*]

*Ros.* Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look  
you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all  
the benefits of your own country, be out  
of love with your nativity and almost  
chide God for making you that counte-  
nance you are, or I will scarce think you  
have swam in a gondola. Why, how now,  
Orlando! where have you been all this  
while? You a lover! An you serve me  
such another trick, never come in my  
sight more.

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an  
hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love!  
He that will divide a minute into a thou-  
sand parts and break but a part of the  
thousandth part of a minute in the affairs

of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

*Orl.* Of a snail?

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides he brings his destiny with him.

*Orl.* What's that?

*Ros.* Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

*Orl.* Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

*Ros.* And I am your Rosalind.

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

*Orl.* I would kiss before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*Orl.* How if the kiss be denied?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

*Ros.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

*Orl.* What, of my suit?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well in her person I say I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then in mine own person I die.

*Ros.* No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old,

and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will. I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What sayest thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

*Cel.* Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

*Orl.* Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

*Orl.* So do all thoughts; they are winged.

*Ros.* Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

*Orl.* For ever and a day.

*Ros.* Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

*Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orl.* O, but she is wise.

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor's bed.

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

*Ros.* Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

*Ros.* Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

*Orl.* I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

*Orl.* With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

*Ros.* Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit Orlando.*]

*Cel.* You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *The forest.*

*Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters.*

*Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer?

*A Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

*For.* Yes, sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.



## SONG.

*For.* What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home;

[*The rest shall bear this burden.*]

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born:

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The forest.*

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

*Enter SILVIUS.*

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth; My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: I know not the contents; but, as I guess By the stern brow and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing of it,

It bears an angry tenor: pardon me: I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter

And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:

She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;

She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,

Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt: Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,

This is a letter of your own device.

*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents:

Phebe did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool And turn'd into the extremity of love.

I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand, A freestone-color'd hand; I verily did think

That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:

She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:

I say she never did invent this letter; This is a man's invention and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,

A style for challengers; why, she defies me,

Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain

Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,

Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect

Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

*Sil.* So please you, for I never heard it yet;

Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

*Ros.* She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes. [*Reads.*]

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

*Sil.* Call you this railing?

*Ros.* [*Reads*]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright cyne  
Have power to raise such love in mine,

Alack, in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect!

Whiles you chid me, I did love;  
How then might your prayers move!

He that brings this love to thee  
Little knows this love in me:

And by him seal up thy mind;  
Whether that thy youth and kind

Will the faithful offer take  
Of me and all that I can make;

Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die.

*Sil.* Call you this chiding?

*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd!

*Ros.* Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman?

What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[Exit Silvius.]

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom:

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream

Left on your right hand brings you to the place.

But at this hour the house doth keep itself; There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,

Then should I know you by description; Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,

Of female favor, and bestows himself

Like a ripe sister: the woman low

And browner than her brother.' Are not you

The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,

And to that youth he calls his Rosalind

He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where

This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you

He left a promise to return again

Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,

Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside, And mark what object did present itself:

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age

And high top bald with dry antiquity,

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,

Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck

A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,

Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,

Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,

And with indented glides did slip away

Into a bush: under which bush's shade

A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis

The royal disposition of that beast

To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:

This seen, Orlando did approach the man And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;

And he did render him the most unnatural That lived amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,

For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,

Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,

And nature, stronger than his just occasion,

Made him give battle to the lioness,

Who quickly fell before him: in which hurdling

From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescued?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion

So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Ros.* But, for the bloody napkin?

*Oli.* By and by.  
When from the first to last betwixt us two

Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,

As how I came into that desert place:—  
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,  
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,

Committing me unto my brother's love;  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm

The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.  
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;

And, after some small space, being strong at heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promise, and to give this napkin

Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*]

*Cel.* Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

*Ros.* I would I were at home.

*Cel.* We'll lead you thither.  
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

*Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

*Oli.* This was not counterfeited: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oli.* Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

*Ros.* So I do: but 'i faith, I should have been a woman by right.

*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

*Oli.* That will I, for I must bear answer back

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

*Ros.* I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.  
Will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *The forest.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

*Touch.* A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

*Enter WILLIAM.*

*Will.* Good even, Audrey.

*Aud.* God ye good even, William.

*Will.* And good even to you, sir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

*Will.* Five and twenty, sir.

*Touch.* A ripe age. Is thy name William?

*Will.* William, sir.

*Touch.* A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I thank God.

*Touch.* 'Thank God;' a good answer. Art rich?

*Will.* Faith, sir, so so.

*Touch.* 'So so' is good, very good, very

excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

*Will.* I do, sir.

*Touch.* Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

*Will.* No, sir.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he; now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, sir?

*Touch.* He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William.

*Will.* God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Enter CORIN.*

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

*Touch.* Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *The forest.*

*Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.*

*Orl.* Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but

seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Enter ROSALIND.*

*Ros.* God save you, brother.

*Oli.* And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*]

*Ros.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

*Orl.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

*Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame;' for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

*Orl.* They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look



into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

*Ros.* Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

*Orl.* Speakest thou in sober meanings?

*Ros.* By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array: bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not if I have: it is my study To seem despiteful and ungentle to you: You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;

Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears;

And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and service;

And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion and all made of wishes,

All adoration, duty, and observance, All humbleness, all patience and impatience.

All purity, all trial, all observance;

And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Ros.* Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?'

*Orl.* To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*Ros.* Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:

[*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands.

*Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The forest.**Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.**Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day,*Audrey;* to-morrow will we be married.*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.*Enter two Pages.**First Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.*Touch.* By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.*Sec. Page.* We are for you: sit i' the middle.*First Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?*Sec. Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did passIn the spring time, the only pretty ring  
time,When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In spring time, &c.*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.*First Page.* You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.*Touch.* By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV. *The forest.**Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.**Duke S.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy

Can do all this that he hath promised?

*Orl.* I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

*Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.**Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,  
You will bestow her on Orlando here?*Duke S.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.*Ros.* And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.*Ros.* You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?*Pbe.* That will I, should I die the hour after.*Ros.* But if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?*Pbe.* So is the bargain.*Ros.* You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?*Sil.* Though to have her and death were both one thing.*Ros.* I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,

Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:  
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,If she refuse me: and from hence I go,  
To make these doubts all even.[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]*Duke S.* I do remember in this shepherd boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

*Orl.* My lord, the first time that I ever saw him

*Methought* he was a brother to your daughter:

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Jaq.* There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

*Touch.* Salutation and greeting to you all!

*Jaq.* Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up?

*Touch.* Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

*Jaq.* How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

*Duke S.* I like him very well.

*Touch.* God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear: according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

*Duke S.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

*Touch.* According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

*Jaq.* But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a

certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say, I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

*Touch.* I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

*Touch.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

*Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA.*

*Still Music.*

*Hym.* Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter:

Hymen from heaven brought her,  
Yea, brought her hither,  
That thou mightst join her hand  
with his

Whose heart within his bosom is.

*Ros.* [To duke] To you I give myself,  
for I am yours.

[To *Orl.*] To you I give myself, for I  
am yours.

*Duke S.* If there be truth in sight, you  
are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are  
my Rosalind.

*Pbe.* If sight and shape be true,  
Why then, my love adieu!

*Ros.* I'll have no father, if you be not he:  
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:  
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:

You and you are heart in heart:

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things  
finish.

#### SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honored:

Honor, high honor and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

*Duke S.* O my dear niece, welcome thou  
art to me!

Even daughter, welcome, in no less de-  
gree.

*Pbe.* I will not eat my word, now thou  
art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

*Enter JAKES DE BOYS.*

*Ja. de B.* Let me have audience for a  
word or two:

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair as-  
sembly.

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every  
day

Men of great worth resorted to this forest  
Address'd a mighty power; which were  
on foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take  
His brother here and put him to the  
sword:

And to the skirts of this wild wood he  
came;

Where meeting with an old religious  
man,

After some question with him, was con-  
verted

Both from his enterprise and from the  
world,

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd  
brother,

And all their lands restored to them again.  
That were with him exiled. This to be  
true,

I do engage my life.

*Duke S.* Welcome, young man;  
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wed-  
ding:

To one his lands withheld, and to the  
other

A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
First, in this forest let us do those ends  
That here were well begun and well be-  
got:

And after, every of this happy number  
That have endured shrewd days and  
nights with us

Shall share the good of our returned  
fortune,

According to the measure of their states.  
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity  
And fall into our rustic revelry.

Play, music! And you, brides and bride-  
grooms all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the meas-  
ures fall.

*Ja.* Sir, by your patience. If I heard  
you rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life  
And thrown into neglect the pompous  
court?



## EPILOGUE.

*Jaq. de B.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I: out of these convertites

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

[*To duke*] You to your former honor I bequeath;

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

[*To Ors.*] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:

[*To Oli.*] You to your land and love and great allies:

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay.

*Jaq.* To see no pastime I: what you would have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

[*Exit.*]

*Duke S.* Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[*A dance.*]

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

# TWELFTH NIGHT

Written about 1600-1601.

## INTRODUCTION

We learn from Manningham's *Diary* that *Twelfth Night* was acted at the Middle Temple, February 2, 1601-1602. Its date is probably 1600-1601. Manningham writes of the play: "Much like *The Comedy of Errors* or *Menechmi* in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*." There are two Italian plays of an earlier date than *Twelfth Night*, entitled *Gl' Inganni* (*The Cheats*), containing incidents in some degree resembling those of Shakespeare's comedy, and in that by Gonzaga, the sister who assumes male attire, producing thereby confusion of identity with her brother, is named Cesare (Shakespeare's Cesario). But a third Italian play, *Gl' Ingannati*, presents a still closer resemblance to *Twelfth Night*, and in its poetical induction, *Il Sacrificio*, occurs the name Malevolti (Malvolio). The story is told in Bandello's novel (ii. 36), and was translated by Belleforest into French, in *Histoires Tragiques*. Whether Shakespeare consulted any Italian source or not, he had doubtless before him the version of the story (from Cinthio's *Hecatombithi*) by Barnabe Rich—the *Historie of Apolonius and Silla* in *Riche His Farewell to Militarie Profession* (1581)—and this, in the main, he followed. The characters of Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Fabian, the clown Feste, and Maria, with the part they play in the comedy, are creations of Shakespeare. No comedy of Shakespeare's unites such abounding mirth and fine satire, with the charm of a poetical romance. It is the summing up of the several admirable qualities which appear in the joyous comedies, of which it forms the last. An edge is put on the roystering humor of Sir Toby by the sharp waiting-maid wit of Maria, which saves it from becoming an aimless rollicking. Sir Andrew is a Slender grown adult in brainlessness, and who has forgotten that he is not as richly endowed by nature as by fortune. Feste, the clown, is less quaint than Touchstone, but more versatile, less a contemplative fool, and more actively a lover of jest and wagery. Among this abandoned crew of toppers and drolls stalks the solemn "yellow-legged stork" Malvolio. His sense of self-importance has diffused itself over all the details of his life, so that the whole of human existence, as he would have it, must become as pompous and as exemplary as the manners of my lady's steward. The cruelty of his deception and disillusion is in proportion to the greatness of his distempered self-esteem. The Duke Orsino is infected with the lover's melancholy, which is fantastical and nice. He nurses his love and dallies with it, and tries to yield up all his consciousness to it, as to a delicious sensation: and therefore his love is not quite earnest or deep. Olivia has not the love-languor of the Duke, but her resolved sorrow for her lost brother so soon forgotten in a stronger feeling, shows a little of the same unreality of self-conscious emotion which we perceive in the Duke's love; she is of a nature harmonious and refined, but is too much a child of wealth and ease to win away our chief interest from the heroine of the play. Viola is like a heightened portrait of the Julia of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, enriched with lovely color and placed among more poetical surroundings. She has not the pretty sauciness of Rosalind in her disguise, but owns a heart as tender, sweet-natured, and sound-natured as even Rosalind's.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.  
 SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.  
 ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.  
 A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.  
 VALENTINE, } gentlemen attending on the  
 CURIO, } Duke.  
 SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.  
 SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.  
 MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.

FABIAN,  
 FESTE, a Clown, } servants to Olivia.  
 OLIVIA.  
 VIOLA.  
 MARIA, Olivia's woman.  
 Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians,  
 and other Attendants.  
 SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast  
 near it.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Duke's palace.*

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, and other Lords; Musicians attending.*

*Duke.* If music be the food of love, play on;

Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
 That strain again! it had a dying fall:  
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet  
 sound,

That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
 Stealing and giving odor! Enough; no  
 more:

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
 O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art  
 thou,

That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
 Of what validity and pitch soe'er,  
 But falls into abatement and low price,  
 Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy  
 That it alone is high fantastical.

*Cur.* Will you go hunt, my lord?

*Duke.* What, Curio?

*Cur.* The hart.

*Duke.* Why, so I do, the noblest that I  
 have:

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
 Methought she purged the air of pesti-  
 lence!

That instant was I turn'd into a hart;  
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
 E'er since pursue me.

*Enter VALENTINE.*

How now! what news from her?

*Val.* So please my lord, I might not be  
 admitted;

But from her handmaid do return this an-  
 swer:

The element itself, till seven years' heat,  
 Shall not behold her face at ample view;  
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk  
 And water once a day her chamber round  
 With eye-offending brine: all this to sea-  
 son

A brother's dead love, which she would  
 keep fresh

And lasting in her sad remembrance.

*Duke.* O, she that hath a heart of that fine  
 frame

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
 How will she love, when the rich golden  
 shaft

Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
 That live in her; when liver, brain and  
 heart,

These sovereign thrones, are all supplied,  
 and fill'd

Her sweet perfections with one self king!  
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:  
 Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with  
 bowers. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The sea-coast.*

*Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors.*

*Vio.* What country, friends, is this?

*Cap.* This is Illyria, lady.

*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd: what think  
 you, sailors?

*Cap.* It is perchance that you yourself  
 were saved.

*Vio.* O my poor brother! and so per-  
 chance may he be.

*Cap.* True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,  
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,  
When you and those poor number saved with you

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself,  
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,

To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;  
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves

So long as I could see.

*Vio.* For saying so, there's gold:  
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,  
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

*Cap.* Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

*Vio.* Who governs here?

*Cap.* A noble duke, in nature as in name.

*Vio.* What is the name?

*Cap.* Orsino.

*Vio.* Orsino! I have heard my father name him:

He was a bachelor then.

*Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late;  
For but a month ago I went from hence,  
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,

What great ones do the less will prattle of,—

That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

*Vio.* What's she?

*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count

That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,

They say, she hath abjured the company  
And sight of men.

*Vio.* O that I served that lady  
And might not be delivered to the world,  
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,

What my estate is!

*Cap.* That were hard to compass;  
Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the duke's.

*Vio.* There is a fair behavior in thee, captain;

And though that nature with a beauteous wall

Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee  
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character.

I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,  
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid

For such disguise as haply shall become  
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke,

Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:

It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing  
And speak to him in many sorts of music  
That will allow me very worth his service.  
What else may hap to time I will commit;  
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cap.* Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes  
not see.

*Vio.* I thank thee: lead me on. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III. OLIVIA'S house.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.*

*Sir To.* What a plague means my niece,  
to take the death of her brother thus? I am  
sure care's an enemy to life.

*Mar.* By my troth, Sir Toby, you must  
come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my  
lady, takes great exceptions to your ill  
hours.

*Sir To.* Why, let her except, before ex-  
cepted.

*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine yourself  
within the modest limits of order.

*Sir To.* Confine! I'll confine myself no  
finer than I am: these clothes are good  
enough to drink in; and so be these boots  
too: an they be not, let them hang them-  
selves in their own straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will  
undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yes-  
terday; and of a foolish knight that you  
brought in one night here to be her wooer.

*Sir To.* Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

*Mar.* Ay, he.



*Sir To.* He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

*Mar.* What's that to the purpose?

*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

*Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

*Mar.* He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller: and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

*Mar.* They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coysrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir And.* Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

*Sir To.* Sweet sir Andrew!

*Sir And.* Bless you, fair shrew.

*Mar.* And you too, sir.

*Sir To.* Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

*Sir And.* What's that?

*Sir To.* My niece's chambermaid.

*Sir And.* Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

*Mar.* My name is Mary, sir.

*Sir And.* Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

*Sir To.* You mistake, knight; 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

*Sir And.* By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir To.* An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

*Sir And.* An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

*Mar.* Sir, I have not you by the hand.

*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

*Mar.* Now, sir, 'thought is free:' I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

*Mar.* It's dry, sir.

*Sir And.* Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

*Mar.* A dry jest, sir.

*Sir And.* Are you full of them?

*Mar.* Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. *[Exit.]*

*Sir To.* O knight thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

*Sir And.* Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

*Sir To.* No question.

*Sir And.* An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* Pourquoi, my dear knight?

*Sir And.* What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

*Sir To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

*Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir To.* Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

*Sir And.* But it becomes me well enough, doesn't not?

*Sir To.* Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

*Sir And.* Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

*Sir To.* She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kick-shawses, knight?

*Sir And.* As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

*Sir And.* Faith, I can cut a caper.

*Sir To.* And I can cut the mutton to't.

*Sir And.* And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

*Sir To.* Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

*Sir And.* Ay, 'tis strong, and it does in-different well in a flame-colored stock. Shall we set about some revels?

*Sir To.* What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

*Sir And.* Taurus! That's sides and heart.

*Sir To.* No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see the caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. *The Duke's palace.*

*Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA in man's attire.*

*Val.* If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

*Vio.* You either fear his humor or my negligence, that you call in question the

continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Vio.* I thank you. Here comes the count.

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Who saw Cesario, ho?

*Vio.* On your attendance, my lord; here

*Duke.* Stand you a while aloof, Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have un-clasp'd

To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;

Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow

Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

*Duke.* Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds

Rather than make unprofit return.

*Vio.* Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

*Duke.* O, then unfold the passion of my love,

Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:

It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

*Vio.* I think not so, my lord.

*Duke.* Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part. I know thy constellation is right apt For this affair. Some four or five attend him;

All, if you will; for I myself am best When least in company. Prosper well in this,

And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, To call his fortunes thine.

*Vio.* I'll do my best To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V. OLIVIA'S house.

*Enter MARIA and CLOWN.*

*Mar.* Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

*Clo.* Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colors.

*Mar.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He shall see none to fear.

*Mar.* A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colors.'

*Clo.* Where, good Mistress Mary?

*Mar.* In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

*Clo.* Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

*Mar.* Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

*Clo.* Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

*Mar.* You are resolute, then?

*Clo.* Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

*Mar.* That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

*Clo.* Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

*Mar.* Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. *[Exit.]*

*Clo.* Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.'

*Enter Lady OLIVIA with MALVOLIO.*

God bless thee, lady!

*Oli.* Take the fool away.

*Clo.* Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

*Oli.* Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

*Oli.* Sir, I bade them take away you.

*Clo.* Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus non facit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

*Oli.* Can you do it?

*Clo.* Dexterously, good madonna.

*Oli.* Make your proof.

*Clo.* I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

*Oli.* Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

*Clo.* Good madonna, why mournest thou?

*Oli.* Good fool, for my brother's death.

*Clo.* I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

*Oli.* I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

*Clo.* The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

*Oli.* What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

*Mal.* Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

*Clo.* God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

*Oli.* How say you to that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take

these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

*Oli.* Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

*Clo.* Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

*Oli.* From the Count Orsino, is it?

*Mar.* I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

*Oli.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Mar.* Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

*Oli.* Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

*Enter SIR TOBY.*

*Oli.* By mine honor, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

*Sir To.* A gentleman.

*Oli.* A gentleman! what gentleman?

*Sir To.* 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

*Clo.* Good Sir Toby!

*Oli.* Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

*Sir To.* Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

*Oli.* Ay, marry, what is he?

*Sir To.* Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool?

*Clo.* Like a drowned man, a fool and a

madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

*Oli.* Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

*Oli.* Tell him he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*Oli.* What kind o' man is he?

*Mal.* Why, of mankind.

*Oli.* What manner of man?

*Mal.* Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

*Oli.* Of what personage and years is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favored and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

*Oli.* Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Oli.* Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

*Enter VIOLA, and Attendants.*

*Vio.* The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

*Oli.* Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never



saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

*Oli.* Whence came you, sir?

*Vio.* I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

*Oli.* Are you a comedian?

*Vio.* No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

*Oli.* If I do not usurp myself, I am.

*Vio.* Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

*Oli.* Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

*Vio.* Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

*Oli.* It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

*Mar.* Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

*Vio.* No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

*Oli.* Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

*Vio.* It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

*Oli.* Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

*Vio.* The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret

as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

*Oli.* Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

*Vio.* Most sweet lady,—

*Oli.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

*Vio.* In Orsino's bosom.

*Oli.* In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

*Vio.* To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

*Oli.* O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

*Vio.* Good madam, let me see your face.

*Oli.* Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*]

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Oli.* 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave And leave the world no copy.

*Oli.* O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

*Vio.* I see you what you are, you are too proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you: O, such love Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty!

*Oli.* How does he love me?

*Vio.* With adorations, fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

*Oli.* Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him  
noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless  
youth;  
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and  
valiant;

And in dimension and the shape of nature  
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love  
him;

He might have took his answer long ago.  
*Vio.* If I did love you in my master's  
flame,

With such a suffering, such a deadly life,  
In your denial I would find no sense;  
I would not understand it.

*Oli.* Why, what would you?

*Vio.* Make me a willow cabin at your  
gate,

And call upon my soul within the house;  
Write loyal cantons of contemned love  
And sing them loud even in the dead of  
night;

Halloo your name to the reverberate hills  
And make the babbling gossip of the air  
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest  
Between the elements of air and earth,  
But you should pity me!

*Oli.* You might do much.  
What is your parentage?

*Vio.* Above my fortunes, yet my state is  
well:

I am a gentleman.

*Oli.* Get you to your lord;  
I cannot love him: let him send no more;  
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,  
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:  
I thank you for your pains: spend this for  
me.

*Vio.* I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your  
purse:

My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
Love make his heart of flint that you shall  
love;

And let your fervor, like my master's, be  
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[*Exit.*]

*Oli.* 'What is your parentage?'  
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions  
and spirit,

Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast:  
soft, soft!

Unless the master were the man. How  
now!

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?  
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections  
With an invisible and subtle stealth  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.  
What ho, Malvolio!

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* Here, madam, at your service.

*Oli.* Run after that same peevish messen-  
ger,

The county's man: he left this ring behind  
him,

Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.  
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,  
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for  
him:

If that the youth will come this way to-  
morrow,

I'll give him reasons for't: hie thee, Mal-  
volio.

*Mal.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

*Oli.* I do know not what, and fear to  
find

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind  
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not  
owe;

What is decreed must be, and be this so.  
[*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *The sea-coast.*

*Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.*

*Ant.* Will you stay no longer? nor will  
you not that I go with you?

*Seb.* By your patience, no. My stars shine  
darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate  
might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I  
shall crave of you your leave that I may  
bear my evils alone: it were a bad recom-  
pense for your love, to lay any of them  
on you.

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you whither  
you are bound.

*Seb.* No, sooth, sir: my determinate voy-  
age is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in  
you so excellent a touch of modesty, that  
you will not extort from me what I am  
willing to keep in; therefore it charges me  
in manners the rather to express myself.  
You must know of me then, Antonio, my

name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

*Ant.* Alas the day!

*Seb.* A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me, sir, you're bad entertainment.

*Seb.* O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

*Ant.* If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,  
Else would I very shortly see thee there.  
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,  
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.  
[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II. *A street.*

*Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following.*

*Mal.* Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

*Vio.* Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

*Mal.* She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and

one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

*Vio.* She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

*Mal.* Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* I left no ring with her: what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much,

That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.  
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,  
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.  
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.  
How easy is it for the proper-false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!  
For such as we are made of, such we be.  
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;  
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.  
What will become of this? As I am man,  
My state is desperate for my master's love;  
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—  
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O time! thou must untangle this, not I;  
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*]

## SCENE III. *OLIVIA'S house.*

*Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.*

*Sir To.* Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,—

*Sir And.* Nay, my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

*Sir To.* A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

*Sir And.* Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Maria, I say! a stoup of wine!

*Enter CLOWN.*

*Sir And.* Here comes the fool, i' faith.

*Clo.* How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?

*Sir To.* Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

*Sir And.* By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Picrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

*Clo.* I did impetico thy gratility; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*Sir And.* Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

*Sir To.* Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

*Sir And.* There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

*Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

*Sir To.* A love-song, a love-song.

*Sir And.* Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

*Clo.* [Sings]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low:

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i' faith.

*Sir To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* [Sings]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

*Sir To.* A contagious breath.

*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

*Clo.* By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

*Clo.* 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

*Clo.* I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[Catch sung.]

*Enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

*Sir To.* My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [Sings]

'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir To.* [Sings] 'O, the twelfth day of December,'—

*Mar.* For the love o' God, peace!

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of



my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

*Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

*Mal.* Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir To.* 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

*Mar.* Nay, good Sir Toby.

*Clo.* 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

*Mal.* Is't even so?

*Sir To.* 'But I will never die.'

*Clo.* Sir Toby, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

*Sir To.* 'Shall I bid him go?'

*Clo.* 'What an if you do?'

*Sir To.* 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

*Clo.* 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

*Sir To.* Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Clo.* Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

*Mal.* Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. *[Exit.]*

*Mar.* Go shake your ears.

*Sir And.* 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

*Sir To.* Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

*Mar.* Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of

quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

*Sir To.* Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

*Mar.* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

*Sir And.* O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

*Sir To.* What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

*Sir And.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

*Mar.* The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

*Sir To.* What wilt thou do?

*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

*Sir To.* Excellent! I smell a device.

*Sir And.* I have't in my nose too.

*Sir To.* He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

*Mar.* My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

*Sir And.* And your horse now would make him an ass.

*Mar.* Ass, I doubt not.

*Sir And.* O, 'twill be admirable!

*Mar.* Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. *[Exit.]*

*Sir To.* Good night, Pentheseilea.

*Sir And.* Before me, she's a good wench.

*Sir To.* She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

*Sir And.* I was adored once too.

*Sir To.* Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

*Sir And.* If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

*Sir To.* Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

*Sir And.* If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

*Sir To.* Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV. *The Duke's palace.*

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.*

*Duke.* Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,

That old and antique song we heard last night:

Methought it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs and recollected terms Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times: Come, but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not here, so please your lordship that should sing it.

*Duke.* Who was it?

*Cur.* Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

*Duke.* Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [Exit Curio. Music plays.]

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it remember me; For such as I am all true lovers are, Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save in the constant image of the creature That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

*Vio.* It gives a very echo to the seat Where Love is throned.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly:

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favor that it loves: Hath it not, boy?

*Vio.* A little, by your favor.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is't?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take

An elder than herself: so wears she to him. So sways she level in her husband's heart. For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,

Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.

*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent; For women are as roses, whose fair flower Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*Vio.* And so they are: alas, that they are so;

To die, even when they to perfection grow!

*Re-enter CURIO and CLOWN.*

*Duke.* O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain; The spinsters and the knitters in the sun And the free maids that weave their thread with bones

Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth, And dallies with the innocence of love, Like the old age.

*Clo.* Are you ready, sir?

*Duke.* Ay; prithee, sing. [Music.]

*Clo.* Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid.  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,

O, prepare it!

My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown;

Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:

A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where

Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

*Duke.* There's for thy pains.

*Clo.* No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing, sir.

*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure then.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

*Duke.* Give me now leave to leave thee.

*Clo.* Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *[Exit.]*

*Duke.* Let all the rest give place.

*[Curio and Attendants retire.]*

Once more, Cesario,  
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:  
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;  
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;  
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems  
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

*Vio.* But if she cannot love you, sir?

*Duke.* I cannot be so answer'd.

*Vio.* Sooth, but you must.  
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,  
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;

You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much: they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,  
No motion of the liver, but the palate;  
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much: make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.

*Vio.* Ay, but I know--

*Duke.* What dost thou know?

*Vio.* Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter loved a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

*Duke.* And what's her history?

*Vio.* A blank, my lord. She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?  
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed

Our shows are more than will; for still we prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Duke.* But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

*Vio.* I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.

Sir, shall I to this lady?

*Duke.* Ay, that's the theme.  
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,  
My love can give no place, bide no deny.  
*[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE V. OLIVIA'S garden.

*Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

*Fab.* Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

*Sir To.* Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

*Fab.* I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favor with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

*Sir To.* To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

*Sir To.* Here comes the little villain.

*Enter MARIA.*

How now, my metal of India!

*Mar.* Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*], for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*]

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

*Sir To.* Here's an overweening rogue!

*Fab.* O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

*Sir And.* 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

*Sir To.* Peace, I say.

*Mal.* To be Count Malvolio.

*Sir To.* Ah, rogue!

*Sir And.* Pistol him, pistol him.

*Sir To.* Peace, peace!

*Mal.* There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*Sir And.* Fie on him, Jezebel!

*Fab.* O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

*Mal.* Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

*Sir To.* O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

*Mal.* Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace!

*Mal.* And then to have the humor of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles!

*Fab.* O peace, peace, peace! now, now.

*Mal.* Seven of my people, with an obedi-

ent start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,—

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live?

*Fab.* Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

*Sir To.* And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

*Mal.* Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'—

*Sir To.* What, what?

*Mal.* 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

*Sir To.* Out, scab!

*Fab.* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

*Mal.* Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,—

*Sir And.* That's me, I warrant you.

*Mal.* 'One Sir Andrew,'—

*Sir And.* I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

*Mal.* What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

*Fab.* Now is the woodcock near the gin.  
*Sir To.* O, peace! and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him!

*Mal.* By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

*Sir And.* Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

*Mal.* [*Reads*] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* [*Reads*]

Jove knows I love:

But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know.

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know:' if this should be thee, Malvolio?



*Sir To.* Marry, hang thee, brock!

*Mal.* [Reads]

I may command where I adore;

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth  
gore:

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

*Fab.* A fustian riddle!

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

*Mal.* 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'

Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let  
me see.

*Fab.* What dish o' poison has she dressed  
him!

*Sir To.* And with what wing the staniel  
checks at it!

*Mal.* 'I may command where I adore.'

Why, she may command me: I serve her;  
she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any  
formal capacity; there is no obstruction in  
this: and the end,—what should that alpha-  
betical position portend? If I could make  
that resemble something in me,—Softly! M,  
O, A, I,—

*Sir To.* O, ay, make up that: he is now at  
a cold scent.

*Fab.* Sowter will cry upon't for all this,  
though it be as rank as a fox.

*Mal.* M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins  
my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say he would work it out?  
the cur is excellent at faults.

*Mal.* M,—but then there is no consonancy  
in the sequel; that suffers under probation:  
A should follow, but O does.

*Fab.* And O shall end, I hope.

*Sir To.* Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make  
him cry O!

*Mal.* And then I comes behind.

*Fab.* Ay, an you had any eye behind you,  
you might see more detraction at your  
heels than fortunes before you.

*Mal.* M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as  
the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it  
would bow to me, for every one of these  
letters are in my name. Soft! here follows  
prose.

[Reads] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve.  
In my stars I am above thee; but be not  
afraid of greatness: some are born great,  
some achieve greatness, and some have  
greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open  
their hands; let thy blood and spirit em-

brace them; and, to inure thyself to what  
thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough  
and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kins-  
man, surly with servants; let thy tongue  
tang arguments of state; put thyself into  
the trick of singularity: she thus advises  
thee that sighs for thee. Remember who  
commended thy yellow stockings, and  
wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I  
say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if  
thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see  
thee a steward still, the fellow of servants,  
and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers.  
Farewell. She that would alter services with  
thee,

#### THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'

Daylight and champain discovers not more:  
this is open. I will be proud, I will read  
politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I  
will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be  
point-devise the very man. I do not now  
fool myself, to let imagination jade me;  
for every reason excites to this, that my  
lady loves me. She did commend my yel-  
low stockings of late, she did praise my  
leg being cross-gartered; and in this she  
manifests herself to my love, and with a  
kind of injunction drives me to these habits  
of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy.  
I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings,  
and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness  
of putting on. Jove and my stars be  
praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[Reads] 'Thou canst not choose but know  
who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let  
it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become  
thee well; therefore in my presence still  
smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do  
everything that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

*Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport  
for a pension of thousands to be paid from  
the Sophy.

*Sir To.* I could marry this wench for this  
device.

*Sir And.* So could I too.

*Sir To.* And ask no other dowry with her  
but such another jest.

*Sir And.* Nor I neither.

*Fab.* Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

*Sir To.* Wilt thou set thy foot o' my  
neck?

*Sir And.* Or o' mine either?

*Sir To.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

*Sir And.* I' faith, or I either?

*Sir To.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

*Mar.* Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

*Sir To.* Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

*Mar.* If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

*Sir To.* To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

*Sir And.* I'll make one too. [Exeunt.]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. OLIVIA'S garden.

*Enter VIOLA, and CLOWN with a tabor.*

*Vio.* Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

*Clo.* No, sir, I live by the church.

*Vio.* Art thou a churchman?

*Clo.* No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

*Vio.* So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

*Clo.* You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward.

*Vio.* Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

*Clo.* I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

*Vio.* Why, man?

*Clo.* Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister

wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

*Vio.* Thy reason, man?

*Clo.* Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

*Vio.* I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

*Clo.* Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

*Vio.* Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

*Clo.* No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

*Clo.* Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

*Vio.* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

*Clo.* Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

*Vio.* By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [Aside] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

*Clo.* Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

*Vio.* Yes, being kept together and put to use.

*Clo.* I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

*Vio.* I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

*Clo.* The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is overworn. [Exit.]

*Vio.* This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;

And to do that well craves a kind of wit:  
He must observe their mood on whom he  
jests,

The quality of persons, and the time,  
And, like the haggard, check at every  
feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice

As full of labor as a wise man's art:  
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;  
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their  
wit.

*Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.*

*Sir To.* Save you, gentleman.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir And.* Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

*Vio.* Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

*Sir And.* I hope, sir, you are; and I am  
yours.

*Sir To.* Will you encounter the house?  
my niece is desirous you should enter, if  
your trade be to her.

*Vio.* I am bound to your niece, sir; I  
mean, she is the list of my voyage.

*Sir To.* Taste your legs, sir; put them to  
motion.

*Vio.* My legs do better understand me,  
sir, than I understand what you mean by  
bidding me taste my legs.

*Sir To.* I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

*Vio.* I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.*

Most excellent accomplished lady, the  
heavens rain odors on you!

*Sir And.* That youth's a rare courtier:  
'Rain odors,' well.

*Vio.* My matter hath no voice, lady, but  
to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed  
ear.

*Sir And.* 'Odors,' 'pregnant' and 'vouchsafed': I'll get 'em all three all ready.

*Oli.* Let the garden door be shut, and  
leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby,  
Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your  
hand, sir.

*Vio.* My duty, madam, and most humble  
service.

*Oli.* What is your name?

*Vio.* Cesario is your servant's name, fair  
princess.

*Oli.* My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry  
world

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:

You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

*Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs  
be yours:

Your servant's servant is your servant,  
madam.

*Oli.* For him, I think not on him: for his  
thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd  
with me!

*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle  
thoughts,

On his behalf.

*Oli.* O, by your leave, I pray you,

I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that

Than music from the spheres.

*Vio.* Dear lady,—

*Oli.* Give me leave, beseech you. I did  
send,

After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse

Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

Which you knew none of yours: what  
might you think?

Have you not set mine honor at the stake

And baited it with all the unmuzzled  
thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of  
your receiving

Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,

Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you  
speak.

*Vio.* I pity you.

*Oli.* That's a degree to love.

*Vio.* No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar  
proof,

That very oft we pity enemies.

*Oli.* Why, then, methinks 'tis time to  
smile again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be  
proud!

If one should be a prey, how much the  
better

To fall before the lion than the wolf!

[*Clock strikes.*]

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is alike to reap a proper man:

There lies your way, due west.

*Vio.* Then westward-ho! Grace and good disposition

Attend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

*Oli.* Stay:

I prithee, tell me what thou thinkest of me.

*Vio.* That you do think you are not what you are.

*Oli.* If I think so, I think the same of you.

*Vio.* Then think you right: I am not what I am.

*Oli.* I would you were as I would have you be!

*Vio.* Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

*Oli.* O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honor, truth and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,  
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause,

But rather reason thus with reason fetter,  
Love sought is good; but given unsought is better.

*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,

And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam: never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

*Oli.* Yet come again; for thou perhaps  
mayst move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. OLIVIA's house.

*Enter* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

*Sir And.* No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

*Fab.* You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.

*Fab.* This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

*Sir And.* 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

*Fab.* I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

*Sir To.* And they have been grand-jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.

*Fab.* She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valor or policy.

*Sir And.* An't be any way, it must be with valor; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

*Sir To.* Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valor.

*Fab.* There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.



*Sir And.* Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

*Sir To.* Go, write it in a martial hand; be curt and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

*Sir And.* Where shall I find you?

*Sir To.* We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go. [Exit *Sir Andrew*.]

*Fab.* This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

*Fab.* We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?

*Sir To.* Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

*Fab.* And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

*Enter MARIA.*

*Sir To.* Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

*Mar.* If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passage of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

*Sir To.* And cross-gartered?

*Mar.* Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favor.

*Sir To.* Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A street.*

*Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.*

*Seb.* I would not by my will have troubled you;

But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,

I will no further chide you.

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you: my desire,

More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;

And not all love to see you, though so much

As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,

But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,

Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable: my willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

*Seb.* My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make but thanks, And thanks; and ever . . . oft good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,

You should find better dealing. What's to do?

Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

*Ant.* To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

*Seb.* I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials and the things of fame That do renown this city.

*Ant.* Would you'd pardon me; I do not without danger walk these streets: Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys

I did some service; of such note indeed, That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

*Seb.* Belike you slew great number of his people.

*Ant.* The offence is not of such a bloody nature;

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel

Might well have given us bloody argument.  
It might have since been answer'd in repay-  
ing

What we took from them; which, for  
traffic's sake,

Most of our city did: only myself stood  
out;

For which, if I be lapsed in this place,  
I shall pay dear.

*Seb.* Do not then walk too open.

*Ant.* It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's  
my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,  
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,  
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your  
knowledge

With viewling of the town: there shall you  
have me.

*Seb.* Why I your purse?

*Ant.* Haply your eye shall light upon  
some toy

You have desire to purchase; and your  
store,

I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

*Seb.* I'll be your purse-bearer and leave  
you

For an hour.

*Ant.* To the Elephant.

*Seb.* I do remember. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. OLIVIA'S garden.

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.*

*Oli.* I have sent after him: he says he'll  
come;

How shall I feast him? what bestow of  
him?

For youth is bought more oft than begg'd  
or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,  
And suits well for a servant with my for-  
tunes:

Where is Malvolio?

*Mar.* He's coming, madam; but in very  
strange manner. He is, sure, possessed,  
madam.

*Oli.* Why, what's the matter? does he  
rave?

*Mar.* No, madam, he does nothing but  
smile: your ladyship were best to have  
some guard about you, if he come; for,

sure, the man is tainted in's wits.

*Oli.* Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I  
am as mad as he,

If sad and merry madness equal be.

*Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO.*

How now, Malvolio!

*Mal.* Sweet lady, ho, ho.

*Oli.* Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

*Mal.* Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does  
make some obstruction in the blood, this  
cross-gartering; but what of that? if it  
please the eye of one, it is with me as the  
very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please  
all.'

*Oli.* Why, how dost thou, man? what is  
the matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not black in my mind, though yel-  
low in my legs. It did come to his hands,  
and commands shall be executed: I think  
we do know the sweet Roman hand.

*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

*Mal.* To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll  
come to thee.

*Oli.* God comfort thee! Why dost thou  
smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you, Malvolio?

*Mal.* At your request! yes; nightingales  
answer daws.

*Mar.* Why appear you with this ridiculous  
boldness before my lady?

*Mal.* 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas  
well writ.

*Oli.* What meanest thou by that, Mal-  
volio?

*Mal.* 'Some are born great,'—

*Oli.* Ha!

*Mal.* 'Some achieve greatness,'—

*Oli.* What sayest thou?

*Mal.* 'And some have greatness thrust  
upon them.'

*Oli.* Heaven restore thee!

*Mal.* 'Remember who commended thy  
yellow stockings,'—

*Oli.* Thy yellow stockings!

*Mal.* 'And wished to see thee cross-gar-  
tered.'

*Oli.* Cross-gartered!

*Mal.* 'Go to, thou art made, if thou de-  
sirest to be so,'—

*Oli.* Am I made?

*Mal.* 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

*Oli.* Why, this is very midsummer madness.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

*Oli.* I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*]

*Mal.* O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to;' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

*Fab.* Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

*Mal.* Go off, I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah, ha! does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone.

How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

*Mar.* La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

*Fab.* Carry his water to the wise woman.

*Mar.* Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

*Mal.* How now, mistress!

*Mar.* O Lord!

*Sir To.* Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

*Fab.* No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

*Mal.* Sir!

*Sir To.* Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers, minx!

*Mar.* No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

*Mal.* Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter.

[*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* Is't possible?

*Fab.* If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

*Sir To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir To.* Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and

crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

*Enter SIR ANDREW.*

*Fab.* More matter for a May morning.

*Sir And.* Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

*Fab.* Is't so saucy?

*Sir And.* Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

*Sir To.* Give me. [*Reads*] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

*Fab.* Good, and valiant.

*Sir To.* [*Reads*] 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'

*Fab.* A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

*Sir To.* [*Reads*] 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

*Fab.* Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

*Sir To.* [*Reads*] 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—'

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To.* [*Reads*] 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

*Fab.* Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

*Sir To.* [*Reads*] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHEEK.'

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him.

*Mar.* You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

*Sir To.* Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bail: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

*Sir And.* Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valor; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

*Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.*

*Fab.* Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

*Sir To.* I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*]

*Oli.* I have said too much unto a heart of stone

And laid mine honor too unchary out: There's something in me that reproves my fault;

But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

*Vio.* With the same 'havior that your passion bears

Goes on my master's grief.

*Oli.* Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;

Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you; And I beseech you come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me that I'll deny, That honor saved may upon asking give?

*Vio.* Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

*Oli.* How with mine honor may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

*Vio.* I will acquit you.

*Oli.* Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Gentleman, God save thee.



*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir To.* That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

*Vio.* You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

*Sir To.* You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

*Vio.* I pray you, sir, what is he?

*Sir To.* He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

*Vio.* I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valor: belike this is a man of that quirk.

*Sir To.* Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

*Vio.* This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

*Sir To.* I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. *[Exit.]*

*Vio.* Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fab.* I know the knight is incensed against

you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. *[Exeunt.]*

*Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.*

*Sir To.* Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

*Sir And.* Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir To.* Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

*Sir And.* Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

*Sir To.* I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. *[Aside.]* Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

*Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.*

*[To Fab.]* I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

*Fab.* He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To.* *[To Vio.]* There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

*Vio.* [*Aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

*Fab.* Give ground, if you see him furious.

*Sir To.* Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

*Sir And.* Pray God, he keep his oath!

*Vio.* I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[*They draw.*]

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Put up your sword. If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me: If you offend him, I for him defy you.

*Sir To.* You, sir! why, what are you?

*Ant.* One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[*They draw.*]

*Enter Officers.*

*Fab.* O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

*Sir To.* I'll be with you anon.

*Vio.* Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

*Sir And.* Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.

*First Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

*Sec. Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

*Ant.* You do mistake me, sir.

*First Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favor well,

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.

Take him away: he knows I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you:

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do, now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;

But be of comfort.

*Sec. Off.* Come, sir, away.

*Ant.* I must entreat of you some of that money.

*Vio.* What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,

And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something: my having is not much;

I'll make division of my present with you:

Hold, there's half my coffer.

*Ant.* Will you deny me now?

Is't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunken-

ness,

Or any taint of vice whose strong corrup-

tion

Inhabits our frail blood.

*Ant.* O heavens themselves!

*Sec. Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

*Ant.* Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,

Relieved him with such sanctity of love,

And to his image, which methought did promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

*First Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by: away!

*Ant.* But O how vile an idol proves this god

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind; None can be call'd deform'd but the un-kind:

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

*First Off.* The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

*Ant.* Lead me on. [*Exit with Officers.*]

*Vio.* Methinks his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself: so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

*Sir To.* Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

*Vio.* He named Sebastian: I my brother know

Yet living in my glass; even such and so

In favor was my brother, and he went

Still in this fashion, color, ornament,

For him I imitate: O, if it prove,

Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love. [Exit.

*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

*Sir And.* 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

*Sir To.* Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

*Sir And.* And I do not,— [Exit.

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.

*Sir To.* I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. [Exeunt.

#### ACT IV.

##### SCENE I. Before OLIVIA's house.

*Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.*

*Clo.* Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

*Seb.* Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:

Let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

*Seb.* I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else:

Thou know'st not me.

*Clo.* Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it

to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

*Seb.* I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:

There's money for thee: if you tarry longer,

I shall give worse payment.

*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

*Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.*

*Sir And.* Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

*Seb.* Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.

Are all the people mad?

*Sir To.* Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

*Clo.* This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [Exit.

*Sir To.* Come on, sir; hold.

*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand.

*Sir To.* Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

*Seb.* I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

*Sir To.* What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

*Enter OLIVIA.*

*Oli.* Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!

*Sir To.* Madam!

*Oli.* Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,

Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,

Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

Rudesby, be gone!

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*]

I prithee, gentle friend,  
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway  
In this uncivil and unjust extent  
Against thy peace. Go with me to my

house,  
And hear thou there how many fruitless  
pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou  
thereby

Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose  
but go:

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,  
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

*Seb.* What relish is in this? how runs the  
stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

*Oli.* Nay, come, I prithee; would thou  
'ldst be ruled by me!

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. OLIVIA'S house.

*Enter MARIA and CLOWN.*

*Mar.* Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and  
this beard; make him believe thou art Sir  
Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call  
Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*]

*Clo.* Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissem-  
ble myself in't; and I would I were the first  
that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am  
not tall enough to become the function  
well, nor lean enough to be thought a good  
student; but to be said an honest man and  
a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say  
a careful man and a great scholar. The  
competitors enter.

*Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA.*

*Sir To.* Jove bless thee, master Parson.

*Clo.* Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old  
hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and  
ink, very wittily said to a niece of King  
Gorboduc, 'That that is is,' so I, being  
Master Parson, am Master Parson; for,  
what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?

*Sir To.* To him, Sir Topas.

*Clo.* What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

*Sir To.* The knave counterfeits well; a  
good knave.

*Mal.* [*Within*] Who calls there?

*Clo.* Sir Topas the curate, who comes to  
visit Malvolio the lunatic.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir  
Topas, go to my lady.

*Clo.* Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest  
thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of  
ladies?

*Sir To.* Well said, Master Parson.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, never was man thus  
wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I  
am mad: they have laid me here in hideous  
darkness.

*Clo.* Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee  
by the most modest terms; for I am one of  
those gentle ones that will use the devil  
himself with courtesy: sayest thou that  
house is dark?

*Mal.* As hell, Sir Topas.

*Clo.* Why it hath bay windows transpar-  
ent as barricadoes, and the clearstores  
toward the south north are as lustrous as  
ebony; and yet complainest thou of ob-  
struction?

*Mal.* I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to  
you, this house is dark.

*Clo.* Madman, thou errest: I say, there is  
no darkness but ignorance; in which thou  
art more puzzled than the Egyptians in  
their fog.

*Mal.* I say, this house is as dark as igno-  
rance, though ignorance were as dark as  
hell; and I say, there was never man thus  
abused. I am no more mad than you are:  
make the trial of it in any constant ques-  
tion.

*Clo.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras  
concerning wild fowl?

*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might  
haply inhabit a bird.

*Clo.* What thinkest thou of his opinion?

*Mal.* I think nobly of the soul, and no  
way approve his opinion.

*Clo.* Fare thee well. Remain thou still in  
darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of  
Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and  
fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess  
the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

*Sir To.* My most exquisite Sir Topas!

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all waters.

*Mar.* Thou mightst have done this with-  
out thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.



*Sir To.* To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*]

*Clo.* [*Singing*] 'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does.'

*Mal.* Fool!

*Clo.* 'My lady is unkind, perdy.'

*Mal.* Fool!

*Clo.* 'Alas, why is she so?'

*Mal.* Fool, I say!

*Clo.* 'She loves another'—Who calls, ha?

*Mal.* Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

*Clo.* Master Malvolio?

*Mal.* Ay, good fool.

*Clo.* Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

*Mal.* Fool, there was never a man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*Mal.* They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

*Mal.* Sir Topas!

*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

*Mal.* Fool, fool, fool, I say!

*Clo.* Alas, sir, be patient. What say you sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

*Mal.* Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

*Clo.* Well-a-day that you were, sir!

*Mal.* By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I

will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

*Mal.* Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

*Mal.* Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

*Clo.* [*Singing*] I am gone, sir,

And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice,

Like to the old Vice,

Your need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of lath,

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:

Like a mad lad,

Pare thy nails, dad;

Adieu, good man devil. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III. OLIVIA'S garden.

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* This is the air; that is the glorious sun;

This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me  
thus,

Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio,  
then?

I could not find him at the Elephant:  
Yet there he was; and there I found this  
credit,

That he did range the town to seek me out.  
His counsel now might do me golden service;

For though my soul disputes well with my  
sense,

That this may be some error, but no madness,

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes  
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me

To any other trust but that I am mad  
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,

She could not sway her house, command  
her followers,

Take and give back affairs and their dis-  
patch

With such a smooth, discreet and stable  
bearing

As I perceive she does: there's something  
in 't

That is deceiveable. But here the lady  
comes.

*Enter OLIVIA and Priest.*

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine. If you  
mean well,

Now go with me and with this holy man  
Into the chantry by: there, before him,  
And underneath that consecrated roof,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;  
That my most jealous and too doubtful  
soul

May live at peace. He shall conceal it  
Whiles you are willing it shall come to  
note,

What time we will our celebration keep  
According to my birth. What do you say?

*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go  
with you;

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

*Oli.* Then lead the way, good father; and  
heavens so shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine!  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *Before OLIVIA's house.*

*Enter CLOWN and FABIAN.*

*Fab.* Now, as thou lovest me, let me see  
his letter.

*Clo.* Good Master Fabian, grant me an-  
other request.

*Fab.* Any thing.

*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.

*Fab.* This is, to give a dog, and in recom-  
pense desire my dog again.

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Lords.*

*Duke.* Belong you to the Lady Olivia,  
friends?

*Clo.* Ay, sir; we are some of her trap-  
pings.

*Duke.* I know thee well: how dost thou,  
my good fellow?

*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes and  
the worse for my friends.

*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for  
thy friends.

*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.

*Duke.* How can that be?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me and make  
an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I  
am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit  
in the knowledge of myself, and by my  
friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to  
be as kisses, if your four negatives make  
your two affirmatives, why then, the worse  
for my friends and the better for my foes.

*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no; though it please  
you to be one of my friends.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for  
me: there's gold.

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing,  
sir, I would you could make it another.

*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket, sir,  
for this once, and let your flesh and blood  
obey it.

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner, to  
be a double-dealer: there's another.

*Clo.* Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good  
play; and the old saying is, the third pays  
for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping  
measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir,  
may put you in mind; one, two, three.

*Duke.* You can fool no more money out  
of me at this throw: if you will let your  
lady know I am here to speak with her,  
and bring her along with you, it may  
awake my bounty further.

*Clo.* Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty  
till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not  
have you to think that my desire of having  
is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say,  
sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake  
it anon. [Exit.]

*Vio.* Here comes the man, sir, that did  
rescue me.

*Enter ANTONIO and Officers.*

*Duke.* That face of his I do remember  
well;

Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd  
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:  
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;

With which such scathful grapple did he  
make

With the most noble bottom of our fleet,  
That very envy and the tongue of loss  
Cried fame and honor on him. What's the  
matter?

*First Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio  
That took the Phoenix and her fraught  
from Candy;

And this is he that did the Tiger board,  
When your young nephew Titus lost his  
leg:

Here in the streets, desperate of shame and  
state,

In private brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kindness, sir, drew on my  
side;

But in conclusion put strange speech upon  
me:

I know not what 'twas but distraction.

*Duke.* Notable pirate! thou salt-water  
thief!

What foolish boldness brought thee to  
their mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so  
dear,

Hast made thine enemies?

*Ant.* Orsino, noble sir,  
Be pleased that I shake off these names you  
give me:

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,  
Though I confess, on base and ground  
enough,

Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me  
hither:

That most ingrateful boy there by your  
side,

From the rude sea's enraged and foamy  
mouth

Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:

His life I gave him and did thereto add

My love, without retention or restraint,

All his in dedication; for his sake

Did I expose myself, pure for his love,

Into the danger of this adverse town;

Drew to defend him when he was beset:

Where being apprehended, his false cun-  
ning,

Not meaning to partake with me in danger,

Taught him to face me out of his acquaint-  
ance,

And grew a twenty years removed thing

While one would wink; denied me mine  
own purse,

Which I had recommended to his use

Not half an hour before.

*Vio.*

How can this be?

*Duke.* When came he to this town?

*Ant.* To-day, my lord; and for three  
months before,

No interim, not a minute's vacancy,

Both day and night did we keep company.

*Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Here comes the countess: now  
heaven walks on earth.

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are  
madness:

Three months this youth hath tended upon  
me;

But more of that anon. Take him aside.

*Oli.* What would my lord, but that he  
may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

*Vio.* Madam!

*Duke.* Gracious Olivia,—

*Oli.* What do you say, Cesario? Good my  
lord,—

*Vio.* My lord would speak; my duty  
hushes me.

*Oli.* If it be aught to the old tune, my  
lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear

As howling after music.

*Duke.* Still so cruel?

*Oli.* Still so constant, lord.

*Duke.* What, to perverseness? you uncivil  
lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars

My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath  
breathed out

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I  
do?

*Oli.* Even what it please my lord, that  
shall become him.

*Duke.* Why should I not, had I the heart  
to do it,

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of  
death,

Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy

That sometime savors nobly. But hear me  
this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument

That screws me from my true place in  
your favor,

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;  
But this your minion, whom I know you  
love,

And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender  
dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,  
Where he sits crowned in his master's  
spite.

Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe  
in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,  
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

*Vio.* And I, most jocund, apt and will-  
ingly,

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would  
die.

*Oli.* Where goes Cesario?

*Vio.* After him I love  
More than I love these eyes, more than my  
life,

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love  
wife.

If I do feign, you witnesses above  
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

*Oli.* Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

*Vio.* Who does beguile you? who does do  
you wrong?

*Oli.* Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so  
long?

Call forth the holy father.

*Duke.* Come, away!

*Oli.* Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband,  
stay.

*Duke.* Husband!

*Oli.* Ay, husband: can he that deny?

*Duke.* Her husband, sirrah!

*Vio.* No, my lord, not I.

*Oli.* Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear  
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:  
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then  
thou art

As great as that thou fear'st.

*Enter Priest.*

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,  
Here to unfold, though lately we intended  
To keep in darkness what occasion now  
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost  
know

Hath newly pass'd between this youth and  
me.

*Priest.* A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your  
hands,

Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your  
rings;

And all the ceremony of this compact  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:  
Since when, my watch hath told me,  
toward my grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

*Duke.* O thou dissembling cub! what wilt  
thou be

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy  
case?

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine own trip shall be thine over-  
throw?

Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet  
Where thou and I henceforth may never  
meet.

*Vio.* My lord, I do protest—

*Oli.* O, do not swear!  
Hold little faith, though thou hast too  
much fear.

*Enter SIR ANDREW.*

*Sir And.* For the love of God, a surgeon!  
Send one presently to Sir Toby.

*Oli.* What's the matter?

*Sir And.* He has broke my head across  
and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb  
too: for the love of God, your help! I had  
rather than forty pound I were at home.

*Oli.* Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* The count's gentleman, one Ce-  
sario: we took him for a coward, but he's  
the very devil incarnadine.

*Duke.* My gentleman, Cesario?

*Sir And.* 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You  
broke my head for nothing; and that that  
I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

*Vio.* Why do you speak to me? I never  
hurt you:

You drew your sword upon me without  
cause;

But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.  
*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt,  
you have hurt me: I think you set nothing  
by a bloody coxcomb.

*Enter SIR TOBY and CLOWN.*

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall



hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

*Duke.* How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

*Sir To.* That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

*Clo.* O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

*Sir To.* Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures pany: I hate a drunken rogue.

*Oli.* Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

*Sir And.* I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

*Sir To.* Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

*Oli.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to. [*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that

I do perceive it hath offended you: Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,

A natural perspective, that is and is not!

*Seb.* Antonio, O my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,

Since I have lost thee!

*Ant.* Sebastian are you?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

*Ant.* How have you made division of yourself?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

*Oli.* Most wonderful!

*Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a brother;

Nor can there be that deity in my nature, Of here and every where. I had a sister,

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.

Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

*Vio.* Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too, So went he suited to his watery tomb: If spirits can assume both form and suit You come to fright us.

*Seb.* A spirit I am indeed; But am in that dimension grossly clad Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.

*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Vio.* And died that day when Viola from her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

*Seb.* O, that record is lively in my soul!

He finished indeed his mortal act That day that made my sister thirteen years.

*Vio.* If nothing lets to make us happy both

But this my masculine usurp'd attire, Do not embrace me till each circumstance Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump

That I am Viola: which to confirm, I'll bring you to a captain in this town, Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help

I was preserved to serve this noble count. All the occurrence of my fortune since Hath been between this lady and this lord.

*Seb.* [*To Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid;

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived, You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

*Duke.* Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true, I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

[*To Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

*Vio.* And all those sayings will I over-swear;

And all those swearings keep as true in soul

As doth that orb'd continent the fire  
That severs day from night.

*Duke.* Give me thy hand;  
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

*Vio.* The captain that did bring me first  
on shore

Hath my maid's garments: he upon some  
action

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,  
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

*Oli.* He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio  
hither:

And yet, alas, now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman, he's much dis-  
tract.

*Re-enter CLOWN with a letter, and FABIAN.*  
A most extracting frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd  
his.

How does he, sirrah?

*Clo.* Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at  
the staves' end as well as a man in his case  
may do: has here writ a letter to you; I  
should have given 't you to-day morning,  
but as a madman's epistles are no gospels,  
so it skills not much when they are de-  
livered.

*Oli.* Open 't, and read it.

*Clo.* Look then to be well edified when  
the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads*] 'By  
the Lord, madam,'—

*Oli.* How now! art thou mad?

*Clo.* No, madam, I do but read madness:  
an your ladyship will have it as it ought  
to be, you must allow Vox.

*Oli.* Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

*Clo.* So I do, madonna; but to read his  
right wits is to read thus: therefore per-  
pend, my princess, and give ear.

*Oli.* Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*

*Fab.* [*Reads*] 'By the Lord, madam, you  
wrong me, and the world shall know it:  
though you have put me into darkness and  
given your drunken cousin rule over me,  
yet have I the benefit of my senses as well  
as your ladyship. I have your own letter  
that induced me to the semblance I put on;

with the which I doubt not but to do my-  
self much right, or you much shame.  
Think of me as you please. I leave my duty  
a little unthought of and speak out of my  
injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

*Oli.* Did he write this?

*Clo.* Ay, madam.

*Duke.* This savors not much of distrac-  
tion.

*Oli.* See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him  
hither. [*Exit Fabian.*

My lord, so please you, these things fur-  
ther thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,  
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so  
please you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost.

*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt to embrace  
your offer.

[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and for  
your service done him.

So much against the mettle of your sex,  
So far beneath your soft and tender breed-  
ing,

And since you call'd me master for so long,  
Here is my hand: you shall from this time  
be

Your master's mistress.

*Oli.* A sister! you are she.

*Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.*

*Duke.* Is this the madman?

*Oli.* Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio!

*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

*Oli.* Have I, Malvolio? no.

*Mal.* Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse  
that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand:

Write from it, if you can, in hand or  
phrase;

Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your inven-  
tion:

You can say none of this: well, grant it  
then

And tell me, in the modesty of honor,  
Why you have given me such clear lights  
of favor,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd  
to you,

To put on yellow stockings and to frown  
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;

And, acting this in an obedient hope,  
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,

Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,  
And made the most notorious geck and gull

That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

*Oli.* Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,

Though, I confess, much like the character:

But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was she

First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,

And in such forms which here were pre-supposed

Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:

This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;

But when we know the grounds and authors of it,

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge

Of thine own cause.

*Fab.* Good madam, hear me speak,  
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come  
Taint the condition of this present hour,  
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,

Most freely I confess, myself and Toby  
Set this device against Malvolio here,  
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts

We had conceived against him: Maria writ  
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;  
In recompense whereof he hath married her.

How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,

May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;

If that the injuries be justly weigh'd  
That have on both sides pass'd.

*Oli.* Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

*Clo.* Why, 'some are horn great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in

this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged:' and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

*Mal.* I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. *[Exit.]*

*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously abused.

*Duke.* Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:

He hath not told us of the captain yet:

When that is known and golden time comes,

A solemn combination shall be made  
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,  
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;

For so you shall be, while you are a man;  
But when in other habits you are seen,  
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

*[Exeunt all, except Clown.]*

*Clo.* *[Sings]*

When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day

But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, &c.

'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,  
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,  
With hey, ho, &c.

By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,  
With hey, ho, &c.

With toss-pots still had drunken heads,  
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, &c.

But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you every day. *[Exit.]*

# JULIUS CÆSAR

Written about 1601.

## INTRODUCTION

This tragedy was produced as early as 1601; so we infer from a passage in Weaver's *Mirror of Martyrs* (1601) in which reference is made to the speeches of Brutus and Antony. The style of the versification, the diction, the characterization, all bear out the opinion that 1600 or 1601 is the date of *Julius Cæsar*. The historical materials of the play were found by the dramatist in the lives of Cæsar, of Brutus, and of Antony, as given in North's translation of Plutarch. Hints for the speeches of Brutus and Antony seem to have been obtained from Appian's *Civil Wars* (B. II., ch. 137-147) translated into English in 1578. Every thing is wrought out in the play with great care and completeness; it is well planned and well proportioned; there is no tempestuousness of passion, and no artistic mystery. The style is full, but not overburdened with thought or imagery; this is one of the most perfect of Shakespeare's plays; greater tragedies are less perfect, perhaps for the very reason that they try to grasp greater, more terrible, or more piteous themes. In *King Henry V.* Shakespeare had represented a great and heroic man of action. In the serious plays, which come next in chronological order, *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*, the poet represents two men who were forced to act—to act in public affairs, and affairs of life and death—yet who were singularly disqualified for playing the part of men of action. Hamlet cannot act because his moral energy is sapped by a kind of skepticism and sterile despair about life, because his own ideas are more to him than deeds, because his will is diseased. Brutus does act, but he acts as an idealist and theorizer might, with no eye for the actual bearing of facts, and no sense of the true importance of persons. Intellectual doctrines and moral ideas rule the life of Brutus and his life is most noble, high, and stainless, but his public action is a series of practical mistakes. Yet even while he errs we admire him, for all his errors are those of a pure and lofty spirit. In his wife—Cato's daughter, Portia—Brutus has found one who is equal to and worthy of himself. Shakespeare has shown her as perfectly a woman—sensitive, finely-tempered, tender—yet a woman who by her devotion to moral ideas might stand beside such a father and such a husband. And Brutus, with all his Stoicism, is gentle and tender: he can strike down Cæsar if Cæsar be a tyrant, but he cannot roughly rouse a sleeping boy (Act IV., Sc. iii.). Antony is a man of genius, with many splendid and some generous qualities, but self-indulgent, pleasure-loving, and a daring adventurer rather than a great leader of the State. The character of Cæsar is conceived in a curious and almost irritating manner. Shakespeare (as passages in other plays show) was certainly not ignorant of the greatness of one of the world's greatest men. But here it is his weaknesses that are insisted on. He is failing in body and mind, influenced by superstition, yields to flattery, thinks of himself as almost superhuman, has lost some of his insight into character, and his sureness and swiftness of action. Yet the play is rightly named *Julius Cæsar*. His bodily presence is weak, but his spirit rules throughout the play, and rises after his death in all its might, towering over the little band of conspirators, who at length fall before the spirit of Cæsar as it ranges for revenge.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

|                                               |   |                                                                               |               |
|-----------------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| JULIUS CÆSAR.                                 |   | CINNA, a poet.                                                                | Another Poet. |
| OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,                               | { | LUCILIUS,                                                                     | {             |
| MARCUS ANTONIUS,                              |   | TITINIUS,                                                                     |               |
| M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,                           |   | MESSALA,                                                                      |               |
| CICERO,                                       | { | YOUNG CATO,                                                                   |               |
| PUBLIUS,                                      |   | VOLUMNIUS,                                                                    |               |
| POPILIUS LENA,                                |   | VARRO,                                                                        |               |
| MARCUS BRUTUS,                                | { | CLITUS,                                                                       |               |
| CASSIUS,                                      |   | CLAUDIUS,                                                                     | {             |
| CASCA,                                        |   | STRATO,                                                                       |               |
| TREBONIUS,                                    |   | LUCIUS,                                                                       |               |
| LIGARIUS,                                     |   | DARDANIUS,                                                                    |               |
| DECIUS BRUTUS,                                |   | PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.                                                 |               |
| METELLUS CIMBER,                              |   | CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar.                                                     |               |
| CINNA,                                        |   | PORTIA, wife to Brutus.                                                       |               |
| FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.               |   | Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.                                   |               |
| ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, a teacher of rhetoric. |   | SCENE: <i>Rome: the neighborhood of Sardis; the neighborhood of Philippi.</i> |               |
| A Soothsayer.                                 |   |                                                                               |               |

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners.*

*Flav.* Hence! home, you idle creatures get you home;

Is this a holiday? what! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a laboring day without the sign Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

*First Com.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on? You, sir, what trade are you?

*Sec. Com.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

*Sec. Com.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

*Mar.* What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

*Sec. Com.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be

not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar.* What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

*Sec. Com.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

*Sec. Com.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop today?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

*Sec. Com.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
 Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
 The live-long day, with patient expectation,  
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:  
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
 Have you not made an universal shout,  
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,  
 To hear the replication of your sounds  
 Made in her concave shores?  
 And do you now put on your best attire?  
 And do you now cull out a holiday?  
 And do you now strew flowers in his way  
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone!  
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.  
*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,  
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort,  
 Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears  
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*]

See whether their basest metal be not moved;

They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol;

This way will I: disrobe the images,  
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

*Mar.* May we do so?  
 You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images  
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,  
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets:

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,  
 Who else would soar above the view of men

And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *A public place.*

*Flourish.* Enter CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

*Cæs.* Calpurnia!

*Casca.* Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.  
*Cæs.* Calpurnia!

*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way,

When he doth run his course. Antonius!

*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord?

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,

To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,  
 The barren, touch'd in this holy chase,  
 Shake off their sterile curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember;  
 When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on; and leave no ceremony out.  
 [*Flourish.*]

*Sooth.* Cæsar!

*Cæs.* Ha! who calls?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

*Cæs.* Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
 Cry 'Cæsar!' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* What man is that?

*Bru.* A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* Set him before me; let me see his face.

*Cæs.* Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cas.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him:  
pass. [*Sennet. Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.*]

*Cas.* Will you go see the order of the course?

*Bru.* Not I.

*Cas.* I pray you, do.

*Bru.* I am not gamesome: I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;  
I'll leave you.

*Cas.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
And show of love as I was wont to have:  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* Cassius,  
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am  
Of late with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;

But let not therefore my good friends be  
grieved—

Among which number, Cassius, be you one—

Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,

Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook  
your passion;

By means whereof this breast of mine  
hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

*Bru.* No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,

But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cas.* 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors as will turn

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,

That you might see your shadow. I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me?

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:

And since you know you cannot see yourself

So well as by reflection, I, your glass  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:  
Were I a common laughter, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protester; if you know  
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard

And after scandal them, or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.  
[*Flourish, and shout.*]

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I do fear, the people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,

And I will look on both indifferently,  
For let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honor more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favor.  
Well, honor is the subject of my story.  
I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:  
We both have fed as well, and we can  
both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he:  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with her  
shores,

Cæsar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius,  
now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the  
word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in  
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.  
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of contro-  
versy;

But ere we could arrive the point pro-  
posed,

Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'  
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his  
shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves  
of Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man  
Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
A wretched creature and must bend his  
body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did  
shake:

His coward lips did from their color fly,  
And that same eye whose bend doth awe  
the world

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:  
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the  
Romans

Mark him and write his speeches in their  
books,

Alas, it cried 'Give me some drink,  
Titinius,'

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world

And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*  
*Bru.* Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are  
For some new honors that are heap'd on  
Cæsar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the  
narrow world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their  
fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that  
'Cæsar'?

Why should that name be sounded more  
than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a  
name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth  
as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with  
'em,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.  
Now, in the names of all the gods at  
once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar  
feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art  
shamed!

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble  
bloods!

When went there by an age, since the  
great flood,

But it was famed with more than with  
one man?

When could they say till now, that talk'd  
of Rome,

That her wide walls encompass'd but one  
man?

Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.

O, you and I have heard our fathers  
say,

There was a Brutus once that would have  
brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state in  
Rome

As easily as a king.

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am noth-  
ing jealous;

What you would work me to, I have  
some aim:



How I have thought of this and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter; for this present, I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Be any further moved. What you have said

I will consider; what you have to say I will with patience hear, and find a time Both meet to hear and answer such high things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:

Brutus had rather be a villager Than to repute himself a son of Rome Under these hard conditions as this time Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad that my weak words Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

*Bru.* The games are done and Cæsar is returning.

*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you

What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.  
*Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.*

*Bru.* I will do so. But, look you, Cassius, The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,

And all the rest look like a chidden train: Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes As we have seen him in the Capitol, Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cas.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cæs.* Antonius!

*Ant.* Cæsar?

*Cæs.* Let me have men about me that are fat;

Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look; He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;

He is a noble Roman and well given.

*Cæs.* Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear, I do not know the man I should avoid So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;

He is a great observer and he looks Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music; Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort

As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit

That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,

And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar. Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him. [*Senenet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his Train, but Casca.*]

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

*Bru.* Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,

That Cæsar looks so sad.

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, were you not?

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offered him thrice?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neighbors shouted.

*Cas.* Who offered him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hanged as tell

the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swoounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoound?

*Casca.* He fell down in the marketplace, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

*Bru.* What said he when he came unto himself?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but

there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say any thing?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too; Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good: I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so. Farewell, both. [Exit.]

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

*Cas.* So is he now in execution Of any bold or noble enterprise, However he puts on this tardy form. This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you; or, if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cas.* I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[Exit Brutus.]  
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see, Thy honorable metal may be wrought From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes;

For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:

If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius, He should not humor me. I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw, As if they came from several citizens, Writings all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at: And after this let Cæsar seat him sure; For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

*Casca.* Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,

To be exalted with the threatening clouds:

But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven, Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,

Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

*Casca.* A common slave—you know him well by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn

Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,

Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd. Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—

Against the Capitol I met a lion, Who glared upon me, and went surly by,

Without annoying me: and there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women, Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit Even at noon-day upon the market-place, Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say 'These are their reasons; they are natural'; For, I believe, they are portentous things Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time: But men may construe things after their fashion,

Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

Come Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

*Casca.* He doth; for he did bid Antonius

Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky

Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero.  
*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who's there?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

*Cas.* Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night, And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see, Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods by tokens send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, *Casca*, and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,  
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze

And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the heavens:

But if you would consider the true cause  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,

Why old men fool and children calculate,  
Why all these things change from their ordinance

Their natures and preformed faculties  
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find

That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,

To make them instruments of fear and warning

Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, *Casca*, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves,  
and roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol,  
A man no mightier than thyself or me  
In personal action, yet prodigious grown  
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean; is it not, *Cassius*?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is: for Romans now  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;

But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;

Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow

Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a king;  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,

In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger then;

*Cassius* from bondage will deliver *Cassius*:  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,

Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,

Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,

Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

If I know this, know all the world besides,

That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*]

*Casca.* So can I:  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should *Cæsar* be a tyrant then?

Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,

But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:

He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire

Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,

What rubbish and what offal, when it serves

For the base matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as *Cæsar*! But, O grief,  
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this

Before a willing bondman; then I know  
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to *Casca*, and to such a man

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:

Be factious for redress of all these griefs,  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made.



Now know you, Casca, I have moved  
already

Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans

To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;  
And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful  
night,

There is no stir or walking in the streets;  
And the complexion of the element  
In favor's like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes  
one in haste.

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his  
gait;

He is a friend.

*Enter CINNA.*

Cinna, where haste you so?

*Cin.* To find out you. Who's that?  
Metellus Cimber?

*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for,  
Cinna?

*Cin.* I am glad on 't. What a fearful  
night is this!

There's two or three of us have seen  
strange sights.

*Cas.* Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

*Cin.* Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could  
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

*Cas.* Be you content: good Cinna, take  
this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw  
this

In at his window; set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you  
shall find us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber; and he's  
gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will  
hie,

And so bestow these papers as you bade  
me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's  
theatre. *[Exit Cinna.]*

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day

See Brutus at his house: three parts of  
him

Is ours already, and the man entire  
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

*Casca.* O, he sits high in all the people's  
hearts:

And that which would appear offence in  
us,

His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

*Cas.* Him and his worth and our great  
need of him

You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight; and ere day

We will awake him and be sure of him.  
*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's orchard.*

*Enter BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* What, Lucius, ho!  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I  
say!

I would it were my fault to sleep so  
soundly.

When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what,  
Lucius!

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord. *[Exit.]*

*Bru.* It must be by his death: and for  
my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at  
him,

But for the general. He would be crown'd:  
How that might change his nature, there's  
the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the  
adder;

And that craves wary walking. Crown  
him?—that;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is, when it dis-  
joins

Remorse from power: and, to speak truth  
of Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections  
sway'd

More than his reason. But 'tis a common  
proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his  
face;

But when he once attains the upmost  
round,

He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base  
degrees

By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the  
quarrel

Will bear no color for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus; that what he is, aug-  
mented,

Would run to these and these extremities:  
And therefore think him as a serpent's  
egg

Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow  
mischievous,  
And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet,  
sir.

Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,  
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

*[Gives him the letter.]*

*Bru.* Get you to bed again; it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me  
word.

*Luc.* I will, sir. *[Exit.]*

*Bru.* The exhalations whizzing in the air  
Give so much light that I may read by  
them. *[Opens the letter and reads.]*

'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thy-  
self.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!'

Such instigations have been often dropp'd  
Where I have took them up.

'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it  
out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?  
What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of  
Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a  
king.

'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated

To speak and strike? O Rome, I make  
thee promise:

If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.  
*[Knocking within.]*

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some-  
body knocks. *[Exit Lucius.]*

Since Cassius first did whet me against  
Cæsar,

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:  
The Genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the  
door,

Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, sir, there are moe with him.

*Bru.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd  
about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their  
cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of favor.

*Bru.* Let 'em enter. *[Exit Lucius.]*

They are the faction. O conspiracy,  
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous  
brow by night,

When evils are most free? O, then by  
day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark  
enough

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek  
none, conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:

For if thou path, thy native semblance on,  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA,  
DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and  
TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your  
rest:

Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble  
you?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour, awake  
all night.

Know I these men that come along with  
you?

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them, and no  
man here

But honors you; and every one doth wish  
You had but that opinion of yourself  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This, Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cas.* This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this,  
Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose them-  
selves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word?

[*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*]

*Dec.* Here lies the east: doth not the day  
break here?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon  
gray lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of  
day.

*Casca.* You shall confess that you are  
both deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,  
Which is a great way growing on the  
south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence up higher toward  
the north

He first presents his fire; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one  
by one.

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath: if not the face of  
men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's  
abuse,—

If these be motives weak, break off be-  
times,

And every man hence to his idle bed;  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery. But if  
these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor

The melting spirits of women, then, coun-  
trymen,

What need we any spur but our own  
cause,

To prick us to redress? what other bond  
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the  
word,

And will not palter? and what other oath  
Than honesty to honesty engaged,

That this shall be, or we will fall for it?  
Swear priests and cowards and men  
cautalous,

Old feeble carrions and such suffering  
souls

That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes  
swear

Such creatures as men doubt; but do not  
stain

The even virtue of our enterprise,

Nor the insuppressive mettle of our  
spirits,

To think that or our cause or our per-  
formance

Did need an oath; when every drop of  
blood

That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
Is guilty of a several bastardy,

If he do break the smallest particle

Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

*Cas.* But what of Cicero? shall we sound  
him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O, let us have him, for his silver  
hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion

And buy men's voices to commend our  
deeds:

It shall be said, his judgment ruled our  
hands;

Our youths and wildness shall no whit  
appear,

But all be buried in his gravity.

*Bru.* O, name him not: let us not break  
with him;

For he will never follow any thing  
That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but  
only Cæsar?

*Cas.* Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet,

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him

A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,

If he improve them, may well stretch so far

As to annoy us all: which to prevent,  
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody,  
Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,

Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers,  
Caius.

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;

And in the spirit of men there is no blood:

O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,

And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,  
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make

Our purpose necessary and not envious:  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm  
When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.* Yet I fear him;  
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

*Bru.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:

And that were much he should: for he is given

To sports, to wildness and much company.

*Treb.* There is no fear in him; let him not die;

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [Clock strikes.]

*Bru.* Peace! count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,  
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day,  
or no

For he is superstitious grown of late,  
Quite from the main opinion he held once  
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:

It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
And the persuasion of his augurers,  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that: if he be so resolved,

I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils and men with flatterers;  
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does, being then most flattered.  
Let me work;

For I can give his humor the true bent,  
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

*Bru.* By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:

I wonder none of you have thought of him.

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him:

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*Cas.* The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember

What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.



*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;  
Let not our looks put on our purposes,  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
With untired spirits and formal constancy:

And so good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:  
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;

Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord!

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,

And when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You stared upon me with ungentle looks;  
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;

Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,  
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal

Hoping it was but an effect of humor,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,  
And could it work so much upon your shape

As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,

I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick? and is it physical  
To walk unbraced and suck up the humors

Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,

And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,

To dare the vile contagion of the night  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,

Which, by the right and virtue of my place,

I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,  
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,

By all your vows of love and that great vow

Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,

Why you are heavy, and what men tonight

Have had resort to you: for here have been

Some six or seven, who did hide their faces

Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,

Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself

But, as it were, in sort or limitation,  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honorable wife,

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops

That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I  
know this secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal

A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:

I grant I am a woman; but withal

A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.

Think you I am no stronger than my  
sex,

Being so father'd and so husbanded?

Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose  
'em:

I have made strong proof of my con-  
stancy,

Giving myself a voluntary wound

Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with  
patience,

And not my husband's secrets?

*Bru.* O ye gods,  
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking within.*]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in  
awhile;

And by and by thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to  
thee,

All the character of my sad brows:

Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*]

Lucius, who's that knocks?

*Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.*

*Luc.* He is a sick man that would speak  
with you.

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake  
of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a  
feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out,  
brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief! Would you were not  
sick!

*Lig.* I am not sick, if Brutus have in  
hand

Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand,  
Ligarius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow  
before,

I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!

Brave son, derived from honorable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up  
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to  
do?

*Bru.* A piece of work that will make sick  
men whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole that we  
must make sick?

*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my  
Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going  
To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot,  
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,  
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.

*Bru.* Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *Cæsar's house.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in  
his night-gown.*

*Cæs.* Nor heaven nor earth have been  
at peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried  
out,

'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!' Who's  
within?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord?

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present  
sacrifice

And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Enter CALPURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar? think you  
to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-  
day.

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth: the things that  
threaten'd me

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they  
shall see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one  
within,

Besides the things that we have heard and  
seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the  
watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets;

And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up  
their dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the  
clouds,

In ranks and squadrons and right form  
of war,

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,

Horses did neigh, and dying men did  
groan,

And ghosts did shriek and squeal about  
the streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.

*Cæs.* What can be avoided  
Whose end is purposed by the mighty  
gods?

Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these pre-  
dictions

Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no  
comets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the  
death of princes.

*Cæs.* Cowards die many times before  
their deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men  
should fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.

*Re-enter Servant.*

What say the augurers?

*Serv.* They would not have you to stir  
forth to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the  
beast.

*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of  
cowardice:

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for  
fear.

No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full  
well

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:  
We are two lions litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible:

And Cæsar shall go forth.

*Cal.* Alas, my lord,

Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.

Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear

That keeps you in the house, and not  
your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-  
house:

And he shall say you are not well to-day:  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say I am not  
well:

And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them  
so.

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail! good morrow,  
worthy Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy  
time,

To bear my greeting to the senators  
And tell them that I will not come to-day:  
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not,  
falsely:

I will not come to-day: tell them so,  
Decius.

*Cal.* Say he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so  
far,

To be afraid to tell gray beards the  
truth?

Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know  
some cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will: I will not  
come;

That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know:  
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at  
home:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,  
Which, like a fountain with an hundred  
spouts,

Did run pure blood: and many lusty  
Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands  
in it:

And these does she apply for warnings,  
and portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee

Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-  
day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted;

It was a vision fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall  
suck

Reviving blood, and that great men shall  
press

For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.  
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now: the senate have concluded

To give this day a crown to mighty  
Cæsar.

If you shall send them word you will not come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say  
'Break up the senate till another time,  
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better  
dreams.'

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not  
whisper

'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;  
And reason to my love is liable.

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem  
now, Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.

Give me my robe, for I will go.

*Enter* PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,  
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch  
me.

*Pub.* Good morrow, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?

Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy  
As that same age which hath made you  
lean.

What is 't o'clock?

*Bru.* Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and  
courtesy.

*Enter* ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow,  
Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within:  
I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;  
Remember that you call on me to-day:  
Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will: [*Aside*] and so near  
will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had  
been further.

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in, and taste some  
wine with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go  
together.

*Bru.* [*Aside*] That every like is not the  
same, O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!  
[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

*Enter* ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

*Art.* 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed  
of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an  
eye to Cinna, trust not Trebonius: mark  
well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves  
thee not: thou hast wronged Caius  
Ligarius. There is but one mind in all  
these men, and it is bent against Cæsar.  
If thou beest not immortal, look about  
you: security gives way to conspiracy.  
The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,  
'ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this.  
My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst  
live;

If not, the Fates with traitors do con-  
trive.  
[*Exit.*]

### SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.*

*Enter* PORTIA and LUCIUS.

*Por.* I prithee, boy, run to the senate-  
house;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:



Why dost thou stay?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.

O constancy, be strong upon my side,  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!

Art thou here yet?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do?  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth: and take good note

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Prithce, listen well;  
I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter the Soothsayer.*

*Por.* Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is 't o'clock?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

*Sooth.* Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

*Sooth.* That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

*[Exit.]*

*Por.* I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus,  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit

That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say I am merry: come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.*

*A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish.*

*Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* *[To the Soothsayer]* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself shall be last served.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cæs.* What, urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.*

*Pop.* I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

*Cas.* What enterprise, Popilius?  
*Pop.* Fare you well.

[*Advances to Cæsar.*]

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena?

*Cæs.* He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

*Cas.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,  
 For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;  
 For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cas.* Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus.

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*]

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Bru.* He is address'd: press near and second him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

*Cæs.* Are we all ready? What is now amiss

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

*Met.* Most high; most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
 An humble heart,—

[*Kneeling.*]

*Cæs.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
 These couchings and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,  
 And turn pre-ordinance and first decree  
 Into the law of children. Be not fond,  
 To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean,  
 sweet words,

Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning

Thy brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may  
 Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cæs.* What, Brutus!

*Cas.* Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:  
 As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
 To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cæs.* I could be well moved, if I were as you:

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:

But I am constant as the northern star,  
 Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality  
 There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire and every one doth shine,

But there's but one in all doth hold his place:

So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

Yet in the number I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,

Let me a little show it, even in this;

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*]

*Cæs.* Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Cæsar.  
 [Dies.]

*Cin.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cas.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out

'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

*Bru.* People and senators, be not affrighted;

Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Dec.* And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's

Should chance—

*Bru.* Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,

Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

*Cas.* And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

*Bru.* Do so: and let no man abide this deed,

But we the doers.

*Re-enter TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* Where is Antony?

*Tre.* Fled to his house amazed:

Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run

As it were doomsday.

*Bru.* Fates, we will know your pleasures:

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time

And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Cas.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged

His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood

Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:

Then walk we forth, even to the marketplace,

And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,

Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'

*Cas.* Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along No worthier than the dust!

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away: Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels

With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Bru.* Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel:

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say: Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest; Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

Say I love Brutus, and I honor him;

Say I fear'd Cæsar, honor'd him and loved him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony May safely come to him, and be resolved How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death, Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead So well as Brutus living; but will follow The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus Through the hazards of this untrod state With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,  
Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*]

*Bru.* I know that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cas.* I wish we may: but yet have I a mind

That fears him much; and my misgiving still

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Bru.* But here comes Antony.

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,

Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:

If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death hour, nor no instrument  
Of half that worth as those your swords,  
made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek  
and smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony, beg not your death of us.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,

As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do, yet see you but our hands

And this the bleeding business they have done:

Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—  
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—

Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,

To you our swords have leaden points,  
Mark Antony:

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's

In the disposing of new dignities.

*Bru.* Only be patient till we have appeased

The multitude, beside themselves with fear,

And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,

Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand:  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;

Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours: now yours,  
Metellus;

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;

Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,

Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:

If then thy spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It would become me better than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd,

brave hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,



Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy  
lethe.

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;  
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of  
thee.

How like a deer, stricken by many  
princes,

Dost thou here lie!

*Cas.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius:  
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;  
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar  
so;

But what compact mean you to have with  
us?

Will you be prick'd in number of our  
friends;

Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands, but  
was, indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down  
on Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all and love you  
all,

Upon this hope, that you shall give me  
reasons

Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle:  
Our reasons are so full of good regard

That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor that I may

Produce his body to the market-place;

And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,

Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.

[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you  
do: do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:

Know you how much the people may be  
moved

By that which he will utter?

*Bru.* By your pardon;

I will myself into the pulpit first,

And show the reason of our Cæsar's  
death:

What Antony shall speak, I will protest

He speaks by leave and by permission,

And that we are contented Cæsar shall

Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.

It shall advantage more than do us wrong.  
*Cas.* I know not what may fall; I like it  
not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you  
Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech  
blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of  
Cæsar,

And say you do't by our permission;

Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his funeral: and you shall speak

In the same pulpit whereto I am going,

After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so;

I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow  
us. [*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece  
of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these  
butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly  
blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—

Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their  
ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my  
tongue—

A curse shall light upon the limbs of  
men;

Domestic fury and fierce civil strife

Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;

Blood and destruction shall be so in use

And dreadful objects so familiar

That mothers shall but smile when they  
behold

Their infants quarter'd with the hands of  
war;

All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

With Ate by his side come hot from hell,

Shall in these confines with a monarch's  
voice

Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;

That this foul deed shall smell above the  
earth

With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming;  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

O Cæsar!— [Seeing the body.

*Ant.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

Began to water. Is thy master coming?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;  
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;

Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse

Into the market-place: there shall I try  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
According to the which, thou shalt discourse

To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

## SCENE II. *The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*

*Citizens.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered  
Of Cæsar's death.

*First Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

*Sec. Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.*  
*Brutus goes into the pulpit.*

*Third. Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended:  
silence!

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.  
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*All.* None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*All.* Live, Brutus! live, live!

*First Cit.* Bring him with triumph home  
unto his house.

*Sec. Cit.* Give him a statue with his  
ancestors.

*Third Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

*Fourth Cit.* Cæsar's better parts  
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

*First Cit.* We'll bring him to his house  
With shouts and clamors.

*Bru.* My countrymen,—

*Sec. Cit.* Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

*First Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart  
alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with An-  
tony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace  
his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark  
Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[Exit.

*First Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark  
Antony.

*Third Cit.* Let him go up into the public  
chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding  
to you. [Goes into the pulpit.

*Fourth Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

*Third Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholding to us all.

*Fourth Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm  
of Brutus here.

*First Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

*Third Cit.* Nay, that's certain:  
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

*Sec. Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony  
can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Citizens.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend  
me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—

For Brutus is an honorable man;

So are they all, all honorable men—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home  
to Rome

Whose ransoms did the general coffers  
fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar  
hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this  
ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus  
spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without  
cause:

What cause withholds you then, to mourn  
for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish  
beasts,

And men have lost their reason. Bear  
with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

*First Cit.* Methinks there is much reason  
in his sayings.

*Sec. Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the  
matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong.

*Third Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

*Fourth Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He  
would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not am-  
bitious.

*First Cit.* If it be found so, some will  
dear abide it.

*Sec. Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as  
fire with weeping.

*Third Cit.* There's not a nobler man in  
Rome than Antony.

*Fourth Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world; now lies he there.

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honorable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear his testament—

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills, Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

*Fourth Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

*All.* The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

*Fourth Cit.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:

I fear I wrong the honorable men Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

*Fourth Cit.* They were traitors: honorable men!

*All.* The will! the testament!

*Sec. Cit.* They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

*Ant.* You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

*Several Cit.* Come down.

*Sec. Cit.* Descend.

*Third Cit.* You shall have leave.

[*Antony comes down.*]

*Fourth Cit.* A ring; stand round.

*First Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

*Sec. Cit.* Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

*Several Cit.* Stand back; room; bear back.

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember The first time ever Cæsar put it on:

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent, That day he overcame the Nervii:

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made: Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all; For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;



And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,  
Which all the while ran blood, great  
Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you  
feel

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what, weep you when you  
but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you  
here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with  
traitors.

*First Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

*Sec. Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

*Third Cit.* O woeful day!

*Fourth Cit.* O traitors, villains!

*First Cit.* O most bloody sight!

*Sec. Cit.* We will be revenged.

*All.* Revenge! About! Seek! Burn!

Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

*First Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble  
Antony.

*Sec. Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow  
him, we'll die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me  
not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honor-  
able:

What private griefs they have, alas, I  
know not,

That made them do it: they are wise  
and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons an-  
swer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your  
hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt  
man,

That love my friend; and that they know  
full well

That gave me public leave to speak of  
him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor  
worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of  
speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right  
on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do  
know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor  
poor dumb mouths.

And bid them speak for me: but were  
I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an An-  
tony

Would ruffle up your spirits and put a  
tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should  
move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*All.* We'll mutiny.

*First Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

*Third Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the  
conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear  
me speak.

*All.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble  
Antony!

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you  
know not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your  
loves?

Alas, you know not: I must tell you,  
then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

*All.* Most true. The will! Let's stay and  
hear the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's  
seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drach-  
mas.

*Sec. Cit.* Most noble Cæsar! We'll re-  
venge his death.

*Third Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*All.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his  
walks,

His private arbors and new-planted or-  
chards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever, common  
pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such an-  
other?

*First Cit.* Never, never. Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

*Sec. Cit.* Go fetch fire.

*Third Cit.* Pluck down benches.

*Fourth Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!

*Enter a Servant.*

How now, fellow!

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Serv.* I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates  
of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike they had some notice of the people,

How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *A street.*

*Enter CINNA the poet.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night that I did feast  
with Cæsar,

And things unlucky charge my fantasy:  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

*First Cit.* What is your name?

*Sec. Cit.* Whither are you going?

*Third Cit.* Where do you dwell?

*Fourth Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor?

*Sec. Cit.* Answer every man directly.

*First Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

*Fourth Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

*Third Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married

man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

*Sec. Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

*First Cit.* As a friend or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

*Sec. Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

*Fourth Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

*Third Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

*First Cit.* Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

*Fourth Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

*Fourth Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

*Third Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius':  
away, go! [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT IV.

#### SCENE I. *A house in Rome.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

*Ant.* These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

*Oct.* Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

*Lep.* I do consent,—

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit Lepidus.*]

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,  
The three-fold world divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it?

*Oct.* So you thought him;  
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,

In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:

And though we lay these honors on this man,

To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,

He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,

To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will;  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius; and for that

I do appoint him store of provender:  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;  
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth;

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
On objects, orts and imitations,  
Which, out of use and staled by other men,

Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,  
But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:

Therefore let our alliance be combined.  
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;  
And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclosed.

And open perils surest answered.

*Oct.* Let us do so: for we are at the stake,

And bay'd about with many enemies;  
And some that smile have in their hearts,

I fear,  
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

*Bru.* Stand, ho!

*Lucil.* Give the word, ho! and stand.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

*Lucil.* He is at hand; and Pindarus is come

To do you salutation from his master.

*Bru.* He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish

Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,

I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt  
But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

*Bru.* He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;

How he received you, let me be resolved.

*Lucil.* With courtesy and with respect enough;

But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,

As he hath used of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast described  
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;

But hollow men, likes horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;

spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,

But when they should endure the bloody

Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

*Lucil.* They mean this night in Sardis  
to be quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius.

*Bru.* Hark! he is arrived.  
[*Low march within.*]

March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and his powers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho!

*Bru.* Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

*First Sold.* Stand!

*Sec. Sold.* Stand!

*Third Sold.* Stand!

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done  
me wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine  
enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a  
brother?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours  
hides wrongs;

And when you do them—

*Bru.* Cassius, be content;  
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you  
well.

Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love  
from us,

Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your  
griefs,

And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

*Bru.* Lucilius, do you the like; and let  
no man

Come to our tent till we have done our  
conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.  
[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *Brutus's tent.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me doth  
appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius  
Pella

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wronged yourself to write in  
such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his  
comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you your-  
self

Are much condemn'd to have an itching  
palm;

To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm!

You know that you are Brutus that speak  
this,

Or, by the gods, this speech were else  
your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honors this  
corruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his  
head.

*Cas.* Chastisement!

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of  
March remember:

Did not great Julius bleed for justice'  
sake?

What villain touch'd his body, that did  
stab,

And not for justice? What, shall one  
of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this  
world

But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large  
honors

For so much trash as may be grasped thus?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me;  
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget  
myself;

Have mind upon your health, tempt me  
no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.



Must I give way and room to your rash  
choler?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this! ay, more: fret till your  
proud heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you  
are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must  
I budge?

Must I observe you? must I stand and  
crouch

Under your testy humor? By the gods  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you; for, from this  
day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my  
laughter,

When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier;  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting  
true,

And it shall please me well: for mine  
own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way; you  
wrong me, Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:  
Did I say 'better'?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar lived, he durst not  
thus have moved me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace! you durst not so  
have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not!

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What, durst not tempt him!

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon  
my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be  
sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your  
threats,

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you  
denied me:

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than  
to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their  
vile trash

By any indirection: I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me: was that done like  
Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his  
friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-  
bolts;

Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not: he was but a fool that  
brought

My answer back. Brutus hath rived my  
heart:

A friend should bear his friend's in-  
firmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they  
are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practice them  
on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such  
faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though  
they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius,  
come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is aweary of the world;  
Hated by one he loves; braved by his  
brother;

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults  
observed,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd  
by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my  
dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a  
heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than  
gold:

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better

'Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger:  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;

Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius lived  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus!

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have not you love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humor which my mother gave me

Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

*Poet.* [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;

There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet

They be alone.

*Lucil.* [*Within*] You shall not come to them.

*Poet.* [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS.*

*Cas.* How now! what's the matter?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals! what do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

*Cas.* Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humor, when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?

Companion, hence!

*Cas.* Away, away, be gone. [*Exit Poet.*]

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you

Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine!

[*Exit Lucius.*]

*Cas.* I did not think you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

*Cas.* Ha! Portia!

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?

O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence,  
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death

That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And died so?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods!

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup; I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*]

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius and Mark Antony  
Come down upon us with a mighty

power,

Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

*Bru.* With what addition?

*Mes.* That by proscription and bills of outlawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,

Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree;

Mine speak of seventy senators that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cas.* Cicero one!

*Mes.* Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife,  
my lord?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ  
of her?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? hear you aught of  
her in yours?

*Mes.* Nò, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me  
true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth  
I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange  
manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia. We must  
die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses  
should endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do  
you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.*

Your reason?

*Cas.*

This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his  
soldiers,

Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying  
still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give  
place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground  
Do stand but in a forced affection;

For they have grudged us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and en-

couraged;

From which advantage shall we cut him  
off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother.

*Bru.* Under your pardon. You must note  
beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our  
friends,

Our legions are brim-full, our cause is  
ripe:

The enemy increaseth every day;

We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to  
fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat;

And we must take the current when it  
serves,

Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on;

We'll along ourselves, and meet them at  
Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon  
our talk,

And nature must obey necessity;

Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
There is no more to say?

*Cas.* No more. Good night:  
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Bru.* Lucius! [*Enter Lucius.*] My gown.

[*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala:  
Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cas-

sius,  
Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother!  
This was an ill beginning of the night:  
Never come such division 'tween our

souls!  
Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Every thing is well.

*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother.

*Tit. Mess.* Good night, Lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily?  
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art  
o'erwatch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men:  
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my  
tent.

*Luc.* Varro and Claudius!

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*Var.* Calls my lord?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent  
and sleep;

It may be I shall raise you by and by  
On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand and  
watch your pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not have it so: lie down, good  
sirs;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.  
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought  
for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Var. and Clau. lie down.*]

*Luc.* I was sure your lordship did not  
give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am  
much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an't please you.

*Bru.* It does, my boy:  
I trouble thee too much, but thou art  
willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past  
thy might;

I know young bloods look for a time  
of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Bru.* It was well done; and thou shalt  
sleep again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,  
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*]  
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous  
slumber,

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my  
boy,

That plays thee music? Gentle knave,  
good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake  
thee:

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy in-  
strument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good  
night.

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf  
turn'd down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes  
here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some  
devil,

That makest my blood cold and my hair  
to stare?

Speak to me what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why comest thou?

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at  
Philippi.

*Bru.* Well; then I shall see thee again?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi,  
then. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with  
thee.

Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs,  
awake!

Claudius!



*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.  
*Bru.* He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

*Luc.* My lord?

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criest out?

*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.

*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!

[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!

*Var.* My lord?

*Clau.* My lord?

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

*Var. Clau.* Did we, my lord?

*Bru.* Ay: saw you any thing?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,  
 And we will follow.

*Var. Clau.* It shall be done, my lord.  
 [Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:

You said the enemy would not come down,

But keep the hills and upper regions;  
 It proves not so: their battles are at hand;  
 They mean to warn us at Philippi here,  
 Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know

Wherefore they do it: they could be content

To visit other places; and come down  
 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face

To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;

But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals:

The enemy comes on in gallant show;  
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
 And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
 Upon the left hand of that even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?

*Oct.* I do not cross you; but I will do so.  
 [March.]

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words.

*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows: it is so, countrymen?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'

*Cas.* Antony,  
 The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.* Not stingless too.

*Bru.* O, yes, and soundless too;  
 For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
 And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:  
 You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind  
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatter-  
ers!

*Cas.* Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank your-  
self

This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have ruled.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause: if arguing  
make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;  
When think you that the sword goes up  
again?

Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty  
wounds

Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of  
traitors.

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by trai-  
tors' hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope;  
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy  
strain,

Young man, thou couldst not die more  
honorable.

*Cas.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of  
such honor,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

*Ant.* Old Cassius still!

*Oct.* Come, Antony, away!  
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the  
field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their  
Army.*]

*Cas.* Why, now, blow wind, swell billow  
and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with  
you.

*Lucil.* [*Standing forth*] My lord?  
[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]

*Cas.* Messala!

*Mes.* [*Standing forth*] What says my gen-  
eral?

*Cas.* Messala,  
This is my birth-day; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand,  
Messala:

Be thou my witness that against my will,  
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set  
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong  
And his opinion: now I change my mind,  
And partly credit things that do presage.  
Coming from Sardis, on our former en-  
sign

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they  
perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers'  
hands;

Who to Philippi here consorted us:

This morning are they fled away and  
gone;

And in their steads do ravens, crows and  
kites,

Fly o'er our heads and downward look on  
us,

As we were sickly prey: their shadows  
seem

A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.* I but believe it partly;  
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved  
To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,  
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we  
may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!  
But since the affairs of men rest still in-  
certain,

Let's reason with the worst that may be-  
fall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak to-  
gether:

What are you then determined to do?

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy  
By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself, I know not  
how,

But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life: arming myself with pa-  
tience

To stay the providence of some high pow-  
ers

That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph

Through the streets of Rome?

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day

Must end that work the ides of March begun;

And whether we shall meet again I know not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take:  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;  
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know

The end of this day's business ere it come!

But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
And then the end is known. Come. Ho! away! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle.*

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills

Unto the legions on the other side.

*[Loud alarum.]*

Let them set on at once; for I perceive  
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,  
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Cas.* O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:  
This ensign here of mine was turning back;

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,

Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

*Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:  
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* The hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lovest me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,

And here again; that I may rest assured  
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought. *[Exit.]*

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;

My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

*[Pindarus ascends the hill.]*

This day I breathed first: time is come round,

And where I did begin, there shall I end;  
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

*Pin.* *[Above]* O my lord!

*Cas.* What news?

*Pin.* *[Above]* Titinius is enclosed round about

With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;

Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.

Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.

He's ta'en. *[Shout.]* And, hark! they shout for joy.

*Cas.* Come down, behold no more.  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

*PINDARUS descends.*

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;  
 And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
 That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
 Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now,  
 keep thine oath;  
 Now be a freeman: and with this good  
 sword,  
 That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search  
 this bosom.  
 Stand not to answer: here, take thou the  
 hilts;  
 And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
 Guide thou the sword.

[*Pindarus stabs him.*]

Cæsar, thou art revenged,  
 Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[*Dies.*]

*Pin.* So, I am free; yet would not so have  
 been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,  
 Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
 Where never Roman shall take note of  
 him.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.*

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius; for Oc-  
 tavius

Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
 As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort  
 Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,  
 With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he that lies upon the  
 ground?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my  
 heart!

*Mes.* Is not that he?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,  
 But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,  
 As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,  
 So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;  
 The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;  
 Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our  
 deeds are done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this  
 deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done  
 this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,  
 Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts  
 of men

The things that are not? O error, soon  
 conceived,

Thou never comest unto a happy birth,  
 But kill'st the mother that engender'd  
 thee!

*Tit.* What, Pindarus! where art thou,  
 Pindarus?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to  
 meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
 Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;  
 For piercing steel and darts envenomed  
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus  
 As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,  
 And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit Messala.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave  
 Cassius?

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not  
 they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
 And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not  
 hear their shouts?

Alas, thou has misconstrued every thing!  
 But, hold thee, take this garland on thy  
 brow;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
 Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,  
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.

By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's  
 part:

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius'  
 heart.

[*Kills himself.*]

*Alarum.* *Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS,*  
*young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and*  
*LUCILIUS.*

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his  
 body lie?

*Mes.* Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning  
 it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty  
 yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our  
 swords

In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]  
*Cato.* Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead  
 Cassius!

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as  
 these?



The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!  
It is impossible that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe  
more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me  
pay.

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.  
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his  
body:

His funerals shall not be in our camp,  
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;  
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.  
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:  
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere  
night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both  
armies; then BRUTUS, young CATO, LUCIL-  
ILIUS, and others.*

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up  
your heads!

*Cato.* What bastard doth not? Who will  
go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus,  
I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for  
Brutus! [*Exit.*]

*Lucil.* O young and noble Cato, art thou  
down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titin-  
ius;

And mayest be honor'd, being Cato's son.  
*First Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Lucil.* Only I yield to die:  
There is so much that thou wilt kill me  
straight; [*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.  
*First Sold.* We must not. A noble  
prisoner!

*Sec. Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Bru-  
tus is ta'en.

*First Sold.* I'll tell the news. Here comes  
the general.

*Enter ANTONY.*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Lucil.* Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe  
enough:

I dare assure thee that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:  
The gods defend him from so great a  
shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like him-  
self.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend; but, I  
assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man  
safe;

Give him all kindness: I had rather have  
Such men my friends than enemies. Go  
on,

And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;  
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent  
How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO,  
and VOLUMNIUS.*

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest  
on this rock.

*Cli.* Statilius show'd the torch-light, but,  
my lord,

He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the  
word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.  
[*Whispers.*]

*Cli.* What, I, my lord? No, not for all  
the world.

*Bru.* Peace then! no words.  
*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers.*]  
*Dar.* Shall I do such a deed?

*Cli.* O Dardanius!  
*Dar.* O Clitus!

*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make to  
thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he medi-  
tates.

*Cli.* Now is that noble vessel full of  
grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius; list  
a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord?  
*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night; at Sardis  
once,

And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:  
I know my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it  
goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[*Low alarums.*]

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Vo-  
lumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school  
together:

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on  
it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my  
lord. [*Alarum still.*]

*Cli.* Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarry-  
ing here.

*Bru.* Farewell to you; and you; and you,  
Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;  
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,  
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life  
I found no man but he was true to me.  
I shall have glory by this losing day  
More than Octavius and Mark Antony  
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
So fare you well at once; for Brutus'  
tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history:

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones  
would rest,

That have but labor'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*]

*Cli.* Fly, my lord, fly.

*Bru.* Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honor  
in it;

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy  
face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou,  
Strato?

*Str.* Give me your hand first. Fare you  
well, my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on  
his sword.*] Cæsar, now be still:  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*Dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter* OCTAVIUS, AN-  
TONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and the Army.*

*Oct.* What man is that?

*Mes.* My master's man. Strato, where is  
thy master?

*Str.* Free from the bondage you are in,  
Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of  
him;

For Brutus only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honor by his death.

*Lucil.* So Brutus should be found. I thank  
thee, Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying  
true.

*Oct.* All that served Brutus, I will enter-  
tain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with  
me?

*Str.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to  
you.

*Oct.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How did my master, Strato?

*Str.* I held the sword, and he did run  
on it.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow  
thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of  
them all:

All the conspirators save only he

Did that they died in envy of great  
Cæsar;

He only, in a general honest thought  
And common good to all, made one of  
them.

His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand  
up

And say to all the world 'This was a  
man!'

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use  
him

With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.

So call the field to rest; and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

# HAMLET

Written about 1602.

## INTRODUCTION

*Hamlet* represents the mid period of the growth of Shakespeare's genius, when comedy and history ceased to be adequate for the expression of his deeper thoughts and sadder feelings about life, and when he was just entering upon his great series of tragic writings. In July, 1602, the printer Roberts entered in the Stationers' register, "The Revenge of Hamlett, Prince of Denmark, as yt latelie was acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servantes," and in the next year the play was printed. The true relation of this first quarto of *Hamlet* to the second quarto, published in 1604—"newly imprinted, and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was"—is a matter in dispute. It is believed by some critics that the quarto of 1603 is merely an imperfect report of the play as we find it in the edition of the year after; but there are some material differences which cannot thus be explained. In the earlier quarto, instead of Polonius and Reynaldo, we find the names Corambis and Montano; the order of certain scenes varies from that of the later quarto; "the madness of Hamlet is much more pronounced, and the Queen's innocence of her husband's murder much more explicitly stated." We are forced to believe either that the earlier quarto contains portions of an old play by some other writer than Shakespeare—an opinion adopted on apparently insufficient grounds by some recent editor—or that it represents imperfectly Shakespeare's first draught of the play, and that the difference between it and the second quarto is due to Shakespeare's revision of his own work. This last opinion seems to be the true one, but the value of any comparison between the two quartos, with a view to understanding Shakespeare's manner of rehandling work, is greatly diminished by the fact that numerous gaps of the imperfect report given in the earlier quarto seem to have been filled in by a stupid stage hack. That an old play on the subject of Hamlet existed there can be no doubt; it is referred to in 1589 (perhaps in 1587) by Nash, in his *Epistle* prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, and again in 1596 by Lodge (*Wit's Miserie and the World's Madnesse*), where he alludes to "the vizard of the Ghost which cried so miserably at the Theator, like an oister wife, 'Hamlet, revenge'." A German play on the subject of Hamlet exists which is supposed to have been acted by English players in Germany in 1603; the name Corambus appears in it; and it is possible that portions of the old pre-Shakespearean drama are contained in the German *Hamlet*. The old play may have been one of the bloody tragedies of revenge among which we find *Titus Andronicus* and *The Spanish Tragedy*, and it would be characteristic of Shakespeare that he should refine the motives and spirit of the drama, so as to make the duty of vengeance laid upon Hamlet a painful burden which he is hardly able to support. Besides the old play of Hamlet, Shakespeare had probably before him the prose *Hystorie of Hamblet* (though no edition exists earlier than 1608), translated from Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*. The story had been told some hundreds of years previously in the *Historia Danica* of Saxo Grammaticus (about 1180-1208). The Hamlet of the *Hystorie*, after a fierce revenge, becomes King of Denmark, marries two wives, and finally dies in battle.

No play of Shakespeare's has had a higher power of interesting spectators and readers, and none has given rise to a greater variety of conflicting interpretations. It has been rightly named a tragedy of thought, and in this respect, as well as others, takes its place beside *Julius Cæsar*. Neither Brutus nor Hamlet is the victim of an overmastering passion as are the chief persons of the later tragedies—e.g. Othello, Macbeth, Coriolanus. The burden of a terrible duty is laid upon each of them, and neither is fitted for bearing such a burden. Brutus is disqualified for action by his moral idealism, his student-like habits, his capacity for dealing with abstractions rather than with men and things. Hamlet is disqualified for action by his excess of the reflective tendency, and by his unstable will, which alternates between complete inactivity and fits of excited energy. Naturally sensi-

tive, he receives a painful shock from the hasty second marriage of his mother; already the springs of faith and joy in his nature are embittered; then follows the terrible discovery of his father's murder, with the injunction laid upon him to revenge the crime; upon this again follow the repulses which he receives from Ophelia. A deep melancholy lays hold of his spirit, and all of life grows dark and sad to his vision. Although hating his father's murderer, he has little heart to push on his revenge. He is aware that he is suspected and surrounded by spies. Partly to baffle them, partly to create a veil behind which to seclude his true self, partly because his whole moral nature is indeed deeply disordered, he assumes the part of one whose wits have gone astray. Except for one loyal friend, he is alone among enemies or supposed traitors. Ophelia he regards as no more loyal or honest to him than his mother had been to her dead husband. The ascertainment of Claudius's guilt by means of the play still leaves him incapable of the last decisive act of vengeance. Not so, however, with the king, who now recognizing his foe in Hamlet, does not delay to despatch him to a bloody death in England. But there is in Hamlet a terrible power of sudden and desperate action. From the melancholy which broods over him after the burial of Ophelia he rouses himself to the play of swords with Laertes, and at the last, with strength which leaps up before its final extinction, he accomplishes the punishment of the malefactor. Horatio, with his fortitude, his self-possession, his strong equanimity is a contrast to the Prince. And Laertes, who takes violent measures at the shortest notice to revenge *his* father's murder, is in another way a contrast; but Laertes is the young gallant of the period, and his capacity for action arises in part from the absence of those moral checks of which Hamlet is sensible. Polonius is owner of the shallow wisdom of this world, and exhibits this grotesquely while now on the brink of dotage; he sees, but cannot see through Hamlet's ironical mockery of him. Ophelia is tender, sensitive, affectionate, but the reverse of heroic; she fails Hamlet in his need, and then in her turn becoming the sufferer, gives way under the pressure of her afflictions. We do not honor, we only commiserate her.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CLAUDIUS, king of Denmark.

HAMLET, son to the late, and nephew to the present, king.

POLONIUS, lord chamberlain.

HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.

LAERTES, son to Polonius.

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTZ,

GUILDENSTERN,

OSRIC,

A Gentleman,

A Priest.

MARCELLUS,

BERNARDO, } officers.

FRANCISCO, a soldier.

REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.  
Players.

Two Clowns, grave-diggers.

FORTINBRAS, prince of Norway.

A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.

OPELIA, daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors,  
Messengers, and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE: *Denmark.*

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A platform before the castle.*

FRANCISCO at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.



*Ber.* 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

*Fran.* For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

*Ber.* Have you had quiet guard?

*Fran.* Not a mouse stirring.

*Ber.* Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,  
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

*Fran.* I think I hear them. Stand, ho!  
Who's there?

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.*

*Hor.* Friends to this ground.

*Mar.* And liegemen to the Dane.

*Fran.* Give you good night.

*Mar.* O, farewell, honest soldier:  
Who hath relieved you?

*Fran.* Bernardo has my place.  
Give you good night. *[Exit.]*

*Mar.* Holla! Bernardo!

*Ber.* Say,  
What, is Horatio there?

*Hor.* A piece of him.

*Ber.* Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

*Mar.* What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

*Ber.* I have seen nothing.

*Mar.* Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,  
And will not let belief take hold of him  
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:

Therefore I have entreated him along  
With us to watch the minutes of this night;  
That if again this apparition come,  
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

*Hor.* Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

*Ber.* Sit down awhile;  
And let us once again assail your ears,  
That are so fortified against our story  
What we have two nights seen.

*Hor.* Well, sit we down,  
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

*Ber.* Last night of all,  
When yond same star that's westward  
from the pole

Had made his course to illume that part of  
heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and my-  
self,

The bell then beating one,—

*Enter Ghost.*

*Mar.* Peace, break thee off; look, where  
it comes again!

*Ber.* In the same figure, like the king  
that's dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Ho-  
ratio.

*Ber.* Looks it not like the king? mark it,  
Horatio.

*Hor.* Most like: it harrows me with fear  
and wonder.

*Ber.* It would be spoke to.

*Mar.* Question it, Horatio.

*Hor.* What art thou that usurp'st this  
time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form  
In which the majesty of buried Denmark  
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge  
thee, speak!

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Ber.* See, it stalks away!

*Hor.* Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee,  
speak! *[Exit Ghost.]*

*Mar.* 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

*Ber.* How now, Horatio! you tremble  
and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?  
What think you on't?

*Hor.* Before my God, I might not this be-  
lieve

Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the king?

*Hor.* As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armor he had on  
When he the ambitious Norway com-  
bated;

So frown'd he once, when, in an angry  
parle,

He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.  
'Tis strange.

*Mar.* Thus twice before, and jump at this  
dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our  
watch.

*Hor.* In what particular thought to work  
I know not;

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our  
state.

*Mar.* Good now, sit down, and tell me,  
he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant  
watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land,  
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,  
And foreign mart for implements of war;  
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose  
sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week;  
What might be toward, that this sweaty  
haste

Doth make the night joint-laborer with  
the day:

Who is't that can inform me?

*Hor.* That can I;  
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,  
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Nor-  
way,

Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate  
pride,

Dared to the combat; in which our valiant  
Hamlet—

For so this side of our known world  
esteem'd him—

Did slay this Fortinbras; who by a seal'd  
compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,  
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands  
Which he stood seized of, to the con-  
queror:

Against the which, a moiety competent  
Was gaged by our king; which had re-  
turn'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,  
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same  
covenant,

And carriage of the article design'd,  
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young For-  
tinbras,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and  
there

Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,  
For food and diet, to some enterprise  
That hath a stomach in't; which is no  
other—

As it doth well appear unto our state—  
But to recover of us, by strong hand  
And terms compulsory, those foresaid  
lands

So by his father lost: and this, I take it,  
Is the main motive of our preparations,

The source of this our watch and the chief  
head

Of this post-haste and romage in the land.  
*Ber.* I think it be no other but e'en so:

Well may it sort that this portentous figure  
Comes armed through our watch; so like  
the king

That was and is the question of these wars.

*Hor.* A mote it is to trouble the mind's  
eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted  
dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman  
streets:

As stars with trains of fire and dews of  
blood,

Disasters in the sun; and the moist star  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire  
stands

Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:  
And even the like precurse of fierce events

As harbingers preceding still the fates  
And prologue to the omen coming on,  
Have heaven and earth together demon-  
strated

Unto our climatures and countrymen.—  
But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

*Re-enter Ghost.*

I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illu-  
sion!

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,  
Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,  
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,  
Speak to me: [*Cock crows.*]

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,  
O, speak!

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,  
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk  
in death,

Speak of it: stay, and speak! Stop it, Mar-  
cellus.

*Mar.* Shall I strike at it with my parti-  
san?

*Hor.* Do, if it will not stand.

*Ber.* 'Tis here!

*Hor.* 'Tis here!

*Mar.* 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*]

We do it wrong, being so majestical,

To offer it the show of violence;  
 For it is, as the air, invulnerable,  
 And our vain blows malicious mockery.  
*Ber.* It was about to speak, when the cock  
 crew.

*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty  
 thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,  
 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,  
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding  
 throat

Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,  
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
 The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
 To his confine: and of the truth herein  
 This present object made probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the  
 cock.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season  
 comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
 The bird of dawning singeth all night  
 long:

And then, they say, no spirit dares stir  
 abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no plan-  
 ets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to  
 charm,

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

*Hor.* So have I heard and do in part be-  
 lieve it.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward  
 hill:

Break we our watch up; and by my advice,  
 Let us inpart what we have seen to-night  
 Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,  
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.  
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with  
 it,

As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

*Mar.* Let's do't, I pray; and I this morn-  
 ing know

Where we shall find him most conven-  
 iently. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A room of state in the castle.*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLO-  
 NIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS,  
 Lords, and Attendants.*

*King.* Though yet of Hamlet our dear  
 brother's death

The memory be green, and that it us be-  
 fitted

To bear our hearts in grief and our whole  
 kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe,  
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with na-  
 ture

That we with wisest sorrow think on him,  
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.  
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our  
 queen,

The imperial jointress to this warlike state,  
 Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—  
 With an auspicious and a dropping eye,  
 With mirth in funeral and with dirge in  
 marriage,

In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—  
 Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd  
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely  
 gone

With this affair along. For all, our thanks.  
 Now follows, that you know, young For-  
 tinbras,

Holding a weak supposal of our worth,  
 Or thinking by our late dear brother's  
 death

Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,  
 Colleague'd with the dream of his advan-  
 tage,

He hath not fail'd to pester us with mes-  
 sage,

Importing the surrender of those lands  
 Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,  
 To our most valiant brother. So much for  
 him.

Now for ourself and for this time of meet-  
 ing:

Thus much the business is: we have here  
 writ

To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—  
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears  
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress  
 His further gait herein; in that the levies,  
 The lists and full proportions, are all made  
 Out of his subject: and we here dispatch  
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,  
 For bearers of this greeting to old Nor-  
 way;

Giving to you no further personal power  
 To business with the king, more than the  
 scope

Of these delated articles allow.

Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

*Cor.* } In that and all things will we show  
*Vol.* } our duty.

*King.* We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?  
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,  
And loose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?  
The head is not more native to the heart,  
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,  
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

*Laer.* My dread lord,  
Your leave and favor to return to France;  
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,

To show my duty in your coronation,  
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,  
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

*King.* Have you your father's leave?  
What says Polonius?

*Pol.* He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave

By laborious petition, and at last  
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:  
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

*King.* Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will!

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

*Ham.* [*Aside*] A little more than kin,  
and less than kind.

*King.* How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

*Ham.* Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

*Queen.* Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:  
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.* Ay, madam, it is common.

*Queen.* If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

*Ham.* Seems, madam! nay it is; I know not 'seems.'

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,  
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,

That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,

For they are actions that a man might play:

But I have that within which passeth show;  
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

*King.* 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:

But, you must know, your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound

In filial obligation for some term

To do obsequious sorrow; but to persevere

In obstinate condolment is a course

Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,

A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,

An understanding simple and unschool'd:

For what we know must be and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why should we in our peevish opposition

Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,

To reason most absurd: whose common theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,

From the first corse till he that died to-day,

'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth



This unprevailing woe, and think of us  
As of a father: for let the world take note,  
You are the most immediate to our throne;  
And with no less nobility of love  
Than that which dearest father bears his  
son,

Do I impart toward you. For your intent  
In going back to school in Wittenberg,  
It is most retrograde to our desire:

And we beseech you, bend you to remain  
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,  
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.  
*Queen.* Let not thy mother lose her

prayers, Hamlet:

I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wit-  
tenberg.

*Ham.* I shall in all my best obey you,  
madam.

*King.* Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:  
Be as yourself in Denmark. Madam, come;  
This gentle and unforced accord of Ham-  
let

Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,  
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-  
day,

But the great cannon to the clouds shall  
tell,

And the king's rouse the heavens shall  
bruit again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

*Ham.* O, that this too too solid flesh  
would melt,

Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!  
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God!  
God!

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed; things rank and gross  
in nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to  
this!

But two months dead: nay, not so much,  
not two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my  
mother

That he might not between the winds of  
heaven

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and  
earth!

Must I remember? why, she would hang  
on him,

As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on: and yet, within a  
month—

Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is  
woman!—

A little month, or ere those shoes were old  
With which she follow'd my poor father's  
body,

Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she—  
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of  
reason,

Would have mourn'd longer—married with  
my uncle,

My father's brother, but no more like my  
father

Than I to Hercules: within a month:  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post  
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
It is not nor it cannot come to good:  
But break, my heart; for I must hold my  
tongue.

*Enter* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

*Hor.* Hail to your lordship!

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well:  
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your poor  
servant ever.

*Ham.* Sir, my good friend; I'll change  
that name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg,  
Horatio? Marcellus?

*Mar.* My good lord—

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you. Good  
even, sir.

But what, in faith, make you from Wit-  
tenberg?

*Hor.* A truant disposition, good my lord.

*Ham.* I would not hear your enemy say  
so,

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,  
To make it truster of your own report  
Against yourself: I know you are no  
truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore?  
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you de-  
part.

*Hor.* My lord, I came to see your father's  
funeral.

*Ham.* I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;  
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.  
*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.  
*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats  
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.  
 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven  
 Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!  
 My father!—methinks I see my father.  
*Hor.* Where, my lord?  
*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.  
*Hor.* I saw him once; he was a goodly king.  
*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,  
 I shall not look upon his like again.  
*Hor.* My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.  
*Ham.* Saw? who?  
*Hor.* My lord, the king your father.  
*Ham.* The king my father!  
*Hor.* Season your admiration for awhile  
 With an attent ear, till I may deliver,  
 Upon the witness of these gentlemen,  
 This marvel to you.  
*Ham.* For God's love, let me hear.  
*Hor.* Two nights together had these gentlemen,  
 Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,  
 In the dead vast and middle of the night,  
 Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,  
 Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,  
 Appears before them, and with solemn march  
 Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd  
 By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,  
 Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled  
 Almost to jelly with the act of fear,  
 Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me  
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did;  
 And I with them the third night kept the watch;  
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,  
 Form of the thing, each word made true  
 And good,  
 The apparition comes: I knew your father;

These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?  
*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.  
*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?  
*Hor.* My lord, I did:  
 But answer made it none: yet once methought  
 It lifted up its head and did address  
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak;  
 But even then the morning cock crew loud,  
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,  
 And vanish'd from our sight.  
*Ham.* 'Tis very strange.  
*Hor.* As I do live, my honor'd lord, 'tis true;  
 And we did think it writ down in our duty  
 To let you know of it.  
*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.  
 Hold you the watch to-night?  
*Mar.* {  
*Ber.* { We do, my lord.  
*Ham.* Arm'd, say you?  
*Mar.* { Arm'd, my lord.  
*Ber.* {  
*Ham.* From top to toe?  
*Mar.* {  
*Ber.* { My lord, from head to foot.  
*Ham.* Then saw you not his face?  
*Hor.* O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.  
*Ham.* What, look'd he frowningly?  
*Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.  
*Ham.* Pale or red?  
*Hor.* Nay, very pale.  
*Ham.* And fix'd his eyes upon you?  
*Hor.* Most constantly.  
*Ham.* I would I had been there.  
*Hor.* It would have much amazed you.  
*Ham.* Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?  
*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.  
*Mar.* {  
*Ber.* { Longer, longer.  
*Hor.* Not when I saw't.  
*Ham.* His beard was grizzled,—no?  
*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,  
 A sable silver'd.  
*Ham.* I will watch to-night;  
*Hor.* Perchance 'twill walk again.  
*Ham.* I warrant it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape

And bid me mind my peace. I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it be tenable in your silence still;  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:  
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:  
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  
I'll visit you.

*All.* Our duty to your honor.

*Ham.* Your loves, as mine to you: farewell. [*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;  
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!

Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III. *A room in POLONIUS' home.*

*Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.*

*Laer.* My necessities are embark'd: farewell:

And, sister, as the winds give benefit  
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,  
But let me hear from you.

*Oph.* Do you doubt that?

*Laer.* For Hamlet and the trifling of his favor,

Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;  
No more.

*Oph.* No more but so?

*Laer.* Think it no more:  
In thews and bulk, does not grow alone  
waxes,

The inward service of the mind and soul  
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,

And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch  
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,  
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;

For he himself is subject to his birth:  
He may not, as unvalued persons do,  
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends

The safety and health of this whole state;  
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed

Unto the voice and yielding of that body  
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says  
he loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it  
As he in his particular act and place  
May give his saying deed; which is no further

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain,

If with too credent ear you list his songs,  
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open

To his unmaster'd importunity.  
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,  
And keep you in the rear of your affection,

Out of the shot and danger of desire.  
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:  
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:

The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,  
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
Contagious blastments are most imminent.  
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:  
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

*Oph.* I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,  
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;

Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,

And recks not his own rede.

*Laer.* O, fear me not.  
I stay too long: but here my father comes.

*Enter POLONIUS.*

A double blessing is a double grace,

Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

*Pol.* Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard,  
for shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing  
with thee!

And these few precepts in thy memory  
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no  
tongue,

Nor any unproportioned thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
Those friends thou hast, and their adop-  
tion tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of  
steel;

But do not dull thy palm with entertain-  
ment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade.  
Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
Bear't that the opposed may beware of  
thee.

Give every man thy ear, but few thy  
voice;

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy  
judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,  
And they in France of the best rank and  
station

Are of a most select and generous chief in  
that.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husban-  
dry.

This above all: to thine ownself be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

*Laer.* Most humbly do I take my leave,  
my lord.

*Pol.* The time invites you; go; your serv-  
ants tend.

*Laer.* Farewell, Ophelia; and remember  
well

What I have said to you.

*Oph.* 'Tis in my memory lock'd,  
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

*Laer.* Farewell. [Exit.]

*Pol.* What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to  
you?

*Oph.* So please you, something touching  
the Lord Hamlet.

*Pol.* Marry, well bethought:  
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late  
Given private time to you; and you your-  
self

Have of your audience been most free and  
bounteous:

If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,  
And that in way of caution, I must tell  
you,

You do not understand yourself so clearly  
As it behoves my daughter and your  
honor.

What is between you? give me up the  
truth.

*Oph.* He hath, my lord, of late made  
many tenders

Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection! pooh! you speak like a  
green girl,  
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call  
them?

*Oph.* I do not know, my lord, what I  
should think.

*Pol.* Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself  
a baby;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true  
pay,

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself  
more dearly;

Or—not to crack the wind of the poor  
phrase,

Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool.

*Oph.* My lord, he hath importuned me  
with love

In honorable fashion.

*Pol.* Ay, fashion you may call it; go to,  
go to.

*Oph.* And hath given countenance to his  
speech, my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

*Pol.* Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I  
do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the  
soul

Lends the tongue vows: these blazes,  
daughter,

Giving more light than heat, extinct in  
both,

Even in their promise, as it is a-making,  
You must not take for fire. From this time



Be somewhat scancer of your maiden presence;  
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate  
 Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,  
 Believe so much in him, that he is young  
 And with a larger tether may he walk  
 Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,  
 Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,  
 Not of that dye which their investments show,  
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,  
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,  
 The better to beguile. This is for all:  
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,  
 Have you so slander any moment leisure,  
 As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.  
 Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.  
*Oph.* I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The platform.*

*Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.*  
*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.  
*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air.  
*Ham.* What hour now?  
*Hor.* I think it lacks of twelve.  
*Ham.* No, it is struck.  
*Hor.* Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season  
 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.  
 [*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*]  
 What does this mean, my lord?  
*Ham.* The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,  
 Keeps wassail, and the swaggering upspring reels;  
 And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,  
 The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out  
 The triumph of his pledge.  
*Hor.* Is it a custom?  
*Ham.* Ay, marry, is't:  
 But to my mind, though I am native here  
 And to the manner born, it is a custom  
 More honor'd in the breach than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel east and west  
 Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:  
 They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase  
 Soil our addition; and indeed it takes  
 From our achievements, though perform'd at height,  
 The pith and marrow of our attribute.  
 So, oft it chances in particular men,  
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them,  
 As, in their birth—wherein they are not guilty,  
 Since nature cannot choose his origin—  
 By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,  
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,  
 Or by some habit that too much o'erleavens  
 The form of plausible manners, that these men,  
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,  
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—  
 Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,  
 As infinite as man may undergo—  
 Shall in the general censure take corruption  
 From that particular fault: the dram of eale  
 Doth all the noble substance of a doubt  
 To his own scandal.  
*Hor.* Look, my lord, it comes!  
*Enter Ghost.*  
*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,  
 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,  
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
 Thou comest in such a questionable shape  
 That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,  
 King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!  
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
 Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,  
 Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,  
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,  
 To cast thee up again. What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature

So horridly to shake our disposition  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do? [*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,  
As if it some impartment did desire  
To you alone.

*Mar.* Look, with what courteous action  
It waves you to a more removed ground:  
But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no means.

*Ham.* It will not speak; then I will follow it.

*Hor.* Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear?  
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;  
And for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself?  
It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.

*Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff  
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,  
And there assume some other horrible form,

Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason

And draw you into madness? think of it:  
The very place puts toys of desperation,  
Without more motive, into every brain  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea  
And hears it roar beneath.

*Ham.* It waves me still.  
Go on; I'll follow thee.

*Mar.* You shall not go, my lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Hor.* Be ruled; you shall not go.

*Ham.* My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.  
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!

I say, away! Go on; I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*]

*Hor.* He waxes desperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hor.* Have after. To what issue will this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

*Hor.* Heaven will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V. Another part of the platform.

*Enter GHOST and HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Where wilt thou lead me? speak;  
I'll go no further.

*Ghost.* Mark me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames

Must render up myself.

*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost!

*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing

To what I shall unfold.

*Ham.* Speak; I am bound to hear.

*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

*Ham.* What?

*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit,  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,

And for the day confined to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!  
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

*Ham.* O God!

*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

*Ham.* Murder!

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best  
it is;

But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

*Ham.* Haste me to know't, that I, with  
wings as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt;  
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat  
weed

That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Ham-  
let, hear:

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,  
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of  
Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death  
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble  
youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
Now wears his crown.

*Ham.* O my prophetic soul!  
My uncle!

*Ghost.* Ay, that incestuous, that adulter-  
ate beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous  
gifts,—

O wicked wit and gifts, that have the  
power

So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming-virtuous  
queen:

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!  
From me, whose love was of that dignity  
That it went hand in hand even with the  
vow

I made to her in marriage, and to decline  
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were  
poor

To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be moved,  
Though lewdness court it in a shape of  
heaven,

So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,  
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,  
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;  
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my  
orchard,

My custom always of the afternoon,  
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
And in the porches of my ears did pour

The leperous distilment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man  
That swift as quicksilver it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body,  
And with a sudden vigor it doth posset  
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood: so did  
it mine;

And a most instant tetter bark'd about,  
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome  
crust,

All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dis-  
patch'd:

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,  
No reckoning made, but sent to my ac-  
count

With all my imperfections on my head.  
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul con-  
trive

Against thy mother aught: leave her to  
heaven

And to those thorns that in her bosom  
lodge,

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at  
once!

The glow-worm shows the matin to be  
near,

And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:

Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.

[*Exit.*]

*Ham.* O all you host of heaven! O earth!  
what else?

And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold,  
my heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds  
a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee!

Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures  
past,

That youth and observation copied there;  
And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!  
O most perpicious woman!  
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!  
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a  
villain;

At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:  
[Writing.]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.  
I have sworn't.

Mar. } [Within] My lord, my lord,—  
Hor. }

Mar. [Within] Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. [Within] Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Hor. [Within] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird,  
come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you, then; would heart  
of man once think it?

But you'll be secret?

Hor. }  
Mar. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in  
all Denmark

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord,  
come from the grave

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;  
And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:  
You, as your business and desire shall point  
you;

For every man has business and desire,  
Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,  
Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling  
words, my lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;  
Yes, 'faith heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is,  
Horatio,

And much offence too. Touching this  
vision here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:  
For your desire to know what is between  
us,

O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good  
friends,

As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,  
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have  
seen to-night.

Hor. } My lord, we will not.  
Mar. }

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Ham. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art  
thou there, truepenny?

Come on—you hear this fellow in the cel-  
larage—

Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you  
have seen,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Ham. Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our  
ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,  
And lay your hands again upon my sword:  
Never to speak of this that you have heard,  
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i'  
the earth so fast?

A worthy pioner! Once more remove,  
good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is won-  
drous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it  
welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.  
But come;



Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,  
 How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,  
 As I perchance hereafter shall think meet  
 To put an antic disposition on,  
 That you, at such times seeing me, never  
 shall,  
 With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-  
 shake,  
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful  
 phrase,  
 As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could,  
 an if we would,'  
 Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if  
 they might,'  
 Or such ambiguous giving out, to note  
 That you know aught of me: this not to  
 do,  
 So grace and mercy at your most need help  
 you,  
 Swear.

*Ghost.* [Beneath] Swear.

*Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [*They  
 swear.*] So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to  
 you:

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is  
 May do, to express his love and friending  
 to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in  
 together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.  
 The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,  
 That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *A room in POLONIUS' house.*

*Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.*

*Pol.* Give him this money and these notes,  
 Reynaldo.

*Rey.* I will, my lord.

*Pol.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good  
 Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquire  
 Of his behavior.

*Rey.* My lord, I did intend it.

*Pol.* Marry, well said; very well said.  
 Look you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;  
 And how, and who, what means, and where  
 they keep,

What company, at what expense; and find-  
 ing

By this encompassment and drift of ques-  
 tion

That they do know my son, come you  
 more nearer

Than your particular demands will touch  
 it:

Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowl-  
 edge of him;

As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,  
 And in part him:' do you mark this, Rey-  
 naldo?

*Rey.* Ay, very well, my lord.

*Pol.* 'And in part him; but' you may say  
 'not well:

But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild;  
 Addicted so and so:' and there put on him  
 What forgeries you please; marry, none so  
 rank

As may dishonor him; take heed of that;  
 But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips  
 As are companions noted and most known  
 To youth and liberty.

*Rey.* As gaming, my lord.

*Pol.* Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,  
 quarrelling,

Drabbing: you may go so far.

*Rey.* My lord, that would dishonor him.

*Pol.* 'Faith, no; as you may season it in  
 the charge

You must not put another scandal on him,  
 That he is open to incontinency;

That's not my meaning: but breathe his  
 faults so quaintly

That they may seem the taints of liberty,

The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,

A savageness in unreclaimed blood,

Of general assault.

*Rey.* But, my good lord,—

*Pol.* Wherefore should you do this?

*Rey.* Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

*Pol.* Marry, sir, here's my drift;  
 And, I believe, it is a fetch of wit:

You laying these slight sullies on my son,  
 As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the work-  
 ing,

Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would  
 sound,

Having ever seen in the prenominate  
 crimes

The youth you breath of guilty, be assured  
He closes with you in this consequence;  
'Good sir,' or so, or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'  
According to the phrase or the addition  
Of man and country.

*Rey.* Very good, my lord.

*Pol.* And then, sir, does he this—he does—  
what was I about to say? By the mass, I  
was about to say something: where did I  
leave?

*Rey.* At 'closes in the consequence,' at  
'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'

*Pol.* At 'closes in the consequence,' ay,  
marry;

He closes thus: 'I know the gentleman;  
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,  
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and,  
as you say,

There was a' gaming; there o'ertook in's  
rouse;

There falling out at tennis:' or perchance,  
'I saw him enter such a house of sale,'  
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of  
truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,  
With windlasses and with assays of bias,  
By indirections find directions out:  
So by my former lecture and advice,  
Shall you my son. You have me, have you  
not?

*Rey.* My lord, I have.

*Pol.* God be wi' you; fare you well.

*Rey.* Good my lord!

*Pol.* Observe his inclination in yourself.

*Rey.* I shall, my lord.

*Pol.* And let him ply his music.

*Rey.* Well, my lord.

*Pol.* Farewell! [*Exit Reynaldo.*]

*Enter OPHELIA.*

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

*Oph.* O, my lord, my lord, I have been  
so affrighted!

*Pol.* With what, i' the name of God?

*Oph.* My lord, as I was sewing in my  
closet,

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all un-  
braced;

No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,  
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;  
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each  
other;

And with a look so piteous in purport  
As if he had been loosed out of hell  
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.  
*Pol.* Mad for thy love?

*Oph.* My lord, I do not know;  
But truly, I do fear it.

*Pol.* What said he?

*Oph.* He took me by the wrist and held  
me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;  
And, with his other hand thus o'er his  
brow,

He falls to such perusal of my face  
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;  
At last, a little shaking of mine arm  
And thrice his head thus waving up and  
down,

He raised a sigh so piteous and profound  
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk  
And end his being: that done, he lets me  
go:

And, with his head over his shoulder  
turn'd,

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;  
For out o'doors he went without their  
helps,

And, to the last, bended their light on me.

*Pol.* Come, go with me: I will go seek  
the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love,  
Whose violent property fordoes itself  
And leads the will to desperate undertak-  
ings

As oft as any passion under heaven  
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.  
What, have you given him any hard words  
of late?

*Oph.* No, my good lord, but, as you did  
command,

I did repel his letters and denied  
His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.  
I am sorry that with better heed and judg-  
ment

I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but  
trifle,

And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my  
jealousy!

By heaven, it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions  
As it is common for the younger sort  
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the  
king:

This must be known; which, being kept  
close, might move  
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

*Enter* KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILD-  
ENSTERN, and Attendants.

*King.* Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and  
Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see  
you,

The need we have to use you did provoke  
Our hasty sending. Something have you  
heard

Of Hamlet's transformation; so call it,  
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man  
Resembles that it was. What it should be,  
More than his father's death, that thus hath  
put him

So much from the understanding of him-  
self,

I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,  
That, being of so young days brought up  
with him,

And sith so neighbor'd to his youth and  
havior,

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our  
court

Some little time: so by your companies  
To draw him on to pleasures, and to  
gather,

So much as from occasion you may glean,  
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts  
him thus,

That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

*Queen.* Good gentlemen, he hath much  
talk'd of you;

And sure I am two men there are not living  
To whom he more adheres. If it will please  
you

To show us so much gentry and good will  
As to expend your time with us awhile,  
For the supply and profit of our hope,  
Your visitation shall receive such thanks  
As fits a king's remembrance.

*Ros.* Both your majesties  
Might, by the sovereign power you have  
of us,

Put your dread pleasures more into com-  
mand

Than to entreaty.

*Guil.* But we both obey,  
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent  
To lay our service freely at your feet,  
To be commanded.

*King.* Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle  
Guildenstern.

*Queen.* Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle  
Rosencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit  
My too much changed son. Go, some of  
you,  
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet  
is.

*Guil.* Heavens make our presence and our  
practices

Pleasant and helpful to him!

*Queen.* Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and  
some Attendants.*]

*Enter* POLONIUS.

*Pol.* The ambassadors from Norway, my  
good lord,  
Are joyfully return'd.

*King.* Thou still hast been the father of  
good news.

*Pol.* Have I, my lord? I assure my good  
liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,  
Both to my God and to my gracious king:  
And I do think, or else this brain of mine  
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure  
As it hath used to do, that I have found  
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

*King.* O, speak of that; that do I long to  
hear.

*Pol.* Give first admittance to the ambas-  
sadors;

My news shall be the fruit to that great  
feast.

*King.* Thyself do grace to them, and  
bring them in. [*Exit Polonius.*]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath  
found

The head and source of all your son's dis-  
temper.

*Queen.* I doubt it is no other but the  
main;

His father's death, and our o'erhasty mar-  
riage.

*King.* Well, we shall sift him.

*Re-enter* POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND  
and CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother  
Norway?

*Volt.* Most fair return of greetings and  
desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress  
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;  
But, better look'd into, he truly found  
It was against your highness: whereat  
grieved,

That so his sickness, age and impotence  
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out ar-  
rests

On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;  
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine  
Makes vow before his uncle never more  
To give the assay of arms against your  
majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,  
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual  
fee,

And his commission to employ those  
soldiers,

So levied as before, against the Polack:

With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[*Giving a paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet pass  
Through your dominions for this enter-  
prise,

On such regards of safety and allowance  
As therein are set down.

*King.* It likes us well;  
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,  
Answer, and think upon this business.  
Meantime we thank you for your well-took  
labor:

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast to-  
gether:

Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

*Pol.* This business is well ended.  
My liege, and madam, to expostulate  
What majesty should be, what duty is,  
Why day is day, night night, and time is  
time,

Were nothing but to waste night, day and  
time.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,  
And tediousness the limbs and outward  
flourishes,

I will be brief: your noble son is mad:

Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,

What is't but to be nothing else but mad?  
But let that go.

*Queen.* — More matter, with less art.

*Pol.* Madam, I swear I use no art at all.

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;  
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;  
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him, then: and now re-  
mains

That we find out the cause of this effect,  
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,  
For this effect defective comes by cause:  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.

Pend.

I have a daughter—have while she is mine—  
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,  
Hath given me this: now gather, and sur-  
mise.

[*Reads.*]

'To the celestial and my soul's idol, the  
most beautified Ophelia,'—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beauti-  
fied' is a vile phrase: but you shall hear.  
Thus:

[*Reads.*]

'In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.'

*Queen.* Came this from Hamlet to her?

*Pol.* Good madam, stay awhile; I will be  
faithful.

[*Reads.*]

'Doubt thou the stars are fire;

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love.

'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these num-  
bers; I have not art to reckon my groans:  
but that I love thee best, O most best, be-  
lieve it. Adieu.

'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst  
this machine is to him, HAMLET.'  
This, in obedience, hath my daughter  
shown me,

And more above, hath his solicitings,  
As they fell out by time, by means and  
place,

All given to mine ear.

*King.*

Received his love?

But how hath she

*Pol.*

What do you think of me?

*King.* As of a man faithful and honorable.

*Pol.* I would fain prove so. But what  
might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the  
wing—

As I perceived it, I must tell you that,



Before my daughter told me—what might you,

Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,

If I had play'd the desk or table-book,

Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,

Or look'd upon this love with idle sight; What might you think? No, I went round to work,

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak: 'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star; This must not be:' and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens. Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;

And he, repulsed—a short tale to make— Fell into a sadness, then into a fast, Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness, Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,

Into the madness wherein now he raves, And all we mourn for.

*King.* Do you think 'tis this?

*Queen.* It may be, very likely.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time—I'd fain know that—

That I have positively said "'Tis so,' When it proved otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* [*Pointing to his head and shoulder*]

Take this from this, if this be otherwise:

If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

*King.* How may we try it further?

*Pol.* You know, sometimes he walks four hours together

Here in the lobby.

*Queen.* So he does indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:

Be you and I behind an arras then; Mark the encounter: if he love her not And be not from his reason fall'n thereon, Let me be no assistant for a state, But keep a farm and carters.

*King.* We will try it.

*Queen.* But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

*Pol.* Away, I do beseech you, both away: I'll board him presently.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*]

*Enter HAMLET, reading.*

O, give me leave:

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

*Ham.* Well, God-a-mercy.

*Pol.* Do you know me, my lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well; you are a fish-monger.

*Pol.* Not I, my lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my lord!

*Ham.* Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my lord.

*Ham.* For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,— Have you a daughter?

*Pol.* I have, my lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to 't.

*Pol.* [*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my lord?

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter, my lord?

*Ham.* Between who?

*Pol.* I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

*Ham.* Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potentially believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

*Pol.* [*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

*Ham.* Into my grave.

*Pol.* Indeed, that is out o' the air. [*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

*Ham.* You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life.

*Pol.* Fare you well, my lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fools!

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Pol.* You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

*Ros.* [*To Polonius*] God save you, sir!  
[*Exit Polonius.*]

*Guil.* My honored lord!

*Ros.* My most dear lord!

*Ham.* My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Guil.* Happy, in that we are not overhappy;

On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shoe?

*Ros.* Neither, my lord.

*Ham.* Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favors?

*Guil.* 'Faith, her privates we.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?

*Ros.* None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

*Ham.* Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

*Guil.* Prison, my lord!

*Ham.* Denmark's a prison.

*Ros.* Then is the world one.

*Ham.* A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

*Ros.* We think not so, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

*Ros.* Why then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

*Ham.* O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

*Guil.* Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

*Ham.* A dream itself is but a shadow.

*Ros.* Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

*Ham.* Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

*Ros.* } We'll wait upon you.  
*Guil.* }

*Ham.* No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

*Ros.* To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

*Guil.* What should we say, my lord?

*Ham.* Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to color: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

*Ros.* To what end, my lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowshipship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

*Ros.* [*Aside to Guil.*] What say you?

*Ham.* [*Aside*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

*Guil.* My lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o’erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

*Ros.* My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did you laugh then, when I said ‘man delights not me’?

*Ros.* To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

*Ham.* He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o’ the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for’t. What players are they?

*Ros.* Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

*Ham.* How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

*Ros.* I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

*Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation

they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

*Ros.* No, indeed, are they not.

*Ham.* How comes it? do they grow rusty?

*Ros.* Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for’t: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither.

*Ham.* What, are they children? who maintains ’em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players—as it is most like, if their means are no better—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

*Ros.* ’Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

*Ham.* Is’t possible?

*Guil.* O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

*Ham.* Do the boys carry it away?

*Ros.* Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

*Ham.* It is not very strange; for mine uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. ’Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

*Guil.* There are the players.

*Ham.* Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then: the apurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

*Guil.* In what, my dear lord?

*Ham.* I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

*Pol.* Well be with you, gentlemen!

*Ham.* Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too: at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

*Ros.* Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas so indeed.

*Pol.* My lord, I have news to tell you.

*Ham.* My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

*Pol.* The actors are come hither, my lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz!

*Pol.* Upon mine honor,—

*Ham.* Then came each actor on his ass,—

*Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

*Ham.* O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

*Pol.* What a treasure had he, my lord?

*Ham.* Why,  
'One fair daughter and no more,  
The which he loved passing well.'

*Pol.* [*Aside*] Still on my daughter.

*Ham.* Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

*Pol.* If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.

*Pol.* What follows, then, my lord?

*Ham.* Why,  
'As by lot, God wot,'

and then, you know,

'It came to pass, as most like it was,'—  
the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgement comes.

*Enter* four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! thy face is val-

anced since I saw thee last: comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

*First Play.* What speech, my lord?

*Ham.* I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see—  
'The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian  
beast,'—

it is not so:—it begins with Pyrrhus:—

'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable  
arms,

Black as his purpose, did the night re-  
semble

When he lay couched in the ominous  
horse,

Hath now this dread and black com-  
plexion smear'd

With heraldry more dismal; head to foot

Now is he total gules; horribly trick'd

With blood of fathers, mothers, daugh-  
ters, sons,

Baked and impasted with the parching  
streets,

That lend a tyrannous and damned light  
To their lord's murder: roasted in wrath  
and fire,



And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish  
Pyrrhus

Old grandsire Priam seeks.

So, proceed you.

*Pol.* 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken,  
with good accent and good discretion.

*First Play.* 'Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greeks; his antique  
sword,

Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,  
Repugnant to command: unequal  
match'd,

Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes  
wide;

But with the whiff and wind of his fell  
sword

The unnerved father falls. Then senseless  
Ilium,

Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming  
top

Stoops to his base, and with a hideous  
crash

Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his  
sword,

Which was declining on the milky head  
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to  
stick:

So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,  
And like a neutral to his will and matter,  
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand  
still,

The bold winds speechless and the orb  
below

As hush as death, anon the dreadful  
thunder

Doth rend the region, so, after Pyrrhus'  
pause,

Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;  
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
On Mars's armor forged for proof eterne  
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleed-  
ing sword

Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All  
you gods,

In general synod, take away her power;  
Break all the spokes and fellies from her  
wheel,

And bowl the round nave down the hill  
of heaven,

As low as to the fiends!

*Pol.* This is too long.

*Ham.* It shall to the barber's, with your  
beard. Prithee, say on: he's for a jig or a  
tale of bawdry, or he sleeps: say on: come  
to Hecuba.

*First Play.* 'But who, O, who had seen the  
mobled queen—'

*Ham.* 'The mobled queen?'

*Pol.* That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

*First Play.* Run barefoot up and down,  
threatening the flames

With bisson rheum; a clout upon that  
head

Where late the diadem stood, and for a  
robe,

About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,  
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;  
Who this had seen, with tongue in  
venom steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's state would treason  
have pronounced:

But if the gods themselves did see her  
then

When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious  
sport

In mincing with his sword her husband's  
limbs,

The instant burst of clamor that she  
made,

Unless things mortal move them not at  
all,

Would have made milch the burning eyes  
of heaven,

And passion in the gods.'

*Pol.* Look, whether he has not turned his  
color and has tears in's eyes. Pray you, no  
more.

*Ham.* 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out  
the rest soon. Good my lord, will you see  
the players well bestowed? Do you hear,  
let them be well used; for they are the ab-  
stract and brief chronicles of the time:  
after your death you were better have a  
bad epitaph than their ill report while you  
live.

*Pol.* My lord, I will use them according  
to their desert.

*Ham.* God's bodykins, man, much better:  
use every man after his desert, and who  
should 'scape whipping? Use them after

your own honor and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

*Pol.* Come, sirs.

*Ham.* Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. [*Exit Polonius with all the Players but the First.*] Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

*First Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

*First Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good friends, I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

*Ros.* Good my lord!

*Ham.* Ay, so, God be wi' ye; [*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*] Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I! Is it not monstrous that this player here, But in a fiction, in a dream of passion, Could force his soul so to his own conceit That from her working all his visage wann'd,

Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect, A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, That he should weep for her? What would he do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion That I have? He would drown the stage with tears

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty and appal the free, Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak, Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no, not for a king, Upon whose property and most dear life

A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?

Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?

Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?

Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,

As deep as to the lungs? who does me this? Ha!

'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall

To make oppression bitter, or ere this I should have fatted all the region kites

With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave, That I, the son of a dear father murder'd, Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,

And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,

A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard

That guilty creatures sitting at a play Have by the very cunning of the scene Been struck so to the soul that presently They have proclaim'd their malefactions; For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players

Play something like the murder of my father

Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks; I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench, I know my course. The spirit that I have seen

May be the devil: and the devil hath power To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps

Out of my weakness and my melancholy, As he is very potent with such spirits, Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds More relative than this. The play's the thing

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the castle.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* And can you, by no drift of circumstance,

Get from him why he puts on this confusion,

Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

*Ros.* He does confess he feels himself distracted;

But from what cause he will by no means speak.

*Guil.* Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,  
When we would bring him on to some confession  
Of his true state.

*Queen.* Did he receive you well?

*Ros.* Most like a gentleman.

*Guil.* But with much forcing of his disposition.

*Ros.* Niggard of question; but, of our demands,

Most free in his reply.

*Queen.* Did you assay him  
To any pastime?

*Ros.* Madam, it so fell out, that certain players

We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;

And there did seem in him a kind of joy

To hear of it: they are about the court,

And, as I think, they have already order

This night to play before him.

*Pol.* 'Tis most true:  
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties

To hear and see the matter.

*King.* With all my heart; and it doth much content me

To hear him so inclined.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,

And drive his purpose on to these delights.

*Ros.* We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

*King.* Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;  
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,  
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here

Affront Ophelia:

Her father and myself, lawful espials,  
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,

We may of their encounter frankly judge,  
And gather by him, as he is behaved,  
If't be the afflict on of his love or no  
That thus he suffers for.

*Queen.* I shall obey you.  
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish  
That your good beauties be the happy  
cause

Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues

Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
To both your honors.

*Oph.* Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

*Pol.* Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious,  
so please you,

We will bestow ourselves. [*To Ophelia*]  
Read on this book;

That show of such an exercise may color  
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in  
this,—

'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's visage

And pious action we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

*King.* [*Aside*] O, 'tis too true!

How smart a lash that speech doth give  
my conscience!

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it  
Than is my deed to my most painted  
word:

O heavy burthen!

*Pol.* I hear him coming: let's withdraw,  
my lord. [*Exeunt King and Polonius.*]

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* To be, or not to be: that is the  
question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die: to  
sleep;

No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural  
shocks

That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;

To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's  
the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams  
may come

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns  
of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's  
contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's de-  
lay,

The insolence of office and the spurs  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels  
bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country from whose  
bourn

No traveller returns, puzzles the will  
And makes us rather bear those ills we  
have

Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us  
all;

And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of  
thought,

And enterprises of great pith and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.—Soft you  
now!

The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remember'd.

*Oph.* Good my lord,  
How does your honor for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thank you; well, well,  
well.

*Oph.* My lord, I have remembrances of  
yours,

That I have longed long to re-deliver;  
I pray you, now receive them.

*Ham.* No, not I;  
I never gave you aught.

*Oph.* My honor'd lord, you know right  
well you did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath  
composed

As made the things more rich: their per-  
fume lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove  
unkind.

There, my lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha! are you honest?

*Oph.* My lord?

*Ham.* Are you fair?

*Oph.* What means your lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest and fair,  
your honesty should admit no discourse to  
your beauty.

*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have better  
commerce than with honesty?

*Ham.* Ay, truly; for the power of beauty  
will sooner transform honesty from what it  
is to a bawd than the force of honesty can  
translate beauty into his likeness: this was  
sometime a paradox, but now the time  
gives it proof. I did love you once.

*Oph.* Indeed, my lord, you made me be-  
lieve so.

*Ham.* You should not have believed me;  
for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock  
but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

*Oph.* I was the more deceived.

*Ham.* Get thee to a nunnery: why  
wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am  
myself indifferent honest; but yet I could  
accuse me of such things that it were better  
my mother had not borne me: I am very  
proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more  
offences at my beck than I have thoughts  
to put them in, imagination to give them  
shape, or time to act them in. What should  
such fellows as I do crawling between  
earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves,  
all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a  
nunnery. Where's your father?

*Oph.* At home, my lord.

*Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon him,  
that he may play the fool no where but in his  
own house. Farewell.

*Oph.* O, help him, you sweet heavens!

*Ham.* If thou dost marry, I'll give thee  
this plague for thy dowry: be thou as  
chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not  
escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go:  
farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry,  
marry a fool; for wise men know well  
enough what monsters you make of them.  
To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Fare-  
well.

*Oph.* O heavenly powers, restore him!



*Ham.* I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[*Exit.*]

*Opb.* O, what a noble mind is here o'er-thrown!

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,

The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;

That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth

Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,  
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

*Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.*

*King.* Love! his affections do not that way tend;

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,

Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;  
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose  
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,

I have in quick determination

Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England,

For the demand of our neglected tribute:  
Haply the seas and countries different

With variable objects shall expel

This something-settled matter in his heart,  
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus

From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

*Pol.* It shall do well: but yet do I believe  
The origin and commencement of his grief  
Sprung from neglected love. How now,  
Ophelia!

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;

We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;  
But, if you hold it fit, after the play

Let his queen mother all alone entreat him  
To show his grief: let her be round with him;

And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear  
Of all their conference. If she find him not,  
To England send him, or confine him  
where

Your wisdom best shall think.

*King.* It shall be so:  
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd  
go.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *A hall in the castle.*

*Enter HAMLET and Players.*

*Ham.* Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

*First Play.* I warrant your honor.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form

and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

*First Play.* I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

*Ham.* O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.* Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

*Pol.* And the queen too, and that presently.

*Ham.* Bid the players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*] Will you two help to hasten them?

*Ros.* } We will, my lord.  
*Guil.* }

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

*Ham.* What ho! Horatio!

*Enter HORATIO.*

*Hor.* Here, sweet lord, at your service.

*Ham.* Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man As e'er my conversation coped withal.

*Hor.* O, my dear lord,—

*Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter; For what advancement may I hope from thee

That no revenue hast but thy good spirits, To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice

And could of men distinguish, her election Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing, A man that fortune's buffets and rewards Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger

To sound what stop she please. Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,

As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—

There is a play to-night before the king; One scene of it comes near the circumstance

Which I have told thee of my father's death:

I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot, Even with the very comment of thy soul Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt Do not itself unkennel in one speech, It is a damned ghost that we have seen, And my imaginations are as foul

As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note; For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, And after we will both our judgments join In censure of his seeming.

*Hor.* Well, my lord: If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,

And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

*Ham.* They are coming to the play; I must be idle:

Get you a place.

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.*

*King.* How fares our cousin Hamlet?

*Ham.* Excellent, i' faith; of the chamelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

*King.* I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius*] My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?

*Pol.* That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

*Ham.* What did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

*Ros.* Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

*Queen.* Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

*Ham.* No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

*Pol.* [*To the King*] O, ho! do you mark that?

*Ham.* Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

*Oph.* No, my lord.

*Ham.* I mean, my head upon your lap?

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Do you think I meant country matters?

*Oph.* I think nothing, my lord.

*Ham.* That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

*Oph.* What is, my lord?

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Oph.* You are merry, my lord.

*Ham.* Who, I?

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

*Oph.* Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

*Ham.* So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches, then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is 'For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.'

*Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.*

*Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly;*

*the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.* [*Exeunt.*]

*Oph.* What means this, my lord?

*Ham.* Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

*Oph.* Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

*Enter Prologue.*

*Ham.* We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

*Oph.* Will he tell us what this show meant?

*Ham.* Ay, or any show that you'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

*Oph.* You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play.

*Pro.* For us, and for our tragedy,

Here stooping to your clemency,

We beg your hearing patiently.

[*Exit.*]

*Ham.* Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

*Oph.* 'Tis brief, my lord.

*Ham.* As woman's love.

*Enter two Players, King and Queen.*

*P. King.* Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground,

And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen

About the world have times twelve thirties been,

Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands

Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

*P. Queen.* So many journeys may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er ere love be done!  
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,  
So far from cheer and from your former  
state,

That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,  
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:  
For women's fear and love holds quantity;  
In neither aught, or in extremity.  
Now, what my love is, proof hath made.  
you know;

And as my love is sized, my fear is so:  
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are  
fear;

Where little fears grow great, great love  
grows there.

*P. King.* 'Faith, I must leave thee, love,  
and shortly too;

My operant powers their functions leave  
to do:

And thou shalt live in this fair world be-  
hind,

Honor'd, beloved; and haply one as kind  
For husband shalt thou—

*P. Queen.* O, confound the rest!  
Such love must needs be treason in my  
breast:

In second husband let me be accurst!

None wed the second but who kill'd the  
first.

*Ham.* [*Aside*] Wormwood, wormwood.

*P. Queen.* The instances that second mar-  
riage move

Are base respects of thrift, but, none of  
love:

A second time I kill my husband dead,  
When second husband kisses me in bed.

*P. King.* I do believe you think what now  
you speak;

But what we do determine oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory,  
Of violent birth, but poor validity;

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the  
tree;

But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.  
Most necessary 'tis that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:

What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy

Their own enactures with themselves de-  
stroy:

Where joy most revels, grief doth most  
lament;

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.  
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not  
strange

That even our loves should with our for-  
tunes change;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,  
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune  
love.

The great man down, you mark his favorite  
flies;

The poor advanced makes friends of ene-  
mies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;  
For who not needs shall never lack a  
friend,

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,

Our wills and fates do so contrary run

That our devices still are overthrown;

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of  
our own:

So think thou wilt no second husband wed;  
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is  
dead.

*P. Queen.* Nor earth to me give food, no  
heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me day and  
night!

To desperation turn my trust and hope!

An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!

Each opposite that blanks the face of joy  
Meet what I would have well and it de-  
stroy!

Both here and hence pursue me lasting  
strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

*Ham.* If she should break it now!

*P. King.* 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave  
me here awhile;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would be-  
guile

The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*]

*P. Queen.* Sleep rock thy brain;  
And never come mischance between us  
twain! [*Exit.*]

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this play?

*Queen.* The lady protests too much, me-  
thinks.

*Ham.* O, but she'll keep her word.

*King.* Have you heard the argument? Is  
there no offence in 't?



*Ham.* No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

*King.* What do you call the play?

*Ham.* The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

*Enter LUCIANUS.*

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.  
*Oph.* You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

*Ham.* I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

*Oph.* You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

*Ham.* It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

*Oph.* Still better, and worse.

*Ham.* So you must take your husbands. Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come: 'the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.'

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire property,  
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.*]

*Ham.* He poisons him i' the garden for's estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

*Oph.* The king rises.

*Ham.* What, frightened with false fire!

*Queen.* How fares my lord?

*Pol.* Give o'er the play.

*King.* Give me some light: away!

*All.* Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*]

*Ham.* Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some  
must sleep:

So runs the world away.

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers —if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

*Hor.* Half a share.

*Ham.* A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—pajock.

*Hor.* You might have rhymed.

*Ham.* O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

*Hor.* Very well, my lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talk of the poisoning?

*Hor.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.* Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.

Come, some music!

*Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Guil.* Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

*Ham.* Sir, a whole history.

*Guil.* The king, sir,—

*Ham.* Ay, sir, what of him?

*Guil.* Is in his retirement marvellous discontented.

*Ham.* With drink, sir?

*Guil.* No, my lord, rather with choler.

*Ham.* Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

*Guil.* Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame and start not so wildly from my affair.

*Ham.* I am tame, sir: pronounce.

*Guil.* The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guil.* Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your

pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

*Ham.* Sir, I cannot.

*Guil.* What, my lord?

*Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—  
*Ros.* Then thus she says; your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

*Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

*Ros.* My lord, you once did love me.

*Ham.* So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

*Ros.* Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir, I lack advancement.

*Ros.* How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

*Ham.* Ay, but sir, 'While the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty.

*Re-enter Players with recorders.*

O, the recorders! let me see one. To withdraw with you;—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

*Guil.* O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

*Ham.* I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

*Guil.* My lord, I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guil.* Believe me, I cannot.

*Ham.* I do beseech you.

*Guil.* I know no touch of it, my lord.

*Ham.* 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

*Guil.* But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

*Ham.* Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

*Pol.* My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

*Pol.* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks it is like a weasel.

*Pol.* It is backed like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or like a whale?

*Pol.* Very like a whale.

*Ham.* Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

*Pol.* I will say so.

*Ham.* By and by is easily said. [*Exit Polonius.*] Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,  
When churchyards yawn and hell itself  
breathes out

Contagion to this world: now could I  
drink hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day  
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my  
mother.

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever  
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;  
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;  
How in my words soever she be shent,

To give them seals never, my soul, consent!  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A room in the castle.*

*Enter* KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and  
GUILDENSTERN.

*King.* I like him not, nor stands it safe  
with us

To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;

I your commission will forthwith dispatch,  
And he to England shall along with you:  
The terms of our estate may not endure  
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow  
Out of his lunacies.

*Guil.* We will ourselves provide:  
Most holy and religious fear it is  
To keep those many many bodies safe  
That live and feed upon your majesty.

*Ros.* The single and peculiar life is bound,  
With all the strength and armor of the  
mind,

To keep itself from noyance; but much  
more  
That spirit upon whose weal depend and  
rest

The lives of many. The cease of majesty  
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw  
What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser  
things

Are mortised and adjoin'd; which, when it  
falls,

Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

*King.* Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy  
voyage;

For we will fetters put upon this fear,  
Which now goes too free-footed.

*Ros.* }  
*Guil.* } We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

*Enter* POLONIUS.

*Pol.* My lord, he's going to his mother's  
closet:

Behind the arras I'll convey myself,  
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax  
him home:

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,  
'Tis meet that some more audience than a  
mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should  
o'erhear

The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my  
liege:

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,  
And tell you what I know.

*King.* Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,  
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will:  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed  
hand

Were thicker than itself with brother's  
blood,

Is there not rain enough in the sweet  
heavens

To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves  
mercy

But to confront the visage of offence?

And what's in prayer but this two-fold  
force,

To be forestalled ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look  
up;

My fault is past. But, O, what form of  
prayer

Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul  
murder'?

That cannot be; since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the murder,

My crown, mine own ambition and my  
queen.

May one be pardon'd and retain the  
offence?

In the corrupted currents of this world  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,  
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself

Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies

In his true nature; and we ourselves com-  
pell'd,

Even to the teeth and forehead of our  
faults,

To give in evidence. What then? what  
rests?

Try what repentance can: what can it  
not?

Yet what can it when one can not repent?  
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!

O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,  
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make  
assay!

Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with  
strings of steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!

All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*]

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;

And now I'll do't. And so he goes to heaven;

And so am I revenged. That would be scann'd:

A villain kills my father; and for that,  
I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
To heaven.

O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.

He took my father grossly, full of bread;  
With all his crimes broad blown, 'as flush  
as May;

And how his audit stands who knows save  
heaven?

But in our circumstance and course of  
thought,

'Tis heavy with him: and am I then  
revenged,

To take him in the purging of his soul,  
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?  
No!

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid  
hent:

When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,

Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;

At gaming, swearing, or about some act

That has no relish of salvation in't;

Then trip him, that his heels may kick at  
heaven,

And that his soul may be as damn'd and  
black

As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:

This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

*[Exit.]*

*King.* [*Rising*] My words fly up, my  
thoughts remain below:

Words without thoughts never to heaven  
go. *[Exit.]*

#### SCENE IV. *The QUEEN's closet.*

*Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* He will come straight. Look you lay  
home to him:

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to  
bear with,

And that your grace hath screen'd and  
stood between

Much heat and him. I'll scone me even  
here.

Pray you, be round with him.

*Ham.* [*Within*] Mother, mother, mother!

*Queen.* I'll warrant you,

Fear me not: withdraw, I hear him coming.

*[Polonius hides behind the arras.]*

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Now, mother, what's the matter?

*Queen.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father  
much offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much  
offended.

*Queen.* Come, come, you answer with an  
idle tongue.

*Ham.* Go, go, you question with a wicked  
tongue.

*Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet!

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

*Queen.* Have you forgot me?

*Ham.* No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's  
wife;

And—would it were not so!—you are my  
mother.

*Queen.* Nay, then, I'll set those to you  
that can speak.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down; you  
shall not budge;

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

*Queen.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not  
murder me?

Help, help, ho!

*Pol.* [*Behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!

*Ham.* [*Drawing*] How now! a rat? Dead,  
for a ducat, dead!

*[Makes a pass through the arras.]*

*Pol.* [*Behind*] O, I am slain!

*[Falls and dies.]*

*Queen.* O me, what hast thou done?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

*Queen.* O, what a rash and bloody deed  
is this!

*Ham.* A bloody deed! almost as bad, good  
mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

*Queen.* As kill a king!

*Ham.* Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

*[Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.]*

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, fare-  
well!

I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;

Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.



Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit  
you down,  
And let me wring your heart; for so I  
shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff,  
If damned custom have not brass'd it so  
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

*Queen.* What have I done; that thou dar-  
est wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act  
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,  
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose  
From the fair forehead of an innocent love  
And sets a blister there, makes marriage-  
vows

As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed  
As from the body of contraction plucks  
The very soul, and sweet religion makes  
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth  
glow;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,  
With tristful visage, as against the doom,  
Is thought-sick at the act.

*Queen.* Ay me, what act,  
That roars so loud, and thunders in the in-  
dex?

*Ham.* Look here, upon this picture, and  
on this,

The counterfeit presentment of two  
brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow;  
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and com-  
mand;

A station like the herald Mercury  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
A combination and a form indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man:  
This was your husband. Look you now,  
what follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,  
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you  
eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to  
feed,

And batten on this moor? Ha! have you  
eyes?

You cannot call it love; for at your age  
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's hum-  
ble,

And waits upon the judgment: and what  
judgment

Would step from this to this? Sense, sure,  
you have,

Else could you not have motion; but sure,  
that sense

Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,  
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd  
But it reserved some quantity of choice,

To serve in such a difference. What devil  
was't

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-  
blind?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans  
all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sense  
Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious  
hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no  
shame

When the compulsive ardor gives the  
charge,

Since frost itself as actively doth burn  
And reason panders will.

*Queen.* O Hamlet, speak no more:  
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;  
And there I see such black and grained  
spots

As will not leave their tinct.

*Ham.* Nay, but to live  
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,  
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and mak-  
ing love

Over the nasty sty,—

*Queen.* O, speak to me no more;  
These words, like daggers, enter in mine  
ears;

No more, sweet Hamlet!

*Ham.* A murderer and a villain;  
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe  
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;  
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,  
That from a shelf the precious diadem  
stole,

And put it in his pocket!

*Queen.* No more!

*Ham.* A king of shreds and patches,—

*Enter Ghost.*

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,

You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

*Queen.* Alas, he's mad!

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to chide,

That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by  
The important acting of your dread command?

O, say!

*Ghost.* Do not forget: this visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:  
O, step between her and her fighting soul:  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady?

*Queen.* Alas, how is't with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy  
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep:  
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,  
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

*Ham.* On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

Would make them capable. Do not look upon me;

Lest with this piteous action you convert  
My stern effects: then what I have to do  
Will want true color; tears perchance for blood.

*Queen.* To whom do you speak this?

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there?

*Queen.* Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear?

*Queen.* No, nothing but ourselves.

*Ham.* Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he lived!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

*Queen.* This is the very coinage of your brain:

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

*Ham.* Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,

And makes as healthful music: it is not madness

That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word; which madness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,

That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;  
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;  
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,

To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;

For in the fatness of these pursy times  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,  
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

*Queen.* O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

*Ham.* O, throw away the worser part of it,

And live the purer with the other half.  
Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,

Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,  
That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock or livery,  
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;

For use almost can change the stamp of nature,

And either . . . the devil, or throw him out

With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:

And when you are desirous to be bless'd,  
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*]

I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so,  
To punish me with this and this with me,  
That I must be their scourge and minister.  
I will bestow him, and will answer well  
The death I gave him. So, again, good  
night.

I must be cruel, only to be kind:  
Thus bad begins and worse remains be-  
hind.

One word more, good lady.

*Queen.* What shall I do?

*Ham.* Not this, by no means, that I bid  
you do:

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;  
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his  
mouse;

And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,  
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd  
fingers,

Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
That I essentially am not in madness,  
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let  
him know;

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober,  
wise,

Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,  
Such dear concernings hide? who would  
do so?

No, in despite of sense and secrecy,  
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,  
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,  
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,  
And break your own neck down.

*Queen.* Be thou assured, if words be  
made of breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to  
breathe

What thou hast said to me.

*Ham.* I must to England; you know  
that?

*Queen.* Alack,  
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

*Ham.* There's letters seal'd; and my two  
schoolfellows,

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,  
They bear the mandate; they must sweep  
my way,

And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;  
For 'tis the sport to have the enginer  
Hoist with his own petar: and't shall go  
hard

But I will delve one yard below their  
mines,

And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most  
sweet,

When in one line two crafts directly  
meet.

This man shall set me packing:  
I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room.  
Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor  
Is now most still, most secret and most  
grave,

Who was in life a foolish prating knave.  
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with  
you.

Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging  
in Polonius.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *A room in the castle.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and  
GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* There's matter in these sighs, these  
profound heaves:

You must translate: 'tis fit we understand  
them.

Where is your son?

*Queen.* Bestow this place on us a little  
while.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]  
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-  
night!

*King.* What, Gertrude? How does Ham-  
let?

*Queen.* Mad as the sea and wind, when  
both contend

Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,  
Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat, a rat!'  
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills  
The unseen good old man.

*King.* O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:  
His liberty is full of threats to all;

To you yourself, to us, to every one.  
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be an-  
swer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence  
Should have kept short, restrain'd and out  
of haunt,

This mad young man: but so much was  
our love,

We would not understand what was most  
fit;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,  
To keep it from divulging, let it feed  
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?  
*Queen.* To draw apart the body he hath  
kill'd:

O'er whom his very madness, like some  
ore

Among a mineral of metals base,  
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is  
done.

*King.* O Gertrude, come away!  
The sun no sooner shall the mountains  
touch,

But we will ship him hence; and this vile  
deed

We must, with all our majesty and skill,  
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guild-  
enstern!

*Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*  
Friends both, go join you with some fur-  
ther aid:

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,  
And from his mother's closet hath he  
dragg'd him:

Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring  
the body

Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*  
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest  
friends;

And let them know, both what we mean to  
do,

And what's untimely done. . . . .  
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,  
As level as the cannon to his blank,  
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our  
name,

And hit the woundless air. O, come away!  
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *Another room in the castle.*

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Safely stowed.

*Ros.* { [*Within*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

*Guil.* }  
*Ham.* What noise? who calls on Hamlet?  
O, here they come.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Ros.* What have you done, my lord, with  
the dead body?

*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto  
'tis kin.

*Ros.* Tell us where 'tis, that we may take  
it thence

And bear it to the chapel.

*Ham.* Do not believe it.

*Ros.* Believe what?

*Ham.* That I can keep your counsel and  
not mine own. Besides, to be demanded  
of a sponge! what replication should be  
made by the son of a king?

*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

*Ham.* Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's  
countenance, his rewards, his authorities.  
But such officers do the king best service in  
the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the  
corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last  
swallowed: when he needs what you have  
gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and,  
sponge, you shall be dry again.

*Ros.* I understand you not, my lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it: a knavish speech  
sleeps in a foolish ear.

*Ros.* My lord, you must tell us where the  
body is, and go with us to the king.

*Ham.* The body is with the king, but the  
king is not with the body. The king is a  
thing—

*Guil.* A thing, my lord!

*Ham.* Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide  
fox, and all after.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III. *Another room in the castle.*

*Enter KING, attended.*

*King.* I have sent to seek him, and to find  
the body.

How dangerous is it that this man goes  
loose!

Yet must not we put the strong law on  
him:

He's loved of the distracted multitude,  
Who like not in their judgment, but their  
eyes;

And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge  
is weigh'd,

But never the offence. To bear all smooth  
and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem  
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown  
By desperate appliance are relieved,  
Or not at all.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ.*

How now! what hath befall'n?



*Ros.* Where the dead body is bestow'd,  
my lord,  
We cannot get from him.

*King.* But where is he?

*Ros.* Without, my lord; guarded, to know  
your pleasure.

*King.* Bring him before us.

*Ros.* Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

*Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

*Ham.* At supper.

*King.* At supper! where?

*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is  
eaten: a certain convocation of politic  
worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your  
only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures  
else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for mag-  
gots: your fat king and your lean beggar  
is but variable service, two dishes, but to  
one table: that's the end.

*King.* Alas, alas!

*Ham.* A man may fish with the worm  
that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish  
that hath fed of that worm.

*King.* What dost you mean by this?

*Ham.* Nothing but to show you how a  
king may go a progress through the guts of  
a beggar.

*King.* Where is Polonius?

*Ham.* In heaven; send hither to see: if  
your messenger find him not there, seek  
him i' the other place yourself. But indeed,  
if you find him not within this month, you  
shall nose him as you go up the stairs into  
the lobby.

*King.* Go seek him there.

*[To some Attendants.]*

*Ham.* He will stay till ye come.

*[Exit Attendants.]*

*King.* Hamlet, this deed, for thine  
especial safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve  
For that which thou hast done,—must send  
thee hence

With fiery quickness: therefore prepare  
thyself;

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,  
The associates tend, and every thing is  
bent

For England.

For England!

*Ham.*

*King.*

*Ham.*

Ay, Hamlet.

Good.

*King.* So is it, if thou knew'st our pur-  
poses.

*Ham.* I see a cherub that sees them. But,  
come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.

*King.* Thy loving father, Hamlet.

*Ham.* My mother: father and mother is  
man and wife; man and wife is one flesh;  
and so, my mother. Come, for England!

*[Exit.]*

*King.* Follow him at foot; tempt him  
with speed abroad;

Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:  
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done  
That else leans on the affair: pray you,  
make haste.

*[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]*  
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at  
aught—

As my great power thereof may give thee  
sense,

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red  
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe  
Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly  
set

Our sovereign process; which imports at  
full,

By letters congruing to that effect,  
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, Eng-  
land;

For like the hectic in my blood he rages,  
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis  
done,

Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er be-  
gun. *[Exit.]*

#### SCENE IV. *A plain in Denmark.*

*Enter FORTINBRAS, a Captain, and Soldiers,*  
*marching.*

*For.* Go, captain, from me greet the Dan-  
ish king;

Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras  
Craves the conveyance of a promised march  
Over his kingdom. You know the rendez-  
vous.

If that his majesty would aught with us,  
We shall express our duty in his eye;  
And let him know so.

*Cap.* I will do't, my lord.  
*For.* Go softly on.

*[Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.]*

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDEN-  
STERN, and others.*

*Ham.* Good sir, whose powers are these?

*Cap.* They are of Norway, sir.

*Ham.* How purposed, sir, I pray you?

*Cap.* Against some part of Poland.

*Ham.* Who commands them, sir?

*Cap.* The nephews to old Norway, Fortinbras.

*Ham.* Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,

Or for some frontier?

*Cap.* Truly to speak, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground

That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;

Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

*Ham.* Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

*Cap.* Yes, it is already garrison'd.

*Ham.* Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw:

This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without

Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

*Cap.* God be wi' you, sir. [Exit.

*Ros.* Will't please you go, my lord?

*Ham.* I'll be with you straight. Go a little before. [Exit *all except Hamlet*.

How all occasions do inform against me,

And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,

If his chief good and market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,

Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and god-like reason

To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on the event,

A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one

part wisdom

And ever three parts coward, I do not

know

Why yet I live to say "This thing's to do;"

Sith I have cause and will and strength

and means

To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:

Witness this army of such mass and charge

Led by a delicate and tender prince,

Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd

Makes mouths at the invisible event,

Exposing what is mortal and unsure

To all that fortune, death and danger dare,

Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great

Is not to stir without great argument,

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw

When honor's at the stake. How stand I

then,

That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,

Excitements of my reason and my blood,

And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I

see

The imminent death of twenty thousand

men,

That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,

Go to their graves like beds, fight for a

plot

Whereon the numbers cannot try the

cause,

Which is not tomb enough and continent

To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,

My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing

worth! [Exit.

SCENE V. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

*Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, and a Gentleman.*

*Queen.* I will not speak with her.

*Gent.* She is importunate, indeed distract:

Her mood will needs be pitied.

*Queen.* What would she have?

*Gent.* She speaks much of her father; says

she hears

There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and

beats her heart;

Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in

doubt,

That carry but half sense: her speech is

nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection; they aim at it.

And botch the words up fit to their own

thoughts;

Which, as her winks, and nods, and ges-

tures yield them,

Indeed would make one think there might

be thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

*Hor.* 'Twere good she were spoken  
with; for she may strew  
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding  
minds.

*Queen.* Let her come in. [*Exit Horatio.*  
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
Each toy seems prologue to some great  
amiss:

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

*Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.*

*Oph.* Where is the beauteous majesty of  
Denmark?

*Queen.* How now, Ophelia!

*Oph.* [*Sings*] How should I your true  
love know

From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,

And his sandal shoon.

*Queen.* Alas, sweet lady, what imports  
this song?

*Oph.* Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

[*Sings*] He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.

*Queen.* Nay, but, Ophelia,—

*Oph.* Pray you, mark.

[*Sings*] White his shroud as the mountain  
snow,—

*Enter KING.*

*Queen.* Alas, look here, my lord.

*Oph.* [*Sings*] Larded with sweet flowers;  
Which bewept to the grave did go  
With true-love showers.

*King.* How do you, pretty lady?

*Oph.* Well, God 'ild you! They say the  
owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know  
what we are, but know not what we may  
be. God be at your table!

*King.* Conceit upon her father.

*Oph.* Pray you, let's have no words of  
this; but when they ask you what it means,  
say you this:

[*Sings*] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's  
day,

All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window,

To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,

And dupp'd the chamber-door;

Let in the maid, that out a maid

Never departed more.

*King.* Pretty Ophelia!

*Oph.* Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make  
an end on't:

[*Sings*] By Gis and by Saint Charity,

Alack, and fie for shame!

Young men will do't, if they come to't,

By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promised me to wed.

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,

An thou hadst not come to my bed.

*King.* How long hath she been thus?

*Oph.* I hope all will be well. We must  
be patient: but I cannot choose but weep,  
to think they should lay him i' the cold  
ground. My brother shall know of it: and  
so I thank you for your good counsel.  
Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good  
night, sweet ladies; good night, good night.

[*Exit.*

*King.* Follow her close; give her good  
watch,

I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs  
All from her father's death. O Gertrude,  
Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single  
spies,

But in battalions. First, her father slain:

Next, your son gone; and he most violent  
author

Of his own just remove: the people mud-  
died,

Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts  
and whispers,

For good Polonius' death; and we have  
done but greenly,

In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor  
Ophelia

Divided from herself and her fair judg-  
ment,

Without the which we are pictures, or  
mere beasts:

Last, and as much containing as all these,  
Her brother is in secret come from France;  
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in  
clouds,

And wants not buzzers to infect his ear  
With pestilent speeches of his father's  
death:

Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,  
Will nothing stick our person to arraign  
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,

Like to a murdering-piece, in many places  
Gives me superfluous death.

[A noise within.]

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them  
guard the door.

Enter another Gentleman.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord.

The ocean, overpeering of his list,  
Eats not the flats with more impetuous  
haste

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,  
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call  
him lord;

And, as the world were now but to begin,  
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,

The ratifiers and props of every word,

They cry 'Choose we: Laertes shall be  
king.'

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the  
clouds:

'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail  
they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

King. The doors are broke.

[Noise within.]

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you  
all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will.

[They retire without the door.]

Laer. I thank you: keep the door. O thou  
vile king,

Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm pro-  
claims me bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the  
harlot

Even here, between the chaste unsmirched  
brow

Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,  
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our per-  
son:

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep to what it  
would,

Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,  
Why thou art thus incensed. Let him go,  
Gertrude.

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be  
juggled with:

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest  
devil!

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest  
pit!

I dare damnation. To this point I stand,  
That both the worlds I give to negligence,  
Let come what comes; only I'll be re-  
venged

Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:

And for my means, I'll husband them so  
well,

They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty  
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in

your revenge,

That, swoopstake, you will draw both  
friend and foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll  
ope my arms;

And like the kind life-rendering pelican,  
Repay them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensible in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgment pierce

As day does to your eye.

Danes. [Within] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times  
salt,

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!  
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by  
weight,

Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of  
May!



Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!  
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's  
wits

Should be as moral as an old man's life?  
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,  
It sends some precious instance of itself  
After the thing it loves.

*Oph.* [*Sings*]  
They bore him barefaced on the bier;  
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;  
And in his grave rain'd many a tear:—  
Fare you well, my dove!

*Laer.* Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,  
It could not move thus.

*Oph.* [*Sings*] You must sing a-down  
a-down,

    An you call him a-down-a.

O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false  
steward, that stole his master's daughter.

*Laer.* This nothing's more than matter.

*Oph.* There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

*Laer.* A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

*Oph.* There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays: O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died: they say he made a good end,—

[*Sings*] For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

*Laer.* Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,

She turns to favor and to prettiness.

*Oph.* [*Sings*] And will he not come again?

    And will he not come again?

    No, no, he is dead:

    Go to thy death-bed:

    He never will come again.

    His beard was as white as snow,

    All flaxen was his poll:

    He is gone, he is gone,

    And we cast away moan:

    God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God.

    God be wi' ye.

[*Exit.*]

*Laer.* Do you see this, O God?

*King.* Laertes, I must commune with your grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,  
Make choice of whom your wisest friends  
you will.

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you  
and me:

If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call  
ours,

To you in satisfaction; but if not,

Be you content to lend your patience to us,  
And we shall jointly labor with your soul

To give it due content.

*Laer.*

Let this be so;

His means of death, his obscure funeral—

No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his  
bones,

No noble rite nor formal ostentation—

Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to  
earth,

That I must call't in question.

*King.*

So you shall;

And where the offence is let the great axe  
fall.

I pray you, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Another room in the castle.

*Enter* HORATIO and a Servant.

*Hor.* What are they that would speak  
with me?

*Serv.* Sailors, sir: they say they have letters  
for you.

*Hor.* Let them come in. [*Exit* Servant.]

I do not know from what part of the world  
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

*Enter* Sailors.

*First Sail.* God bless you, sir.

*Hor.* Let him bless thee to.

*First Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him.  
There's a letter for you, sir; it comes from  
the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let  
to know it is.

*Hor.* [*Reads*] 'Horatio, when thou shalt  
have overlooked this, give these fellows  
some means to the king: they have letters  
for him. Ere we were two days old at sea,  
a pirate of very warlike appointment gave  
us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail,

we put on a compelled valor, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

'He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.'  
Come, I will make you way for these your letters;

And do't the speedier, that you may direct me

To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Another room in the castle.*

*Enter KING and LAERTES.*

*King.* Now must your conscience my acquaintance seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend,

Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,

That he which hath your noble father slain Pursued my life.

*Laer.* It well appears: but tell me Why you proceeded not against these feats,

So crimeful and so capital in nature, As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,

You mainly were stirr'd up.

*King.* O, for two special reasons; Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,

But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself— My virtue or my plague, be it either

which—

She's so conjunctive to my life and soul, That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,

I could not but by her. The other motive, Why to a public count I might not go,

Is the great love the general gender bear him;

Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,

Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,

Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,

Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,

Would have reverted to my bow again,

And not where I had aim'd them.

*Laer.* And so have I a noble father lost; A sister driven into desperate terms,

Whose worth, if praises may go back again,

Stood challenger on mount of all the age For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

*King.* Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull

That we can let our beard be shook with danger

And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:

I loved your father, and we love ourself; And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now! what news?

*Mess.* Letters, my lord, from Hamlet: This to your majesty; this to the queen.

*King.* From Hamlet! who brought them?

*Mess.* Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:

They were given me by Claudio; he received them

Of him that brought them.

*King.* Laertes, you shall hear them. Leave us.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

[*Reads*] 'High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.'

'HAMLET.'

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

*Laer.* Know you the hand?

*King.* 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked!' And in a postscript here, he says 'alone.' Can you advise me?

*Laer.* I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;

It warms the very sickness in my heart,  
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,  
'Thus didest thou.'

*King.* If it be so, Laertes—  
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—  
Will you be ruled by me?

*Laer.* Ay, my lord;  
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,

As checking at his voyage, and that he means

No more to undertake it, I will work him  
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,  
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,

But even his mother shall uncharge the practice

And call it accident.

*Laer.* My lord, I will be ruled;  
The rather, if you could devise it so  
That I might be the organ.

*King.* It falls right.  
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality  
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts

Did not together pluck such envy from him

As did that one, and that, in my regard,  
Of the unworthiest siege.

*Laer.* What part is that, my lord?

*King.* A very riband in the cap of youth,  
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes  
The light and careless livery that it wears  
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,  
Importing health and graveness. Two months since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy:—  
I've seen myself, and served against, the French,

And they can well on horseback: but this gallant

Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;  
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,

As he had been incorpsed and deminatured

With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,  
Come short of what he did.

*Laer.* A Norman was't?

*King.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Upon my life, Lamond.

*King.* The very same.

*Laer.* I know him well: he is the brooch indeed

And gem of all the nation.

*King.* He made confession of you,

And gave you such a masterly report

For art and exercise in your defence

And for your rapier most especially,  
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,

If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,

He swore, had had neither motion, guard, nor eye,

If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his  
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy

That he could nothing do but wish and beg

Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.

Now, out of this,—

*Laer.* What out of this, my lord?

*King.* Laertes, was your father dear to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

*Laer.* Why ask you this?

*King.* Not that I think you did not love your father;

But that I know love is begun by time;

And that I see, in passages of proof,

Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.

There lives within the very flame of love

A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;

And nothing is at a like goodness still;

For goodness, growing to a plurisy,

Dies in his own too much: that we would do.

We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes

And hath abatements and delays as many  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;

And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,

That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o'  
the ulcer:—

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,

To show yourself your father's son in deed  
More than in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i' the church.

*King.* No place, indeed, should murder  
sanctuarize;

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good  
Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your  
chamber.

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come  
home:

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence

And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you, bring you in  
fine together

And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,

Most generous and free from all contriving,

Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,

Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice  
Requite him for your father.

*Laer.* I will do't:

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my  
sword.

I bought an unction of a mountebank,

So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,

Where it draws blood no cataplasm so  
rare,

Collected from all simples that have virtue  
Under the moon, can save the thing from  
death

That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my  
point

With this contagion, that, if I gall him  
slightly,

It may be death.

*King.* Let's further think of this;  
Weigh what convenience both of time and  
means

May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,  
And that our drift look through our bad  
performance,

'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this  
project

Should have a back or second, that might  
hold,

If this should blast in proof. Soft! let me  
see:

We'll make a solemn wager on your  
cunnings:

I ha't.

When in your motion you are hot and  
dry—

As make your bouts more violent to that  
end—

And that he calls for drink, I'll have pre-  
pared him

A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sip-  
ping,

If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,  
Our purpose may hold there.

*Enter QUEEN.*

How now, sweet queen!

*Queen.* One woe doth tread upon ano-  
ther's heel,

So fast they follow; your sister's drown'd,  
Laertes.

*Laer.* Drown'd! O, where?

*Queen.* There is a willow grows aslant a  
brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy  
stream;

There with fantastic garlands did she come  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long  
purples

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers  
call them:

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet  
weeds

Clambering to hang, an envious sliver  
broke;

When down her weedy trophies and her-  
self

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes  
spread wide;

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her  
up:

Which time she chanted snatches of old  
tunes;

As one incapable of her own distress,

Or like a creature native and indued

Unto that element: but long it could not  
be

Till that her garments, heavy with their  
drink,



'Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

*Laer.* Alas, then, she is drown'd?

*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd.

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet  
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,  
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,

The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord:  
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,

But that this folly douts it. *[Exit.*

*King.* Let's follow, Gertrude:

How much I had to do to calm his rage!

Now fear I this will give it start again;

Therefore let's follow. *[Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *A churchyard.*

*Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.*

*First Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

*Sec. Clo.* I tell thee she is: and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

*First Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

*Sec. Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

*First Clo.* It must be 'se offendendo;' it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches: it is, to act, to do, to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

*Sec. Clo.* Nay, but hear you, Goodman delver,—

*First Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good; if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes,—mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

*Sec. Clo.* But is this law?

*First Clo.* Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law.

*Sec. Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

*First Clo.* Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentleman but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

*Sec. Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

*First Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

*Sec. Clo.* Why, he had none.

*First Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says 'Adam digged:' could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

*Sec. Clo.* Go to.

*First Clo.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

*Sec. Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

*First Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

*Sec. Clo.* 'Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?'

*First Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

*Sec. Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

*First Clo.* To't.

*Sec. Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.*

*First Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker:' the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan: fetch me a stoup of liquor.

*[Exit Sec. Clown.]*

*[He digs and sings.]*

In youth, when I did love, did love,  
Methought it was very sweet,

To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my be-  
hove,

O, methought, there was nothing meet.

*Ham.* Has this fellow no feeling of his  
business, that he sings at grave-making?

*Hor.* Custom hath made it in him a prop-  
erty of easiness.

*Ham.* 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little em-  
ployment hath the daintier sense.

*First Clo.* [*Sings*]

But age, with his stealing steps,  
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me intil the land,  
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

*Ham.* That skull had a tongue in it, and  
could sing once: how the knave jowls it to  
the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone,  
that did the first murder! It might be the  
pate of a politician, which this ass now  
o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent  
God, might it not?

*Hor.* It might, my lord.

*Ham.* Or of a courtier; which could say  
'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost  
thou, good lord?' This might be my lord  
such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-  
one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might  
it not?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, e'en so: and now my Lady  
Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the  
mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's fine  
revolution, an we had the trick to see't.  
Did these bones cost no more the breed-  
ing, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine  
ache to think on't.

*First Clo.* [*Sings*]

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,  
For and a shrouding sheet:

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*]

*Ham.* There's another: why may not that  
be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his  
quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his  
tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer  
this rude knave now to knock him about  
the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will  
not tell him of his action of battery? Hum!  
This fellow might be in's time a great  
buyer of land, with his statutes, his recog-  
nizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his

recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and  
the recovery of his recoveries, to have his  
fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers  
vouch him no more of his purchases, and  
double ones too, than the length and  
breadth of a pair of indentures? The very  
conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in  
this box; and must the inheritor himself  
have no more, ha?

*Hor.* Not a jot more, my lord.

*Ham.* Is not parchment made of sheep-  
skins?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

*Ham.* They are sheep and calves which  
seek out assurance in that. I will speak to  
this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

*First Clo.* Mine, sir.

[*Sings*] O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.

*Ham.* I think it be thine, indeed; for thou  
liest in't.

*First Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and there-  
fore it is not yours: for my part, I do not  
lie in't, and yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and  
say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the  
quick; therefore thou liest.

*First Clo.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away  
again, from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for?

*First Clo.* For no man, sir.

*Ham.* What woman, then?

*First Clo.* For none, neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

*First Clo.* One that was a woman, sir; but,  
rest her soul, she's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knave is! we must  
speak by the card, or equivocation will  
undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three  
years I have taken a note of it; the age is  
grown so picked that the toe of the peasant  
comes so near the heel of the courtier, he  
galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a  
grave-maker?

*First Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I  
came to't that day that our last king Ham-  
let overcame Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long is that since?

*First Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every  
fool can tell that: it was the very day that  
young Hamlet was born; he that is mad,  
and sent into England.

*Ham.* Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

*First Clo.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

*First Clo.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

*Ham.* How came he mad?

*First Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely?

*First Clo.* Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground?

*First Clo.* Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

*First Clo.* I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying-in—he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

*Ham.* Why he more than another?

*First Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

*Ham.* Whose was it?

*First Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

*First Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

*Ham.* This?

*First Clo.* E'en that.

*Ham.* Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her

paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Hor.* What's that, my lord?

*Ham.* Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

*Hor.* E'en so.

*Ham.* And smelt so? pah!

[*Puts down the skull.*]

*Hor.* E'en so, my lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

*Hor.* 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

*Ham.* No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

*Enter Priest, &c. in procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken

The corse they follow did with desperate hand

For do its own life: 'twas of some estate.

Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring with Horatio.*]

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

*Ham.* That is Laertes, A very noble youth: mark.

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

*First Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarged

As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;

And, but that great command o'ersways the order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodged

Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,

Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her;

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants, Her maiden strewments and the bringing home

Of bell and burial.

*Laer.* Must there no more be done?

*First Priest.* No more be done:

We should profane the service of the dead To sing a requiem and such rest to her

As to peace-parted souls.

*Laer.* Lay her i' the earth:

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh

May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,

A ministering angel shall my sister be, When thou liest howling.

*Ham.* What, the fair Ophelia!

*Queen.* Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,

And not have strew'd thy grave.

*Laer.* O, treble woe Fall ten times treble on that cursed head, Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense

Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,

Till I have caught her once more in mine arms: [*Leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,

Till of this flat a mountain you have made, To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head Of blue Olympus.

*Ham.* [*Advancing*] What is he whose grief

Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow

Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*]  
*Laer.* The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*]

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat; For, though I am not splenitive and rash,

Yet have I something in me dangerous, Which let thy wiseness fear: hold off thy hand.

*King.* Pluck them asunder.

*Queen.* Hamlet, Hamlet!

*All.* Gentlemen,—

*Hor.* Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

*Ham.* Why I will fight with him upon this theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

*Queen.* O my son, what theme?

*Ham.* I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love, Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

*King.* O, he is mad, Laertes.

*Queen.* For love of God, forbear him.

*Ham.* 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?

Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?

I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I: And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground, Singeing his pate against the burning zone, Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

*Queen.* This is mere madness:

And thus awhile the fit will work on him; Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclosed,

His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Hear you, sir,

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I loved you ever: but it is no matter;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew and dog will have his

day. [*Exit.*]



*King.* I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him. [*Exit Horatio.*]

[*To Laertes*] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;  
We'll put the matter to the present push.  
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.

This grave shall have a living monument:  
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;  
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A hall in the castle.*

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.*

*Ham.* So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;

You do remember all the circumstance?

*Hor.* Remember it, my lord?

*Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,

That would not let me sleep: methought I lay

Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.  
Rashly,

And praised be rashness for it, let us know,  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
When our deep plots do pall: and that should teach us

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.—

*Hor.* That is most certain.

*Ham.* Up from my cabin,  
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark  
Groped I to find out them; had my desire,  
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew  
To mine own room again; making so bold,  
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal  
Their grand commission; where I found,  
Horatio,—

O royal knavery!—an exact command,  
Larded with many several sorts of reasons  
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,

With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,  
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,  
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
My head should be struck off.

*Hor.* Is't possible?

*Ham.* Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

*Hor.* I beseech you.

*Ham.* Being thus be-netted round with villanies,—

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,  
They had begun the play—I sat me down,  
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair:

I once did hold it, as our statists do,  
A baseness to write fair and labor'd much  
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now  
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know  
The effect of what I wrote?

*Hor.* Ay, good my lord.

*Ham.* An earnest conjuration from the king,

As England was his faithful tributary,  
As love between them like the palm might flourish,

As peace should still her wheaten garland wear

And stand a comma 'tween their amities,  
And many such-like 'As'es of great charge,  
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,

Without debatement further, more or less,  
He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
Not shriving-time allow'd.

*Hor.* How was this seal'd?

*Ham.* Why, even in that was heaven's ordinar.

I had my father's signet in my purse,  
Which was the model of that Danish seal;  
Folded the writ up in form of the other,  
Subscribed it, gave't the impression, placed it safely,

The changeling never known. Now, the next day

Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent

That know'st already.

*Hor.* So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

*Ham.* Why, man, they did make love to this employment;

They are not near my conscience; their defeat

Does by their own insinuation grow:  
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes

Between the pass and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.

*Hor.* Why, what a king is this!

*Ham.* Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon—

He that hath kill'd my king and whored  
my mother,  
Popp'd in between the election and my  
hopes,

Thrown out his angle for my proper life,  
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect  
conscience,

To quit him with this arm? and is't not to  
be damn'd,

To let this canker of our nature come  
In further evil?

*Hor.* It must be shortly known to him  
from England

What is the issue of the business there.

*Ham.* It will be short: the interim is mine;  
And a man's life's no more than to say  
'One.'

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
That to Laertes I forgot myself;  
For, by the image of my cause, I see  
The portraiture of his: I'll court his favors.  
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put  
me

Into a towering passion.

*Hor.* Peace! who comes here?

*Enter OSRIC.*

*Osr.* Your lordship is right welcome back  
to Denmark.

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, sir. Dost  
know this water-fly?

*Hor.* No, my good lord.

*Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious; for  
'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land,  
and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts,  
and his crib shall stand at the king's mess:  
'tis a chough; but, as I say, 'spacious in the  
possession of dirt.

*Osr.* Sweet lord, if your lordship were at  
leisure, I should impart a thing to you  
from his majesty.

*Ham.* I will receive it, sir, with all dili-  
gence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his  
right use; 'tis for the head.

*Osr.* I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

*Ham.* No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the  
wind is northerly.

*Osr.* It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

*Ham.* But yet methinks it is very sultry  
and hot for my complexion.

*Osr.* Exceedingly, my lord; it is very  
sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how. But,  
my lord, his majesty bade me signify to

you that he has laid a great wager on your  
head: sir, this is the matter,—

*Ham.* I beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

*Osr.* Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in  
good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court  
Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman  
full of most excellent differences, of very  
soft society and great showing; indeed, to  
speak feelingly of him, he is the card or  
calendar of gentry, for you shall find in  
him the continent of what part a gentle-  
man would see.

*Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no perdi-  
tion in you; though, I know, to divide him  
inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of  
memory, and yet but yaw neither, in re-  
spect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of  
extolment, I take him to be a soul of great  
article; and his infusion of such dearth and  
rareness, as, to make true diction of him,  
his semblable is his mirror; and who else  
would trace him, his umbrage, nothing  
more.

*Osr.* Your lordship speaks most infallibly  
of him.

*Ham.* The concernancy, sir? why do we  
wrap the gentleman in our more rawer  
breath?

*Osr.* Sir?

*Hor.* Is't not possible to understand in  
another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

*Ham.* What imports the nomination of  
this gentleman?

*Osr.* Of Laertes?

*Hor.* His purse is empty already; all's  
golden words are spent.

*Ham.* Of him, sir.

*Osr.* I know you are not ignorant—

*Ham.* I would you did, sir; yet, in faith,  
if you did, it would not much approve me.  
Well, sir?

*Osr.* You are not ignorant of what excel-  
lence Laertes is—

*Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should  
compare with him in excellence; but, to  
know a man well, were to know himself.

*Osr.* I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in  
the imputation laid on him by them, in his  
meed he's unfellowed.

*Ham.* What's his weapon?

*Osr.* Rapier and dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons: but, well.

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

*Ham.* What call you the carriages?

*Hor.* I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

*Osr.* The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

*Ham.* The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it?

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

*Ham.* How if I answer 'no'?

*Osr.* I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

*Ham.* Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

*Osr.* Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

*Ham.* To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

*Osr.* I commend my duty to your lordship.

*Ham.* Yours, yours. [*Exit Osr.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

*Hor.* This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

*Ham.* He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the

time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrice, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

*Ham.* I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

*Lord.* The king and queen and all are coming down.

*Ham.* In happy time.

*Lord.* The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

*Ham.* She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*]

*Hor.* You will lose this wager, my lord.

*Ham.* I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice: I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

*Hor.* Nay, good my lord,—

*Ham.* It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

*Hor.* If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

*Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, LORDS, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &c.*

*King.* Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.*]

*Ham.* Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows,  
And you must needs have heard, how I am  
punish'd

With sore distraction. What I have done,  
That might your nature, honor and excep-  
tion

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was mad-  
ness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never  
Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,  
And when he's not himself does wrong  
Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.  
Who does it, then? His madness: if't be so,  
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;  
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,  
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil  
Free me so far in your most generous  
thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,  
And hurt my brother.

*Laer.* I am satisfied in nature,  
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me  
most

To my revenge: but in my terms of honor  
I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,  
Till by some elder masters, of known  
honor,

I have a voice and precedent of peace,  
To keep my name ungored. But till that  
time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love,  
And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely;  
And will this brother's wager frankly play.  
Give us the foils. Come on.

*Laer.* Come, one for me.

*Ham.* I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine  
ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest  
night,

Stick fiery off indeed.

*Laer.* You mock me, sir.

*Ham.* No, by this hand.

*King.* Give them the foils, young Osric.  
Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

*Ham.* Very well, my lord;  
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker  
side.

*King.* I do not fear it; I have seen you  
both:

But since he is better'd, we have therefore  
odds.

*Laer.* This is too heavy, let me see an-  
other.

*Ham.* This likes me well. These foils have  
all a length? [*They prepare to play.*]

*Os.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Set me the stoups of wine upon  
that table.

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,  
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,  
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire:  
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better  
breath;

And in the cup an union shall he throw,  
Richer than that which four successive  
kings

In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me  
the cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to  
earth,

'Now the king drinks to Hamlet.' Come,  
begin:

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

*Ham.* Come on, sir.

*Laer.* Come, my lord. [*They play.*]  
*Ham.* One.

*Laer.* No.  
*Ham.* Judgment.

*Os.* A hit, a very palpable hit.

*Laer.* Well; again.

*King.* Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this  
pearl is thine;

Here's to thy health.

[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off*  
*within.*]

Give him the cup.

*Ham.* I'll play this bout first; set it by  
awhile.

Come. [*They play.*] Another hit; what say  
you?

*Laer.* A touch, a touch, I do confess.

*King.* Our son shall win.

*Queen.* He's fat, and scant of breath.  
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy  
brows;

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good madam!

*King.* Gertrude, do not drink.



*Queen.* I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

*King.* [Aside] It is the poison'd cup: it is too late.

*Ham.* I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

*Queen.* Come, let me wipe thy face.

*Laer.* My lord, I'll hit him now.

*King.* I do not think't.

*Laer.* [Aside] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

*Ham.* Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence; I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

*Laer.* Say you so? come on. [They play.]

*Osr.* Nothing, neither way.

*Laer.* Have at you now!

[Laertes wounds Hamlet; then in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.]

*King.* Part them; they are incensed.

*Ham.* Nay, come, again. [The Queen falls.]

*Osr.* Look to the queen there, ho!

*Hor.* They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?

*Osr.* How is't, Laertes?

*Laer.* Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osrice;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

*Ham.* How does the queen?

*King.* She swoonds to see them bleed.

*Queen.* No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—

The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [Dies.]

*Ham.* O villany! Ho! let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! Seek it out.

*Laer.* It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good;

In thee there is not half an hour of life; The treacherous instrument is in thy hand, Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie, Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd: I can no more: the king, the king's to blame.

*Ham.* The point!—envenom'd too!

Then, venom, to thy work. [Stabs the King.]

*All.* Treason! treason!

*King.* O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

*Ham.* Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?

Follow my mother. [King dies.]

*Laer.* He is justly served; It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me. [Dies.]

*Ham.* Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mates or audience to this act, Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death, Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you— But let it be. Horatio, I am dead; Thou livest; report me and my cause aright To the unsatisfied.

*Hor.* Never believe it:

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane: Here's yet some liquor left.

*Ham.* As thou'rt a man, Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have't.

O good Horatio, what a wounded name, Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart Absent thee from felicity awhile, And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story.

[March afar off, and shot within.]

What warlike noise is this?

*Osr.* Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives This warlike volley.

*Ham.* O, I die, Horatio; The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:

I cannot live to hear the news from England;

But I do prophesy the election lights On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;

So tell him, with the occurrents, more and  
less,

Which have solicited. The rest is silence.

[Dies.

*Hor.* Now cracks a noble heart. Good  
night, sweet prince:

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Why does the drum come hither?

[March within.

*Enter* FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassa-  
dors, and others.

*Fort.* Where is this sight?

*Hor.* What is it ye would see?

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your  
search.

*Fort.* This quarry cries on havoc. O proud  
death,

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,

That thou so many princes at a shot

So bloodily hast struck?

*First Amb.* The sight is dismal;

And our affairs from England come too  
late:

The ears are senseless that should give us  
hearing,

To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are  
dead:

Where should we have our thanks?

*Hor.* Not from his mouth,

Had it the ability of life to thank you:

He never gave commandment for their  
death.

But since, so jump upon this bloody ques-  
tion,

You from the Polack wars, and you from  
England,

Are here arrived, give order that these  
bodies

High on a stage be placed to the view;

And let me speak to the yet unknowing  
world

How these things came about: so shall you  
hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,

Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,

Of deaths put on by cunning and forced  
cause,

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook

Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I  
Truly deliver.

*Fort.* Let us haste to hear it,

And call the noblest to the audience.

For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:

I have some rights of memory in this king-  
dom,

Which now to claim my vantage doth in-  
vite me.

*Hor.* Of that I shall have also cause to  
speak,

And from his mouth whose voice will  
draw on more;

But let this same be presently perform'd,

Even while men's minds are wild; lest more  
mischance

On plots and errors, happen.

*Fort.* Let four captains

Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;

For he was likely, had he been put on,

To have proved most royally: and, for his  
passage,

The soldiers' music and the rites of war

Speak loudly for him.

Take up the bodies: such a sight as this

Becomes the field, but here shows much  
amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the  
dead bodies; after which a peal of  
ordnance is shot off.]

# OTHELLO

Written about 1604.

## INTRODUCTION

*Othello* is the only play which appeared in quarto (in 1622) in the interval between Shakespeare's death and the publication of the first folio. We have no means, except by internal evidence, of ascertaining the date at which the play was written. Upon the strength of a supposed allusion to the armorial bearings of the new order of Baronets, instituted in 1611 (Act III., Sc. iv.), the play has been referred to a year not earlier than 1611; but the metrical tests confirm the impression produced by the general character and spirit of the tragedy, that it cannot belong to the same period as *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Winter's Tale*. It is evidently one of the group of tragedies of passion which includes *Macbeth* and *Lear*. The year 1604 has been accepted by several critics as a not improbable date for *Othello*. The original of the story is found in Cinthio's *Hecatombithi*, but it has been in a marvellous manner elevated and re-created by Shakespeare. Coleridge has justly said that the agonized doubt which lays hold of the Moor is not the jealousy of a man of naturally jealous temper, and he contrasts Othello with Leontes in *The Winter's Tale*, and Leonatus in *Cymbeline*. A mean watchfulness or prying suspicion is the last thing that Othello could be guilty of. He is of a free and noble nature, naturally trustful, with a kind of grand innocence, retaining some of his barbaric simpleness of soul in midst of the subtle and astute politicians of Venice. He is great in simple heroic action, but unversed in the complex affairs of life, and a stranger to the malignant deceits of the debased Italian character. Nothing is more chivalrous, more romantic, than the love of Othello and Desdemona. The beautiful Italian girl is fascinated by the real strength and grandeur, and the tender protectiveness of the Moor. He is charmed by the sweetness, the sympathy, the gentle disposition, the gracious womanliness of Desdemona. But neither quite rightly knows the other; there is none of that perfect equality and perfect knowledge between them which unite so flawlessly Brutus and Portia. There is no character in Shakespeare's plays so full of serpentine power and serpentine poison as Iago. He is envious of Cassio, and suspects that the Moor may have wronged his honor; but his malignancy is out of all proportion to even its alleged motives. Cassio, notwithstanding his moral weaknesses, is a chivalrous nature, possessed by enthusiastic admiration of his great general and the beautiful lady who is his wife. But Iago can see neither human virtue nor greatness. All things to him are common and unclean, and he is content that they should be so. He is not the sly, sneaking, and too manifest villain of some of the actors of his part. He is "honest Iago," and passes for a rough yet shrewd critic of life, who is himself frank and candid. To ensnare the nobly guileless Othello was, therefore, no impossible task. Shakespeare does not allow Iago to triumph; his end is wretched as his life has been. And Othello, restored to love through such tragic calamity, dies once more reunited to his wife, and loyal, in spite of all his wrongs, to the city of his adoption. It is he who has sinned, and not she who was dearer to him than himself, and of his own wrongs and griefs he can make a sudden end.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a senator.

Other Senators.

GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO; a noble Moor in the service of  
the Venetian state.

CASSIO, his lieutenant.

IAGO, his ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.

MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the  
government of Cyprus.

Clown, servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio and  
wife to Othello.

EMILIA, wife to Iago.

BIANCA, mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gen-  
tlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.SCENE: *Venice: a Sea-port in Cyprus.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.**Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.**Rod.* Tush! never tell me; I take it much  
unkindlyThat thou, Iago, who hast had my purse  
As if the strings were thine, shouldst  
know of this.*Iago.* 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:  
If ever I did dream of such a matter,  
Abhor me.*Rod.* Thou told'st me thou didst hold  
him in thy hate.*Iago.* Despise me, if I do not. Three  
great ones of the city,In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
Off-capp'd to him: and, by the faith of  
man,I know my price, I am worth no worse a  
place:But he, as loving his own pride and pur-  
poses,Evades them, with a bombast circum-  
stance

Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;

And, in conclusion,

Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says  
he,

'I have already chose my officer.'

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;

That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster; unless the bookish  
theoric,Wherein the tog'd consuls can propose  
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without  
practice,Is all his soldership. But he, sir, had the  
election:And I, of whom his eyes had seen the  
proofAt Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other  
groundsChristian and heathen, must be be-lee'd  
and calm'dBy debtor and creditor: this counter-  
caster,He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moor-  
ship's ancient.*Rod.* By heaven, I rather would have  
been his hangman.*Iago.* Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the  
curse of service,Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
And not by old gradation, where each  
secondStood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge  
yourself,Whether I in any just term am affined  
To love the Moor.*Rod.* I would not follow him then.*Iago.* O, sir, content you;I follow him to serve my turn upon him:  
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,



That, doting on his own obsequious  
bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's  
ass,  
For nought but provender, and when he's  
old, cashier'd:  
Whip me such honest knaves. Others  
there are  
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of  
duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on them-  
selves,  
And, throwing but shows of service on  
their lords,  
Do well thrive by them and when they  
have lined their coats  
Do themselves homage: these fellows have  
some soul;  
And such a one do I profess myself. For,  
sir,  
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago;  
In following him, I follow but myself;  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and  
duty,  
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:  
For when my outward action doth demon-  
strate  
The native act and figure of my heart  
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.  
*Rod.* What a full fortune does the thick-  
lips owe,  
If he can carry't thus.  
*Iago.* Call up her father,  
Rouse him: make after him, poison his de-  
light,  
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her  
kinsmen,  
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,  
Plague him with flies: though that his joy  
be joy,  
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,  
As it may lose some color.  
*Rod.* Here is her father's house; I'll call  
aloud.  
*Iago.* Do, with like timorous accent and  
dire yell  
As when, by night and negligence, the fire  
Is spied in populous cities.  
*Rod.* What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Bra-  
bantio, ho!

*Iago.* Awake! what, ho, Brabantio!  
thieves! thieves! thieves!  
Look to your house, your daughter and  
your bags!  
Thieves! thieves!  
*BRABANTIO appears above, at a window.*  
*Bra.* What is the reason of this terrible  
summons?  
What is the matter there?  
*Rod.* Signior, is all your family within?  
*Iago.* Are your doors lock'd?  
*Bra.* Why, wherefore ask you this?  
*Iago.* 'Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; for  
shame, put on your gown;  
Your heart is burst, you have lost half  
your soul;  
Even now, now, very now, an old black  
ram  
Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise;  
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,  
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of  
you:  
Arise, I say.  
*Bra.* What, have you lost your wits?  
*Rod.* Most reverend signior, do you  
know my voice?  
*Bra.* Not I: what are you?  
*Rod.* My name is Roderigo.  
*Bra.* The worse welcome:  
I have charged thee not to haunt about  
my doors:  
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say  
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in  
madness,  
Being full of supper and distempering  
draughts,  
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come  
To start my quiet.  
*Rod.* Sir, sir, sir,—  
*Bra.* But thou must needs be sure  
My spirit and my place have in them  
power  
To make this bitter to thee.  
*Rod.* Patience, good sir.  
*Bra.* What tell'st thou me of robbing?  
this is Venice;  
My house is not a grange.  
*Rod.* Most grave Brabantio,  
In simple and pure soul I come to you.  
*Iago.* 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those  
that will not serve God, if the devil bid  
you. Because we come to do you service  
and you think we are ruffians, you'll have

your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins and gennets for germans.

*Bra.* What profane wretch art thou?

*Iago.* I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

*Bra.* Thou art a villain.

*Iago.* You are—a senator.

*Bra.* This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

*Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,

If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,

As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,

At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,

Transported, with no worse nor better guard

But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,

To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—

If this be known to you and your allowance,

We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;

But if you know not this, my manners tell me

We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe

That, from the sense of all civility,  
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:

Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,

I say again, hath made a gross revolt;  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes  
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger  
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:

If she be in her chamber or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state  
For thus deluding you.

*Bra.* Strike on the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper! call up all my people!

This accident is not unlike my dream:  
Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say! light! [*Exit above.*]

*Iago.* Farewell; for I must leave you:

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,

To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—  
Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,

However this may gall him with some check,

Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,

Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,

Another of his fathom they have none,  
To lead their business: in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,  
Yet, for necessity of present life,

I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall

surely find him,  
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;

And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.*

*Bra.* It is too true an evil: gone she is,  
And what's to come of my despised time  
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,  
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!

With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a father!

How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives me

Past thought! What said she to you? Get more tapers:

Raise all my kindred. Are they married think you?

*Rod.* Truly, I think they are.

*Bra.* O heaven! How good she out? O treason of the blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds

By what you see them act. Is there not charms

By which the property of youth and maidhood

May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,

Of some such thing?

*Rod.* Yes, sir, I have indeed.

*Bra.* Call up my brother. O, would you had had her!

Some one way, some another. Do you know

Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

*Rod.* I think I can discover him, if you please,

To get good guard and go along with me.

*Bra.* Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;

I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!

And raise some special officers of night.

On, good Roderigo: I'll deserve your pains. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Another street.*

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches.*

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have slain men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience

To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity

Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times

I had thought to have yerk'd him under the ribs.

*Oth.* 'Tis better as it is.

*Iago.* Nay, but he prated,  
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms

Against your honor

That, with the little godliness I have,  
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,

Are you fast married? Be assured of this,  
That the magnifico is much beloved,  
And hath in his effect a voice potential  
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;

Or put upon you what restraint and grievance

The law, with all his might to enforce it on,

Will give him cable.

*Oth.* Let him do his spite:  
My services which I have done the signiory

Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,—

Which, when I know that boasting is an honor,

I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being

From men of royal siege, and my demerits  
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune

As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,

But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unhoused free condition  
Put into circumscription and confine  
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?

*Iago.* Those are the raised father and his friends:

You were best go in.

*Oth.* Not I: I must be found:  
My parts, my title and my perfect soul  
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

*Iago.* By Janus, I think no.

*Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with torches.*

*Oth.* The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends!

What is the news?

*Cas.* The duke does greet you, general,  
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,

Even on the instant.

*Oth.* What is the matter, think you?

*Cas.* Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:

It is a business of some heat: the galleys  
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
This very night at one another's heels,  
And many of the consuls, raised and met,  
Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,

The senate hath sent about three several quests

To search you out.

*Oth.* 'Tis well I am found by you.  
I will but spend a word here in the house,  
And go with you. *[Exit.]*

*Cas.* Ancient, what makes he here?

*Iago.* 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

*Cas.* I do not understand.

*Iago.* He's married.

*Cas.* To who?

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

*Iago.* Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

*Oth.* Have with you.

*Cas.* Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Iago.* It is Brabantio. General, be advised; He comes to bad intent.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with torches and weapons.*

*Oth.* Holla! stand there!

*Rod.* Signior, it is the Moor.

*Bra.* Down with him, thief!  
[*They draw on both sides.*]

*Iago.* You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

*Oth.* Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years

Than with your weapons.

*Bra.* O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
If she in chains of magic were not bound,  
Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,  
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd  
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,  
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense

That thou hast practised on her with foul charms,

Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

That weaken motion: I'll have 't disputed on;

'Tis probable and palpable to thinking.  
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee  
For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.

Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,  
Subdue him at his peril.

*Oth.* Hold your hands,  
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:  
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter. Where will you that I go

To answer this your charge?

*Bra.* To prison, till fit time

Of law and course of direct session

Call thee to answer.

*Oth.* What if I do obey?

How may the duke be therewith satisfied,  
Whose messengers are here about my side,

Upon some present business of the state  
To bring me to him?

*First Off.* 'Tis true, most worthy signior;  
The duke's in council, and your noble self,

I am sure, is sent for.

*Bra.* How! the duke in council!

In this time of the night! Bring him away:  
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke him-

self,  
Or any of my brothers of the state,

Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;

For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our states-  
men be. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III. A council-chamber.

*The DUKE and Senators sitting at a table;  
Officers attending.*

*Duke.* There is no composition in these news

That gives them credit.

*First Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd;

My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

*Duke.* And mine, a hundred and forty.

*Sec. Sen.* And mine, two hundred:  
But though they jump not on a just account,—

As in these cases, where the aim reports

'Tis oft with difference—yet do they all confirm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.



- Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:  
I do not so secure me in the error,  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense.
- Sailor.* [Within] What, ho! what, ho!  
what, ho!
- First Off.* A messenger from the galleys.  
*Enter a Sailor.*
- Duke.* Now, what's the business?
- Sail.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
- So was I bid report here to the state  
By Signior Angelo.
- Duke.* How say you by this change?
- First Sen.* This cannot be,  
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant,  
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider  
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,  
And let ourselves again but understand,  
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile question bear it,  
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,  
But altogether lacks the abilities  
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,  
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful  
To leave that latest which concerns him first,  
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,  
To wake and wage a danger profitless.
- Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.
- First Off.* Here is more news.  
*Enter a Messenger.*
- Mess.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,  
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.
- First Sen.* Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?
- Mess.* Of thirty sail: and now they do restem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance  
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,  
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,  
With his free duty recommends you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.
- Duke.* 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.  
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?
- First Sen.* He's now in Florence.
- Duke.* Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.
- First Sen.* Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.
- Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers.*
- Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you  
Against the general enemy Ottoman.  
[To Brabantio] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;  
We lack'd your counsel and your help tonight.
- Bra.* So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
- Neither my place nor aught I heard of business  
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general care  
Take hold on me, for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature  
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows  
And it is still itself.
- Duke.* Why, what's the matter?
- Bra.* My daughter! O, my daughter!
- Duke and Sen.* Dead?
- Bra.* Ay, to me;  
She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted  
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;  
For nature so preposterously to err,  
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,  
Sans witchcraft could not.
- Duke.* Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding  
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself  
And you of her, the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter  
After your own sense, yea, though our proper son  
Stood in your action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace.  
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it  
seems,

Your special mandate for the state-affairs  
Hath hither brought.

*Duke and Sen.* We are very sorry for't.

*Duke.* [To Othello] What, in your own  
part, can you say to this?

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, grave, and reverend  
signiors,

My very noble and approved good mas-  
ters,

That I have ta'en away this old man's  
daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married her:  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in  
my speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of  
peace:

For since these arms of mine had seven  
years' pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted, they  
have used

Their dearest action in the tented field,  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and  
battle,

And therefore little shall I grace my cause  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gra-  
cious patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs,  
what charms,

What conjuration and what mighty magic,  
For such proceeding I am charged withal,  
I won his daughter.

*Bra.* A maiden never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her mo-  
tion

Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of  
nature,

Of years, of country, credit, every thing,  
To fall in love with what she fear'd to  
look on!

It is a judgment maim'd and most imper-  
fect

That will confess perfection so could err  
Against all rules of nature, and must be  
driven

To find out practices of cunning hell,

Why this should be. I therefore vouch  
again

That with some mixtures powerful o'er  
the blood,

Or with some dram conjured to this ef-  
fect,

He wrought upon her.

*Duke.* To vouch this, is no proof  
Without more wider and more overt test  
Than these thin habits and poor likeli-  
hoods

Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

*First Sen.* But, Othello, speak:

Did you by indirect and forced courses  
Subdue and poison this young maid's af-  
fections?

Or came it by request and such fair ques-  
tion

As soul to soul affordeth?

*Oth.* I do beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
And let her speak of me before her  
father:

If you do find me foul in her report,  
The trust, the office I do hold of you,  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life.

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither.

*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them: you best  
know the place. [*Exeunt Iago and*  
*Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.

*Oth.* Her father loved me; oft invited  
me;

Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year, the battles, sieges, for-  
tunes,

That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish  
days,

To the very moment that he bade me tell  
it;

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent  
deadly breach,

Of being taken by the insolent foe

And sold to slavery, of my redemption  
thence

And portance in my travels' history:  
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose  
heads touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak,—such was the  
process;

And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to  
hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline:

But still the house-affairs would draw her  
thence:

Which ever as she could with haste dis-  
patch,

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse: which I ob-  
serving,

Took once a pliant hour, and found good  
means

To draw from her a prayer of earnest  
heart

That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something  
heard,

But not intently: I did consent,  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful  
stroke

That my youth suffer'd. My story being  
done,

She gave me for my pains a world of  
sighs:

She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas  
passing strange,

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:

She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she  
wish'd

That heaven had made her such a man:  
she thank'd me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved  
her,

I should but teach him how to tell my  
story,

And that would woo her. Upon this hint  
I spake:

She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
And I loved her that she did pity them.

This only is the witchcraft I have used:  
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

*Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think this tale would win my  
daughter too.

Good Brabantio,  
Take up this mangled matter at the best:  
Men do their broken weapons rather use  
Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak:  
If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle  
mistress:

Do you perceive in all this noble com-  
pany

Where most you owe obedience?

*Des.* My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty:

To you I am bound for life and educa-  
tion;

My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you; you are the lord of  
duty;

I am hitherto your daughter: but here's  
my husband,

And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor my lord.

*Bra.* God be wi' you! I have done.  
Please it your grace, on to the state-  
affairs:

I had rather to adopt a child than get it.  
Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my  
heart

I would keep from thee. For your sake,  
jewel,

I am glad at soul I have no other child:  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my  
lord.

*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself, and  
lay a sentence,

Which, as a grise or step, may help these  
lovers

Into your favor.

When remedies are past, the griefs are  
ended

By seeing the worst, which late on hopes  
depended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserved when fortune  
takes

Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
The robb'd that smiles steals something  
from the thief;

He robs himself that spends a bootless  
grief.

*Bra.* So let the Turk of Cyprus us be-  
guile;

We lose it not, so long as we can smile.  
He bears the sentence well that nothing  
bears

But the free comfort which from thence  
he hears,

But he bears both the sentence and the  
sorrow

That, to pay grief, must of poor patience  
borrow.

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:  
But words are words; I never yet did  
hear

That the bruised heart was pierced  
through the ear.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the  
affairs of state.

*Duke.* The Turk with a most mighty  
preparation makes for Cyprus. Othello,  
the fortitude of the place is best known to  
you; and though we have there a sub-  
stitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet  
opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects,  
throws a more safer voice on you: you  
must therefore be content to slubber the  
gloss of your new fortunes with this  
more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave  
senators,

Hath made the flinty and steel couch of  
war

My thrice-driven bed of down: I do  
agnize

A natural and prompt alacrity  
I find in hardness, and do undertake  
These present wars against the Ottomites.  
Most humbly therefore bending to your  
state,

I crave fit disposition for my wife,  
Due reference of place and exhibition,  
With such accommodation and besort  
As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* If you please,  
Be't at her father's.

*Bra.* I'll not have it so.

*Oth.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor I; I would not there reside,  
To put my father in impatient thoughts  
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,  
To my unfolding lend your prosperous  
ear;

And let me find a charter in your voice,  
To assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live  
with him,

My downright violence and storm of  
fortunes

May trumpet to the world: my heart's  
subdued

Even to the very quality of my lord:  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,  
And to his honor and his valiant parts  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rites for which I love him are bereft  
me,

And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

*Oth.* Let her have your voices.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg  
it not,

To please the palate of my appetite,  
Nor to comply with heat—the young  
affects

In me defunct—and proper satisfaction,  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:  
And heaven defend your good souls, that  
you think

I will your serious and great business scant  
For she is with me: no, when light-wing'd  
toys

Of feather'd Cupid seal with wanton dull-  
ness

My speculative and officed instruments,  
That my disports corrupt and taint my  
business,

Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
And all indign and base adversities  
Make head against my estimation!

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately deter-  
mine,

Either for her stay or going: the affair  
cries haste,

And speed must answer it.

*First Sen.* You must away to-night.



*Oth.* With all my heart.  
*Duke.* At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,  
 And he shall our commission bring to you;

With such things else of quality and respect

As doth import you.

*Oth.* So please your grace, my ancient;  
 A man he is of honesty and trust:

To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
 With what else needful your good grace shall think

To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so.

Good night to every one. [*To Brab.*]

And, noble signior,

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,  
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

*First Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:

She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*]

*Oth.* My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,

My Desdemona must I leave to thee:

I prithee, let thy wife attend on her:

And bring them after in the best advantage.

Come, Desdemona: I have but an hour  
 Of love, of worldly matters and direction,

To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

*Rod.* Iago,—

*Iago.* What say'st thou, noble heart?

*Rod.* What will I do, thinkest thou?

*Iago.* Why, go to bed, and sleep.

*Rod.* I will incontinently drown myself.

*Iago.* If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

*Rod.* It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

*Iago.* O villanous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit

and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

*Rod.* What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

*Iago.* Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favor with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration:—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money:—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself,

do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me:—go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse! go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

*Rod.* Where shall we meet i' the morning?

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

*Rod.* What say you?

*Iago.* No more of drowning, do you hear?

*Rod.* I am changed: I'll go sell all my land. *[Exit.]*

*Iago.* Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,  
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor:

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not if't be true;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,  
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;

The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man: let me see now:  
To get his place and to plume up my will

In double knavery—How, how? Let's see:—

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear  
That he is too familiar with his wife.

He hath a person and a smooth dispose  
To be suspected, framed to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,

And will as tenderly be led by the nose  
As asses are.

I have't. It is engender'd. Hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. *[Exit.]*

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Sea-port in Cyprus. An open place near the quay.*

*Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.*

*Mon.* What from the cape can you discern at sea?

*First Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,  
Descry a sail.

*Mon.* Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:  
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,

Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

*Sec. Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,  
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;

The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,  
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:

I never did like molestation view  
On the enchafed flood.

*Mon.* If that the Turkish fleet  
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd:

It is impossible they bear it out.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

*Third Gent.* News, lads! our wars are done.

The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,

That their disignment halts: a noble ship of Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance

On most part of their fleet.

*Mon.* How! is this true?

*Third Gent.* The ship is here put in, A Veronesa; Michael Cassio, Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello, Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,

And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

*Mon.* I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

*Third Gent.* But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,

And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted

With bold and violent tempest.

*Mon.* Pray heavens he be; For I have served him, and the man commands

Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho! As well to see the vessel thar's come in

As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,

Even till we make the main and the aerial blue

An indistinct regard.

*Third Gent.* Come, let's do so: For every minute is expectancy Of more arrivance.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Cas.* Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,

That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens

Give him defence against the elements,

For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

*Mon.* Is he well shipp'd?

*Cas.* His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot

Of very expert and approved allowance; Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,

Stand in bold cure.

[*A cry within 'A sail, a sail, a sail!'*

*Enter a fourth Gentleman.*

*Cas.* What noise?

*Fourth Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail!'

*Cas.* My hopes do shape him for the governor. [*Guns heard.*

*Sec. Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy:

Our friends at least.

*Cas.* I pray you, sir, go forth, And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

*Sec. Gent.* I shall. [*Exit.*

*Mon.* But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?

*Cas.* Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid

That paragons description and wild fame; One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,

And in the essential vesture of creation

Does tire the ingener.

*Re-enter second Gentleman.*

How now! who has put in?

*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

*Cas.* Has had most favorable and happy speed:

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,

The gutter'd rocks and congregated sands,—

Traitors unsteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—

As having sense of beauty, do omit

Their mortal natures, letting go safely by The divine Desdemona.

*Mon.* What is she?

*Cas.* She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,

Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts

A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,

And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,

Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,

Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits  
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO,  
and Attendants.*

O, behold,  
The riches of the ship is come on shore!  
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your  
knees.

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of  
heaven,

Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round!

*Des.* I thank you, valiant Cassio.  
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

*Cas.* He is not yet arrived: nor know  
I aught

But that he's well and will be shortly here.

*Des.* O, but I fear—How lost you com-  
pany?

*Cas.* The great contention of the sea and  
skies

Parted our fellowship—But, hark! a sail.  
[*Within 'A sail, a sail!' Guns heard.*

*Sec. Gent.* They give their greeting to  
the citadel;

This likewise is a friend.

*Cas.* See for the news. [*Exit Gentleman.*  
Good ancient, you are welcome. [*To*

*Emilia.*] Welcome, mistress.

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breed-  
ing

That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*

*Iago.* Sir, would she give you so much  
of her lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You'd have enough.

*Des.* Alas, she has no speech.

*Iago.* In faith, too much;

I find it still, when I have list to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

*Emil.* You have little cause to say so.

*Iago.* Come on, come on; you are pic-  
tures out of doors,

Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your  
kitchens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being of-  
fended,

Players in your housewifery, and house-  
wives in your beds.

*Des.* O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a  
Turk:

You rise to play and go to bed to work.

*Emil.* You shall not write my praise.

*Iago.* No, let me not.

*Des.* What wouldst thou write of me, if  
thou shouldst praise me?

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to't;  
For I am nothing, if not critical.

*Des.* Come on, assay. There's one gone  
to the harbor?

*Iago.* Ay, madam.

*Des.* I am not merry; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

*Iago.* I am about it; but indeed my in-  
vention

Comes from my pate as birdlime does  
from frize;

It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse  
labors,

And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,

The one's for use, the other useth it.

*Des.* Well praised! How if she be black  
and witty?

*Iago.* If she be black, and thereto have a  
wit,

She'll find a white that shall her blackness  
fit.

*Des.* Worse and worse.

*Emil.* How if fair and foolish?

*Iago.* She never yet was foolish that was  
fair;

For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

*Des.* These are old fond paradoxes to  
make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What  
miserable praise hast thou for her that's  
foul and foolish?

*Iago.* There's none so foul and foolish  
thereunto,

But does foul pranks which fair and wise  
ones do.

*Des.* O heavy ignorance! thou praisest  
the worst best. But what praise couldst  
thou bestow on a deserving woman in-  
deed, one that, in the authority of her  
merit, did justly put on the vouch of very  
malice itself?

*Iago.* She that was ever fair and never  
proud,



Had tongue at will and yet was never  
 loud,  
 Never lack'd gold and yet went never  
 gay,  
 Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I  
 may,'  
 She that being anger'd, her revenge being  
 nigh,  
 Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure  
 fly,  
 She that in wisdom never was so frail  
 To change the cod's head for the salmon's  
 tail,  
 She that could think and ne'er disclose  
 her mind,  
 See suitors following and not look behind,  
 She was a wight, if ever such wight  
 were,—

*Des.* To do what?

*Iago.* To suckle fools and chronicle small  
 beer.

*Des.* O most lame and impotent con-  
 clusion! Do not learn of him, Emilia,  
 though he be thy husband. How say you,  
 Cassio? is he not a most profane and  
 liberal counsellor?

*Cas.* He speaks home, madam: you may  
 relish him more in the soldier than in the  
 scholar.

*Iago.* [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm:  
 ay, well said, whisper: with a little a web  
 as this will I ensnare as great a fly as  
 Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will  
 gyve thee in thine own courtship. You  
 say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as  
 these strip you out of your lieutenantry,  
 it had been better you had not kissed your  
 three fingers so oft, which now again  
 you are most apt to play the sir in. Very  
 good; 'tis so, indeed! an excellent courtesy!  
 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to  
 your lips? would they were clyster-pipes  
 for your sake! [*Trumpet within.*] The  
 Moor! I know his trumpet.

*Cas.* 'Tis truly so.

*Des.* Let's meet him and receive him.

*Cas.* Lo, where he comes!

*Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.*

*Oth.* O my fair warrior!

*Des.* My dear Othello!

*Oth.* It gives me wonder great as my  
 content

To see you here before me. O my soul's  
 joy!

If after every tempest come such calms,  
 May the winds blow till they have  
 waken'd death!

And let the laboring bark climb hills of  
 seas

Olympus-high and duck again as low  
 As hell's from heaven! If it were now to  
 die,

'Twere now to be most happy; for, I  
 fear,

My soul hath her content so absolute  
 That not another comfort like to this  
 Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Des.* The heavens forbid  
 But that our loves and comforts should  
 increase,

Even as our days do grow!

*Oth.* Amen to that, sweet powers!

I cannot speak enough of this content;  
 It stops me here; it is too much of joy:

And this, and this, the greatest discords  
 be [*Kissing her.*

That e'er our hearts shall make!

*Iago.* [*Aside*] O, you are well tuned  
 now!

But I'll set down the pegs that make this  
 music,

As honest as I am.

*Oth.* Come, let us to the castle.

News, friends; our wars are done, the  
 Turks are drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this  
 isle?

Honey, you shall be well desired in  
 Cyprus;

I have found great love amongst them. O  
 my sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote

In mine own comforts. I prithee, good  
 Iago,

Go to the bay and disembark my coffers:

Bring thou the master to the citadel;

He is a good one, and his worthiness

Does challenge much respect. Come,  
 Desdemona,

Once more, well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and At-  
 tendants.*

*Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the  
 harbor. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,  
 —as, they say, base men being in love

have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—first, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

*Rod.* With him! why, 'tis not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favor, sympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself; a devilish knave. Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

*Rod.* I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blessed condition.

*Iago.* Blessed fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

*Rod.* Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand; an index

and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

*Rod.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

*Rod.* I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessities ashore. Farewell.

*Rod.* Adieu.

[Exit.]

*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;

That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit:

The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,  
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,  
And I think he'll prove to Desdemona

A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;

Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure

I stand accountant for as great a sin,  
But partly led to diet my revenge,  
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor  
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought  
whereof

Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my  
inwards;  
And nothing can or shall content my  
soul

Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,  
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor  
At least into a jealousy so strong  
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing  
to do,

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I  
trash  
For his quick hunting, stand the putting  
on,

I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,  
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb—  
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too—  
Make the Moor thank me, love me and  
reward me,

For making him egregiously an ass  
And practising upon his peace and quiet  
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused:

Knavery's plain face is never seen till  
used. [Exit.

#### SCENE II. *A street.*

*Enter a Herald with a proclamation;*  
*People following.*

*Her.* It is Othello's pleasure, our noble  
and valiant general, that, upon certain  
tidings now arrived, importing the mere  
perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man  
put himself into triumph; some to dance,  
some to make bonfires, each man to what  
sport and revels his addiction leads him:  
for, besides these beneficial news, it is the  
celebration of his nuptial. So much was  
his pleasure should be proclaimed. All  
offices are open, and there is full liberty  
of feasting from this present hour of five  
till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless  
the isle of Cyprus and our noble general  
Othello! [Exeunt.

#### SCENE III. *A hall in the castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and  
Attendants.*

*Oth.* Good Michael, look you to the  
guard to-night:

Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,  
Not to outsport discretion.

*Cas.* Iago hath direction what to do;  
But, notwithstanding, with my personal  
eye

Will I look to't.

*Oth.* Iago is most honest.

Michael, good night: to-morrow with  
your earliest

Let me have speech with you. [*To Desde-  
mona*] Come, my dear love,

The purchase made, the fruits are to  
ensue;

That profit's yet to come 'tween me and  
you!

Good night.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and At-  
tendants.*

*Enter IAGO.*

*Cas.* Welcome, Iago; we must to the  
watch.

*Iago.* Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not  
yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us  
thus early for the love of his Desdemona;  
who let us not therefore blame: he hath  
not yet made wanton the night with her;  
and she is sport for Jove.

*Cas.* She's a most exquisite lady.

*Iago.* And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

*Cas.* Indeed, she's a most fresh and deli-  
cate creature.

*Iago.* What an eye she has! methinks it  
sounds a parley of provocation.

*Cas.* An inviting eye; and yet methinks  
right modest.

*Iago.* And when she speaks, is it not an  
alarum to love?

*Cas.* She is indeed perfection.

*Iago.* Well, happiness to their sheets!  
Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine;  
and here without are a brace of Cyprus  
gallants that would fain have a measure  
to the health of black Othello.

*Cas.* Not to-night, good Iago: I have  
very poor and unhappy brains for drink-  
ing: I could well wish courtesy would  
invent some other custom of entertain-  
ment.

*Iago.* O, they are our friends; but one  
cup: I'll drink for you.

*Cas.* I have drunk but one cup to-night,  
and that was craftily qualified too, and,  
behold, what innovation it makes here: I  
am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare  
not task my weakness with any more.

*Iago.* What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

*Cas.* Where are they?

*Iago.* Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

*Cas.* I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*]

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon him,

With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence

As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,

To Desdemona hath to-night caroused

Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch: Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling

spirits,

That hold their honors in a wary distance,

The very elements of this warlike isle,

Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,

And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action

That may offend the isle.—But here they come:

If consequence do but approve my dream, My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO; with him MONTANO and Gentlemen; servants following with wine.*

*Cas.* 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.

*Mon.* Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

*Iago.* Some wine, ho!

[*Sings*] And let me the canakin clink, clink;

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

*Cas.* 'Fore God, an excellent song.

*Iago.* I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

*Cas.* Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

*Iago.* Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

*Cas.* To the health of our general!

*Mon.* I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

*Iago.* O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis pride that pulls the country down;

Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

*Cas.* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

*Iago.* Will you hear't again?

*Cas.* No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, God's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

*Iago.* It's true, good lieutenant.

*Cas.* For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

*Iago.* And so do I too, lieutenant.

*Cas.* Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left: I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

*All.* Excellent well.

*Cas.* Why, very well then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*]

*Mon.* To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

*Iago.* You see this fellow that is gone before;

He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar

And give direction: and do but see his vice;

'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,

The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.



I fear the trust Othello puts him in,  
On some odd time of his infirmity,  
Will shake this island.

*Mon.* But is he often thus?

*Iago.* 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:

He'll watch the horologe a double set,  
If drink rock not his cradle.

*Mon.* It were well  
The general were put in mind of it.  
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature  
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,  
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

*Enter RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* [*Aside to him*] How now,  
Roderigo!

I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

*[Exit Roderigo.]*

*Mon.* And 'tis great pity that the noble  
Moor

Should hazard such a place as his own  
second

With one of an ingraft infirmity:

It were an honest action to say

So to the Moor.

*Iago.* Not I, for this fair island:  
I do love Cassio well; and would do  
much

To cure him of this evil—But, hark! what  
noise? [*Cry within: 'Help! help!'*]

*Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.*

*Cas.* You rogue! you rascal!

*Mon.* What's the matter, lieutenant?

*Cas.* A knave teach me my duty!

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

*Rod.* Beat me!

*Cas.* Dost thou prate, rogue?

*[Striking Roderigo.]*

*Mon.* Nay, good lieutenant;

*[Staying him.]*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

*Cas.* Let me go, sir,  
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

*Mon.* Come, come, you're drunk.

*Cas.* Drunk! *[They fight.]*

*Iago.* [*Aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say;  
go out, and cry a mutiny.

*[Exit Roderigo.]*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen;—  
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—  
sir;

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch,  
indeed! *[Bell rings.]*

Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo,  
ho!

The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant,  
hold!

You will be shamed for ever.

*Re-enter OTHELLO and Attendants.*

*Oth.* What is the matter here?

*Mon.* 'Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to  
the death. *[Faints.]*

*Oth.* Hold, for your lives!

*Iago.* Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and  
duty?

Hold! the general speaks to you; hold,  
hold, for shame!

*Oth.* Why, how now, ho! from whence  
aristeth this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do  
that

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?  
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous  
brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own  
rage

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his  
motion.

Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the  
isle

From her propriety. What is the matter,  
masters?

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with griev-  
ing,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I  
charge thee.

*Iago.* I do not know: friends all but  
now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and  
groom

Devesting them for bed; and then, but  
now—

As if some planet had unwitting men—  
Swords out, and tilting one at other's  
breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak  
Any beginning to this peevish odds;  
And would in action glorious I had lost  
Those legs that brought me to a part of  
it!

*Oth.* How comes it, Michael, you are  
thus forgot?

*Cas.* I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

*Oth.* Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;  
The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great  
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,  
That you unlace your reputation thus  
And spend your rich opinion for the name  
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

*Mon.* Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:  
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—  
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—  
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught  
By me that's said or done amiss this night;  
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin  
When violence assails us.

*Oth.* Now, by heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;  
And passion, having my best judgment  
collided,  
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on;  
And he that is approved in this offence,  
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at  
a birth,  
Shall lose me. What! in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
In night, and on the court and guard of  
safety!  
'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began't?

*Mon.* If partially affined, or leagued in  
office,  
Thou dost deliver more or less than  
truth,  
Thou art no soldier.

*Iago.* Touch me not so near:  
I had rather have this tongue cut from  
my mouth  
Than it should do offence to Michael  
Cassio;

Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the  
truth  
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, gen-  
eral.  
Montano and myself being in speech,  
There comes a fellow crying out for  
help:  
And Cassio following him with deter-  
mined sword,  
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentle-  
man  
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:  
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,  
Lest by his clamor—as it so fell out—  
The town might fall in fright: he, swift  
of foot,  
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the  
rather  
For that I heard the clink and fall of  
swords,  
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-  
night  
I ne'er might say before. When I came  
back—  
For this was brief—I found them close to-  
gether,  
At blow and thrust; even as again they  
were  
When you yourself did part them.  
More of this matter cannot I report:  
But men are men; the best sometimes for-  
get:  
Though Cassio did some little wrong to  
him,  
As men in rage strike those that wish  
them best,  
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received  
From him that fled some strange indig-  
nity,  
Which patience could not pass.

*Oth.* I know, Iago,  
Thy honesty and love doth mince this  
matter,  
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love  
thee;  
But never more be officer of mine.

*Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended.*  
Look, if my gentle love be not raised  
up!  
I'll make thee an example.

*Des.* What's the matter?

*Oth.* All's well now, sweeting; come  
away to bed.

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:  
Lead him off.

[*To Montano, who is led off.*]

Iago, look with care about the town,  
And silence those whom this vile brawl  
distracted.

Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life  
To have their balmy slumbers waked with  
strife.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.*]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation,  
O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost  
the immortal part of myself, and what re-  
mains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my  
reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought  
you had received some bodily wound;  
there is more sense in that than in repu-  
tation. Reputation is an idle and most false  
imposition: oft got without merit, and  
lost without deserving: you have lost no  
reputation at all, unless you repute your-  
self such a loser. What, man! there are  
ways to recover the general again: you  
are but now cast in his mood, a punish-  
ment more in policy than in malice, even  
so as one would beat his offenceless dog  
to affright an imperious lion: sue to him  
again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised  
than to deceive so good a commander  
with so slight, so drunken, and so in-  
discreet an officer. Drunk? and speak  
parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear?  
and discourse fustian with one's own  
shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine,  
if thou hast no name to be known by,  
let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed  
with your sword? What had he done to  
you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but  
nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing  
wherefore. O God, that men should put  
an enemy in their mouths to steal away  
their brains! that we should, with joy,

pleasance, revel and applause, transform  
ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well  
enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunken-  
ness to give place to the devil wrath; one  
unperfectness shows me another, to make  
me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a mor-  
aler: as the time, the place, and the con-  
dition of this country stands, I could  
heartily wish this had not befallen; but,  
since it is as it is, mend it for your  
own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again;  
he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I  
as many mouths as Hydra, such an an-  
swer would stop them all. To be now a  
sensible man, by and by a fool, and  
presently a beast! O strange! Every in-  
ordinate cup is unblessed and the in-  
gredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good  
familiar creature, if it be well used: ex-  
claim no more against it. And, good  
lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir. I  
drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be  
drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what  
you shall do. Our general's wife is now  
the general: I may say so in this respect,  
for that he hath devoted and given up  
himself to the contemplation, mark, and  
denotement of her parts and graces: con-  
fess yourself freely to her; importune her  
help to put you in your place again:  
she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so  
blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice  
in her goodness not to do more than she  
is requested: this broken joint between  
you and her husband entreat her to  
splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay  
worth naming, this crack of your love  
shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love  
and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in  
the morning I will beseech the virtuous  
Desdemona to undertake for me: I am  
desperate of my fortunes if they check  
me here.

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

*Cas.* Good night, honest *Iago*. [*Exit.*]

*Iago.* And what's he then that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest, Probal to thinking and indeed the course To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy

The inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit: she's framed as fruitful

As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor—were't to renounce his baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, His soul is so enfetter'd to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list,

Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I then a villain

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!

When devils will the blackest sins put on,

They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,

As I do now: for whiles this honest fool Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes

And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,

I'll pour this pestilence into his ear, That she repeals him for her body's lust; And by how much she strives to do him good,

She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch,

And out of her own goodness make the net

That shall enmesh them all.

*Re-enter RODERIGO.*

How now, Roderigo!

*Rod.* I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains, and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

*Iago.* How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,

And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:

Though other things grow fair against the sun,

Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:

Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning;

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted: Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Roderigo.*]

Two things are to be done: My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;

I'll set her on;

Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump when he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way: Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[*Exit.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *Before the castle.*

*Enter CASSIO and some Musicians.*

*Cas.* Masters, play here; I will content your pains;

Something that's brief; and bid 'Good morrow, general.' [*Music.*]

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

*First Mus.* How, sir, how!

*Clo.* Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

*First Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

*Clo.* O, thereby hangs a tail.

*First Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, by many a wind-instru-



ment that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

*First Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

*Clo.* If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

*First Mus.* We have none such, sir.

*Clo.* Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: go; vanish into air; away!

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

*Cas.* Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

*Clo.* No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

*Cas.* Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favor of speech: wilt thou do this?

*Clo.* She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

*Cas.* Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*]

*Enter IAGO.*

In happy time, Iago.

*Iago.* You have not been a-bed, then?

*Cas.* Why, no; the day had broke Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago, To send in to your wife: my suit to her Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona Procure me some access.

*Iago.* I'll send her to you presently; And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business

May be more free.

*Cas.* I humbly thank you for't. [*Exit Iago.*] I never knew

A Florentine more kind and honest.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry

For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.

The general and his wife are talking of it; And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,

That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,

And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom

He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you.

And needs no other suitor but his likings To take the safest occasion by the front To bring you in again.

*Cas.* Yet, I beseech you, If you think fit, or that it may be done, Give me advantage of some brief discourse

With Desdemona alone.

*Emil.* Pray you, come in; I will bestow you where you shall have time

To speak your bosom freely.

*Cas.* I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.*

*Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;

And by him do my duties to the senate: That done, I will be walking on the works;

Repair there to me.

*Iago.* Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't?

*Gent.* We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The garden of the castle.*

*Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.*

*Des.* Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do

All my abilities in thy behalf.

*Emil.* Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband,

As if the case were his.

*Des.* O, that's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous madam, Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio, He's never any thing but your true servant.

*Des.* I know't; I thank you. You do love my lord:

You have known him long; and be you well assured

He shall in strangeness stand no further  
off

Than in a politic distance.

*Cas.* Ay, but, lady,  
That policy may either last so long,  
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,  
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,  
That, I being absent and my place supplied,  
My general will forget my love and service.

*Des.* Do not doubt that; before Emilia here

I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,

If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it  
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;

I'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;

I'll intermingle every thing he does  
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry,  
Cassio;

For thy solicitor shall rather die  
Than give thy cause away.

*Emil.* Madam, here comes my lord.

*Cas.* Madam, I'll take my leave.

*Des.* Why, stay, and hear me speak.

*Cas.* Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,

Unfit for mine own purposes.

*Des.* Well, do your discretion.

[Exit Cassio.]

*Enter Othello and Iago.*

*Iago.* Ha! I like not that.

*Oth.* What dost thou say?

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

*Oth.* Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

*Iago.* Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,  
Seeing you coming.

*Oth.* I do believe 'twas he.

*Des.* How now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here,  
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who is't you mean?

*Des.* Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,

If I have any grace or power to move you,

His present reconciliation take;  
For if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,

I have no judgment in an honest face:

I prithee, call him back.

*Oth.* Went he hence now?

*Des.* Ay, sooth; so humbled  
That he hath left part of his grief with me,

To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

*Des.* But shall't be shortly?

*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.

*Des.* Shall't be to-night at supper?

*Oth.* No, not to-night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner, then?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

*Des.* Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;

On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:

I prithee, name the time, but let it not  
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;  
And yet his trespass, in our common reason—

Save that, they say, the wars must make examples

Out of their best—is not almost a fault  
To incur a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,  
What you would ask me, that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,

That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,  
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do

To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

*Oth.* Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;

I will deny thee nothing.

*Des.* Why, this is not a boon;  
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your  
gloves,  
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep  
you warm,  
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit  
To your own person: nay, when I have a  
suit  
Wherein I mean to touch your love in-  
deed,  
It shall be full of poise and difficult  
weight  
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing:  
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

*Des.* Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my  
lord.

*Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come  
to thee straight.

*Des.* Emilia, come. Be as your fancies  
teach you;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.  
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

*Oth.* Excellent wretch! Perdition catch  
my soul,

But I do love thee! and when I love  
thee not,

Chaos is come again.

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you  
woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last: why dost  
thou ask?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my  
thought;

No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago?

*Iago.* I did not think he had been ac-  
quainted with her.

*Oth.* O, yes; and went between us very  
oft.

*Iago.* Indeed!

*Oth.* Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st thou  
aught in that?

Is he not honest?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord!

*Oth.* Honest! ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my lord!

*Oth.* Think, my lord!  
By heaven, he echoes me,  
As if there were some monster in his  
thought

Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost  
mean something:

I heard thee say even now, thou likedst  
not that,

When Cassio left my wife: what didst  
not like?

And when I told thee he was of my  
counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou  
criedst 'Indeed!'

And didst contract and purse thy brow  
together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love  
me,

Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think thou dost;

And, for I know thou 'rt full of love  
and honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou  
givest them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me  
the more:

For such things in a false disloyal knave  
Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's  
just

They are close delations, working from  
the heart

That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,  
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem;  
Or those that be not, would they might  
seem none!

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they  
seem.

*Iago.* Why, then, I think Cassio's an  
honest man.

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this:  
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst  
of thoughts

The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me:  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free  
to.

Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are  
vile and false;

As where's that palace whereinto foul  
things

Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast  
so pure,

But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets and law-days and in session sit  
With meditations lawful?

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy  
friend, Iago,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd and  
makest his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you—  
Though I perchance am vicious in my  
guess,

As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not—that your  
wisdom yet,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,  
Would take no notice, nor build yourself  
a trouble

Out of his scattering and unsure observ-  
ance.

It were not for your quiet nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wis-  
dom,

To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean?

*Iago.* Good name in man and woman,  
dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis  
something, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to  
thousands;

But he that filches from me my good  
name

Robs me of that which not enriches him  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in  
your hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Iago.* O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-eyed monster which doth  
mock

The meat it feeds on; that cuckold lives in  
bliss

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his  
wronger;

But, O, what damned minutes tells he  
o'er

Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet  
strongly loves!

*Oth.* O misery!

*Iago.* Poor and content is rich and rich  
enough,

But riches fineless is as poor as winter  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe  
defend

From jealousy!

*Oth.* Why, why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in  
doubt

Is once to be resolved: exchange me for a  
goat,

When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such exsufficate and blown surmises,  
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make  
me jealous

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves  
company,

Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances  
well;

Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I  
draw

The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;  
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;  
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt,  
prove;

And on the proof, there is no more but  
this,—

Away at once with love or jealousy!

*Iago.* I am glad of it; for now I shall  
have reason

To show the love and duty that I bear  
you

With franker spirit: therefore, as I am  
bound,

Receive it from me. I speak not yet of  
proof.

Look to your wife; observe her well with  
Cassio;

Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor  
secure:

I would not have your free and noble  
nature,



Out of self-bounty, be abused; look to't:  
I know our country disposition well;  
In Venice they do let heaven see the  
pranks

They dare not show their husbands; their  
best conscience

Is not to leave't undone, but keep't un-  
known.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marry-  
ing you;

And when she seem'd to shake and fear  
your looks,

She loved them most.

*Oth.* And so she did.

*Iago.* Why, go to then;  
She that, so young, could give out such  
a seeming,

To seal her father's eyes up close as oak—  
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am  
much to blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon  
For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee for ever.

*Iago.* I see this hath a little dash'd your  
spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago.* I' faith, I fear it has.  
I hope you will consider what is spoke  
Comes from my love. But I do see you're  
moved:

I am to pray you not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues nor to larger reach  
Than to suspicion.

*Oth.* I will not.

*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile suc-  
cess

As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my  
worthy friend—

My lord, I see you're moved.

*Oth.* No, not much moved:  
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

*Iago.* Long live she so! and long live you  
to think so!

*Oth.* And yet, how nature erring from  
itself,—

*Iago.* Ay, there's the point: as—to be  
bold with you—

Not to affect many proposed matches  
Of her own clime, complexion, and de-  
gree,

Whereto we see in all things nature  
tends—

Foh! one may smell in such a will most  
rank,

Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.

But pardon me; I do not in position

Distinctly speak of her; though I may  
fear

Her will, recoiling to her better judg-  
ment,

May fall to match you with her country  
forms

And happily repent.

*Oth.* Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know  
more;

Set on thy wife to observe: leave me,  
Iago.

*Iago.* [Going] My lord, I take my leave.

*Oth.* Why did I marry? This honest  
creature doubtless

Sees and knows more, much more, than  
he unfolds.

*Iago.* [Returning] My lord, I would I  
might entreat your honor

To scan this thing no further; leave it to  
time:

Though it be fit that Cassio have his  
place,

For sure, he fills it up with great ability,  
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,  
You shall by that perceive him and his  
means:

Note, if your lady strain his entertainment  
With any strong or vehement impor-  
tunity;

Much will be seen in that. In the mean  
time,

Let me be thought too busy in my fears—  
As worthy cause I have to fear I am—  
And hold her free, I do beseech your  
honor.

*Oth.* Fear not my government.

*Iago.* I once more take my leave. [Exit.]

*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities, with a learned  
spirit,

Of human dealings. If I do prove her  
haggard,

Though that her jesses were my dear  
heartstrings,

I'd whistle her off and let her down the  
wind,

To pray at fortune. Haply, for I am black  
And have not those soft parts of conversation

That chamberers have, or for I am declined

Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much—

She's gone. I am abused; and my relief  
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,

That we can call these delicate creatures ours,

And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,

And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;

Prerogated are they less than the base;  
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:

Even then this forked plague is fated to us

When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:  
*Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!

I'll not believe 't.

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello!  
Your dinner, and the generous islanders  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why do you speak so faintly?  
Are you not well?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* 'Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little:  
[*He puts the handkerchief from him; and it drops.*]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

*Emil.* I am glad I have found this napkin:

This was her first remembrance from the Moor:

My wayward husband hath a hundred times

Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,

For he conjured her she should ever keep it,

That she reserves it evermore about her  
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,

And give 't Iago: what he will do with it  
Heaven knows, not I;

I nothing but to please his fantasy.

*Re-enter IAGO.*

*Iago.* How now! what do you here alone?

*Emil.* Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

*Iago.* A thing for me? it is a common thing—

*Emil.* Ha!

*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.

*Emil.* O, is that all? What will you give me now

For the same handkerchief?

*Iago.* What handkerchief?

*Emil.* What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;

That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stol'n it from her?

*Emil.* No, 'faith; she let it drop by negligence,

And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.

Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench; give it me.

*Emil.* What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest

To have me filch it?

*Iago.* [*Snatching it*] Why, what's that to you?

*Emil.* If it be not for some purpose of import,

Give 't me again: poor lady, she'll run mad

When she shall lack it.

*Iago.* Be not acknown on 't; I have use for it.

Go, leave me.

[*Exit Emilia.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it. Trifles light as air

Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something

The Moor already changes with my  
poison:

Dangerous conceits are, in their natures,  
poisons,

Which at the first are scarce found to  
distaste,

But with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say  
so:

Look, where he comes!

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

Nor poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet  
sleep

Which thou owedst yesterday.

*Oth.* Ha! ha! false to me?

*Iago.* Why, how now, general! no more  
of that.

*Oth.* Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set  
me on the rack:

I swear 'tis better to be much abused  
Than but to know 't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my lord!

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stol'n  
hours of lust?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not  
me:

I slept the next night well, was free and  
merry;

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is  
stol'n,

Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd  
at all.

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general  
camp,

Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet  
body,

So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever  
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell con-  
tent.

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big  
wars,

That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill  
trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing  
fife,

The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious  
war!

And, O you mortal engines, whose rude  
throats

The immortal Jove's dead clamors coun-  
terfeit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!  
*Iago.* Is 't possible, my lord?

*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love  
a whore,

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof:  
Or by the worth of man's eternal soul,  
Thou hadst been better have been born  
a dog

Than answer my waked wrath!

*Iago.* Is't come to this?

*Oth.* 'Make me to see't; or, at the least,  
so prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge nor  
loop

To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy  
life!

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her and torture  
me,

Never pray more; abandon all remorse;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate;  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth  
amazed;

For nothing canst thou to damnation add  
Greater than that.

*Iago.* O grace! O heaven forgive me!  
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?  
God be wi' you; take mine office. O  
wretched fool,

That livest to make thine honesty a vice!  
O monstrous world! Take note, take note,  
O world,

To be direct and honest is not safe.

I thank you for this profit; and from  
hence

I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such  
offence.

*Oth.* Nay, stay; thou shouldst be honest.

*Iago.* I should be wise, for honesty's a  
fool

And loses that it works for.

*Oth.* By the world,  
I think my wife be honest and 'think  
she is not;

I think that thou art just and think thou  
art not.

I'll have some proof. Her name, that  
was as fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black  
 As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,  
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
 I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!  
*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:  
 I do repent me that I put it to you.  
 You would be satisfied?  
*Oth.* Would! nay, I will.  
*Iago.* And may: but, how? how satisfied,  
 my lord?  
 Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape  
 on—  
 Behold her topp'd?  
*Oth.* Death and damnation! O!  
*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
 To bring them to that prospect: damn  
 them then,  
 If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster  
 More than their own! What then? how  
 then?  
 What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?  
 It is impossible you should see this,  
 Were they as prime as goats, as hot as  
 monkeys,  
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as  
 gross  
 As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,  
 If imputation and strong circumstances,  
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,  
 Will give you satisfaction, you may  
 have 't.  
*Oth.* Give me a living reason she's dis-  
 loyal.  
*Iago.* I do not like the office:  
 But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,  
 Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,  
 I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;  
 And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
 I could not sleep.  
 There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
 That in their sleeps will mutter their  
 affairs:  
 One of this kind is Cassio:  
 In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Des-  
 demona,  
 Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;'   
 And then, sir, would he gripe and wring  
 my hand,  
 Cry 'O sweet creature!' and then kiss me  
 hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots  
 That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg  
 Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd;  
 and then  
 Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the  
 Moor!'  
*Oth.* O monstrous! monstrous!  
*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.  
*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone con-  
 clusion:  
 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but  
 a dream.  
*Iago.* And this may help to thicken  
 other proofs  
 That do demonstrate thinly.  
*Oth.* I'll tear her all to pieces.  
*Iago.* Nay, but be wise: yet we see  
 nothing done;  
 She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,  
 Have you not sometimes seen a handker-  
 chief  
 Spotted with strawberries in your wife's  
 hand?  
*Oth.* I gave her such a one; 'twas my  
 first gift.  
*Iago.* I know not that; but such a hand-  
 kerchief—  
 I am sure was your wife's—did I to-day  
 See Cassio wipe his beard with.  
*Oth.* If it be that,—  
*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was hers,  
 It speaks against her with the other proofs.  
*Oth.* O, that the slave had forty thousand  
 lives!  
 One is too poor, too weak for my re-  
 venge.  
 Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;  
 All my fond love thus do I blow to  
 heaven.  
 'Tis gone.  
 Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow  
 cell!  
 Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted  
 throne  
 To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with  
 thy fraught,  
 For 'tis of aspics' tongues!  
*Iago.* Yet be content.  
*Oth.* O, blood, blood, blood!  
*Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind perhaps  
 may change.  
*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,  
 Whose icy current and compulsive course



Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,  
Even so his bloody thoughts, with violent  
pace,

Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble  
love,

Till that a capable and wide revenge  
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble  
heaven,

[*Kneels*] In the due reverence of a sacred  
vow

I here engage my words.

*Iago.* Do not rise yet.

[*Kneels*] Witness, you ever-burning lights  
above,

You elements that clip us round about,  
Witness that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him  
command,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody business ever. [*They rise.*]  
*Oth.* I greet thy love,

Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance  
bounteous,

And will upon the instant put thee to't:  
Within these three days let me hear thee  
say

That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead; 'tis done at  
your request:

But let her live.

*Oth.* Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn  
her!

Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,  
To furnish me with some swift means  
of death

For the fair devil. Now art thou my  
lieutenant.

*Iago.* I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Before the castle.*

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.*

*Des.* Do you know, sirrah, where Lieu-  
tenant Cassio lies?

*Clo.* I dare not say he lies any where.

*Des.* Why, man?

*Clo.* He's a soldier, and for one to say  
a soldier lies, is stabbing.

*Des.* Go to: where lodges he?

*Clo.* To tell you where he lodges, is to  
tell you where I lie.

*Des.* Can any thing be made of this?

*Clo.* I know not where he lodges, and  
for me to devise a lodging and say he lies  
here or he lies there, were to lie in mine  
own throat.

*Des.* Can you inquire him out, and be  
edified by report?

*Clo.* I will catechize the world for him;  
that is, make questions, and by them an-  
swer.

*Des.* Seek him, bid him come hither:  
tell him I have moved my lord on his be-  
half, and hope all will be well.

*Clo.* To do this is within the compass  
of man's wit: and therefore I will attempt  
the doing it. [*Exit.*]

*Des.* Where should I lose that handker-  
chief, Emilia?

*Emil.* I know not, madam.

*Des.* Believe me, I had rather have lost  
my purse  
Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble  
Moor

Is true of mind and made of no such  
baseness

As jealous creatures are, it were enough  
To put him to ill thinking.

*Emil.* Is he not jealous?

*Des.* Who, he? I think the sun where  
he was born

Drew all such humors from him.

*Emil.* Look, where he comes.

*Des.* I will not leave him now till Cassio  
Be call'd to him.

*Enter OTHELLO.*

How is't with you, my lord?

*Oth.* Well, my good lady. [*Aside*] O,  
hardness to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

*Des.* Well, my good lord.

*Oth.* Give me your hand: this hand is  
moist, my lady.

*Des.* It yet hath felt no age nor known  
no sorrow.

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulness and liberal  
heart:

Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours  
requires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and  
prayer,

Much castigation, exercise devout;

For here's a young and sweating devil  
here,

That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,  
A frank one.

*Des.* You may, indeed, say so;  
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

*Oth.* A liberal hand: the hearts of old  
gave hands;

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

*Des.* I cannot speak of this. Come now,  
your promise.

*Oth.* What promise, chuck?

*Des.* I have sent to bid Cassio come  
speak with you.

*Oth.* I have a salt and sorry rheum of-  
fends me;

Lend me thy handkerchief.

*Des.* Here, my lord.

*Oth.* That which I gave you.

*Des.* I have it not about me.

*Oth.* Not?

*Des.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Oth.* That is a fault.

That handkerchief,

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people: she told her,  
while she kept it,

'Twould make her amiable and subdue  
my father

Entirely to her love, but if she lost it

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathed and his spirits  
should hunt

After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;

And bid me, when my fate would have  
me wive,

To give it her. I did so: and take heed  
on 't;

Make it a darling like your precious eye;

To lose 't or give 't away were such  
perdition

As nothing else could match.

*Des.* Is 't possible?

*Oth.* 'Tis true: there's magic in the web  
of it:

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world

The sun to course two hundred com-  
passes,

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;

The worms were hallow'd that did breed  
the silk;

And it was dyed in mummy which the  
skilful

Conserved of maidens' hearts.

*Des.* Indeed! is't true?

*Oth.* Most veritable; therefore look to 't  
well.

*Des.* Then would to God that I had  
never seen 't!

*Oth.* Ha! wherefore?

*Des.* Why do you speak so startlingly  
and rash?

*Oth.* Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it  
out o' the way?

*Des.* Heaven bless us!

*Oth.* Say you?

*Des.* It is not lost; but what an if it were?

*Oth.* How!

*Des.* I say, it is not lost.

*Oth.* Fetch 't, let me see 't.

*Des.* Why, so I can, sir, but I will not  
now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit:

Pray you, let Cassio be received again.

*Oth.* Fetch me the handkerchief: my  
mind misgives.

*Des.* Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

*Oth.* The handkerchief!

*Des.* I pray, talk me of Cassio.

*Oth.* The handkerchief!

*Des.* A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your  
love,

Shared dangers with you,—

*Oth.* The handkerchief!

*Des.* In sooth, you are to blame.

*Oth.* Away! [Exit,

*Emil.* Is not this man jealous?

*Des.* I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this hand-  
kerchief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

*Emil.* 'Tis not a year or two shows us  
a man:

They are all but stomachs, and we all  
but food;

To eat us hungerly, and when they are  
full,

They belch us. Look you, Cassio and my  
husband!

Enter CASSIO and IAGO.

*Iago.* There is no other way; 'tis she  
must do 't:

And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune  
her.

*Des.* How now, good Cassio! what 's the news with you?

*Cas.* Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you

That by your virtuous means I may again Exist, and be a member of his love

Whom I with all the office of my heart Entirely honor: I would not be delay'd.

If my offence be of such mortal kind That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,

Nor purposed merit in futurity, Can ransom me into his love again,

But to know so must be my benefit; So shall I clothe me in a forced content,

And shut myself up in some other course, To fortune's alms.

*Des.* Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio! My advocacy is not now in tune;

My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,

Were he in favor as in humor alter'd. So help me every spirit sanctified,

As I have spoken for you all my best And stood within the blank of his displeasure

For my free speech! you must awhile be patient:

What I can do I will; and more I will Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

*Iago.* Is my lord angry?

*Emil.* He went hence but now, And certainly in strange unquietness.

*Iago.* Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air,

And, like the devil, from his very arm Puff'd his own brother:—and can he be angry?

Something of moment then: I will go meet him:

There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

*Des.* I prithee, do so. [Exit *Iago*.]

Something, sure, of state, Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice

Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,

Hath puddled his clear spirit: and in such cases

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things, Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;

For let our finger ache, and it indues Our other healthful members even to that sense

Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods,

Nor of them look for such observances As fit the bridal. Beshrew me much,

Emilia,

I was, unhandsome warrior as I am, Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;

But now I find I had suborn'd the witness, And he's indicted falsely.

*Emil.* Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,

And no conception nor no jealous toy Concerning you.

*Des.* Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

*Emil.* But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;

They are not ever jealous for the cause, But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster

Begot upon itself, born on itself.

*Des.* Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

*Emil.* Lady, amen.

*Des.* I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout:

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter *BIANCA*.

*Bian.* Save you, friend Cassio!

*Cas.* What make you from home? How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

*Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?

O weary reckoning!

*Cas.* Pardon me, Bianca:  
I have this while with leaden thoughts  
been press'd:

But I shall, in a more continue time,  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet  
Bianca,

[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*  
Take me this work out.

*Bian.* O Cassio, whence came this?  
This is some token from a newer friend:  
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:  
Is 't come to this? Well, well.

*Cas.* Go to, woman!  
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's  
teeth,

From whence you have them. You are  
jealous now

That this is from some mistress, some re-  
membrance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.

*Bian.* Why, whose is it?  
*Cas.* I know not, sweet: I found it in  
my chamber.

I like the work well: ere it be demanded—  
As like enough it will—I'd have it copied:  
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this  
time.

*Bian.* Leave you! wherefore?

*Cas.* I do attend here on the general;  
And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
To have him see me woman'd.

*Bian.* Why, I pray you?

*Cas.* Not that I love you not.

*Bian.* But that you do not love me.  
I pray you, bring me on the way a little,  
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

*Cas.* 'Tis but a little way that I can bring  
you;

For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

*Bian.* 'Tis very good; I must be circum-  
stanced. [Exeunt.]

#### ACT IV.

##### SCENE I. Cyprus. Before the castle.

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.*

*Iago.* Will you think so?

*Oth.* Think so, Iago.

*Iago.* What,

To kiss in private?

*Oth.* An unauthorized kiss.

*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend  
in bed

An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

*Oth.* Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean  
harm!

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,  
The devil their virtue tempts, and they  
tempt heaven.

*Iago.* So they do nothing, 'tis a venial  
slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

*Oth.* What then?

*Iago.* Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and,  
being hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

*Oth.* She is protectress of her honor too:  
May she give that?

*Iago.* Her honor is an essence that's not  
seen;

They have it very oft that have it not:

But, for the handkerchief,—

*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly  
have forgot it.

Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my mem-  
ory,

As doth the raven o'er the infected house,  
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

*Iago.* Ay, what of that?

*Oth.* That's not so good now.

*Iago.* What,

If I had said I had seen him do you  
wrong?

Or heard him say,—as knaves be such  
abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate  
suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,  
Convinced or supplied them, cannot  
choose

But they must blab—

*Oth.* Hath he said any thing?

*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but be you well  
assured,

No more than he'll unswear.

*Oth.* What hath he said?

*Iago.* 'Faith, that he did—I know not  
what he did.

*Oth.* What? what?

*Iago.* Lie—

*Oth.* With her?

*Iago.* With her, on her; what you will

*Oth.* Lie with her! lie on her! We say



lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labor;—first, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips.—Is't possible?—Confess—handkerchief!—O devil!

[Falls in a trance.

*Iago.* Work on,  
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools  
are caught;  
And many worthy and chaste dames even  
thus,  
All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho!  
my lord!  
My lord, I say! Othello!

*Enter CASSIO.*

How now, Cassio!

*Cas.* What's the matter?

*Iago.* My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:  
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.

*Iago.* No, forbear;  
The lethargy must have his quiet course:  
If not, he foams at mouth and by and by  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he  
stirs:

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,  
He will recover straight: when he is gone,  
I would on great occasion speak with you.

[Exit Cassio.

How is it, general? have you not hurt  
your head?

*Oth.* Dost thou mock me?

*Iago.* I mock you! no, by heaven.  
Would you would bear your fortune like  
a man!

*Oth.* A horned man's a monster and a  
beast.

*Iago.* There's many a beast then in a  
populous city,

And many a civil monster.

*Oth.* Did he confess it?

*Iago.* Good sir, be a man;  
Think every bearded fellow that's but  
yoked

May draw with you: there's millions now  
alive

That nightly lie in those unproper beds

Which they dare swear peculiar: your  
case is better.

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-  
mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch,  
And to suppose her chaste! no, let me  
know;

And knowing what I am, I know what  
she shall be.

*Oth.* O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

*Iago.* Stand you awhile apart;  
Confine yourself but in a patient list.

Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with  
your grief—

A passion most unsuited such a man—  
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,  
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy,  
Bade him anon return and here speak  
with me;

The which he promised. Do but encave  
yourself,

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable  
scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;  
For I will make him tell the tale anew,  
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and  
when

He hath, and is again to cope your wife:  
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, pa-  
tience;

Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,  
And nothing of a man.

*Oth.* Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my  
patience;

But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

*Iago.* That's not amiss;

But yet keep time in all. Will you with-  
draw? [Othello retires.

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
A housewife that by selling her desires  
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a  
creature

That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's  
plague

To beguile many and be beguiled by one:  
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
From the excess of laughter. Here he  
comes:

*Re-enter CASSIO.*

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;  
And his unbookish jealousy must con-  
strue

Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behavior,

Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?

*Cas.* The worse that you give me the addition

Whose want even kills me.

*Iago.* Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.

[*Speaking lower*] Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

How quickly should you speed!

*Cas.* Alas, poor caitiff!

*Oth.* Look, how he laughs already!

*Iago.* I never knew woman love man so.

*Cas.* Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

*Oth.* Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

*Iago.* Do you hear, Cassio?

*Oth.* Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well said.

*Iago.* She gives it out that you shall marry her:

Do you intend it?

*Cas.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

*Cas.* I marry her! what? a customer! Prithee, bear some charity to my wit: do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* So, so, so, so: they laugh that win.

*Iago.* 'Faith the cry goes that you shall marry her.

*Cas.* Prithee, say true.

*Iago.* I am a very villain else.

*Oth.* Have you scored me? Well.

*Cas.* This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

*Oth.* Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

*Cas.* She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck—

*Oth.* Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were: his gesture imports it.

*Cas.* So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

*Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me! look, where she comes.

*Cas.* 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

*Enter BIANCA.*

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

*Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There; give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

*Cas.* How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

*Oth.* By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

*Bian.* An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*]

*Iago.* After her, after her.

*Cas.* 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

*Iago.* Will you sup there?

*Cas.* 'Faith, I intend so.

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

*Cas.* Prithee, come; will you?

*Iago.* Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*]

*Oth.* [*Advancing*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

*Iago.* Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

*Oth.* O Iago!

*Iago.* And did you see the handkerchief?

*Oth.* Was that mine?

*Iago.* Yours by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

*Oth.* I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

*Iago.* Nay, you must forget that.

*Oth.* Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

*Iago.* Nay, that's not your way.

*Oth.* Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle: an admirable musician: O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention:—

*Iago.* She's the worse for all this.

*Oth.* O, a thousand thousand times: and then, of so gentle a condition!

*Iago.* \*Ay, too gentle.

*Oth.* Nay, that's certain: but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

*Iago.* If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

*Oth.* I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

*Iago.* O, 'tis foul in her.

*Oth.* With mine officer!

*Iago.* That's fouler.

*Oth.* Get me some poison, Iago; this night: I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.

*Iago.* Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

*Oth.* Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

*Iago.* And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by mid-night.

*Oth.* Excellent good. [*A trumpet within.*] What trumpet is that same?

*Iago.* Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico

Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

*Enter* LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

*Lod.* Save you, worthy general!

*Oth.* With all my heart, sir.

*Lod.* The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Gives him a letter.*]

*Oth.* I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [*Opens the letter, and reads.*]

*Des.* And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

*Iago.* I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus.

*Lod.* I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

*Iago.* Lives, sir.

*Des.* Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord

An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

*Oth.* Are you sure of that?

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* [*Reads*] 'This fail you not to do, as you will—'

*Lod.* He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

*Des.* A most unhappy one: I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

*Oth.* Fire and brimstone!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Are you wise?

*Des.* What, is he angry?

*Lod.* May be the letter moved him; For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

*Des.* Trust me, I am glad on't.

*Oth.* Indeed!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* I am glad to see you mad.

*Des.* Why, sweet Othello,—

*Oth.* [*Striking her*] Devil!

*Des.* I have not deserved this.

*Lod.* My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw't: 'tis very much:

Make her amends; she weeps.

*Oth.* O devil, devil!  
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,

Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.

Out of my sight!

*Des.* I will not stay to offend you.

[*Going.*]

*Lod.* Truly, an obedient lady:

I do beseech your lordship, call her back—

*Oth.* Mistress!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* What would you with her, sir?

*Lod.* Who, I, my lord?

*Oth.* Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
And turn again; and she can weep,  
sir, weep;

And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,  
Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.

Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—

I am commanded home. Get you away;  
I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice. Hence, avant!

[*Exit Desdemona.*]

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,

I do entreat that we may sup together:

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys! [*Exit.*]

*Lod.* Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate

Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature  
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,  
Could neither graze nor pierce?

*Iago.* He is much changed.

*Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

*Iago.* He's that he is: I may not breathe my censure

What he might be: if what he might be is not,

I would to heaven he were!

*Lod.* What, strike his wife!

*Iago.* Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew

That stroke would prove the worst!

*Lod.* Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
And new-create this fault?

*Iago.* Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,

And his own courses will denote him so  
That I may save my speech: do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

*Lod.* I am sorry that I am deceived in him. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.*

*Oth.* You have seen nothing then?

*Emil.* Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

*Emil.* But then I saw no harm, and then I heard

Each syllable that breath made up between them.

*Oth.* What, did they never whisper?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* Nor send you out o' the way?

*Emil.* Never.

*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* That's strange.

*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,

Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,

Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head,  
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!

For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,

There's no man happy; the purest of their wives

Is foul as slander.

*Oth.* Bid her come hither: go.

[*Exit Emilia.*]

She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd  
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,

A closet lock and key of villanous secrets:  
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do 't.

*Enter DESDEMONA with EMILIA.*

*Des.* My lord, what is your will?

*Oth.* Pray, chuck, come hither.

*Des.* What is your pleasure?

*Oth.* Let me see your eyes;

Look in my face.

*Des.* What horrible fancy 's this?



*Oth.* [*To Emilia*] Some of your function, mistress;  
 Leave procreants alone and shut the door;  
 Cough, or cry 'hem,' if any body come:  
 Your mystery, your mystery: nay, dispatch. [*Exit Emilia.*]  
*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?  
 I understand a fury in your words.  
 But not the words.  
*Oth.* Why, what art thou?  
*Des.* Your wife, my lord; your true  
 And loyal wife.  
*Oth.* Come, swear it, damn thyself;  
 Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils  
 themselves  
 Should fear to seize thee: therefore be  
 double damn'd:  
 Swear thou art honest.  
*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.  
*Oth.* Heaven truly knows that thou art  
 false as hell.  
*Des.* To whom, my lord? with whom?  
 how am I false?  
*Oth.* O Desdemona! away! away! away!  
*Des.* Alas the heavy day! Why do you  
 weep?  
 Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?  
 If haply you my father do suspect  
 An instrument of this your calling back,  
 Lay not your blame on me: if you have  
 lost him,  
 Why, I have lost him too.  
*Oth.* Had it pleased heaven  
 To try me with affliction; had they rain'd  
 All kinds of sores and shames on my bare  
 head,  
 Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,  
 Given to captivity me and my utmost  
 hopes,  
 I should have found in some place of my  
 soul  
 A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me  
 A fixed figure for the time of scorn  
 To point his slow unmoving finger at!  
 Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:  
 But there, where I have garner'd up my  
 heart,  
 Where either I must live, or bear no life;  
 The fountain from the which my current  
 runs,  
 Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!  
 Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads

To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,  
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd  
 cherubin,—  
 Ay, there, look grim as hell!  
*Des.* I hope my noble lord esteems me  
 honest.  
*Oth.* O, ay; as summer flies are in the  
 shambles,  
 That quicken even with blowing. O thou  
 weed,  
 Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so  
 sweet  
 That the sense aches at thee, would thou  
 hadst ne'er been born!  
*Des.* Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?  
*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most  
 goodly book,  
 Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!  
 Committed! O thou public commoner!  
 I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
 Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!  
 Heaven stops the nose at it and the  
 moon winks,  
 The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets  
 Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,  
 And will not hear it. What committed!  
 Impudent strumpet!  
*Des.* By heaven, you do me wrong.  
*Oth.* Are you not a strumpet?  
*Des.* No, as I am a Christian:  
 If to preserve this vessel for my lord  
 From any other foul unlawful touch  
 Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.  
*Oth.* What, not a whore?  
*Des.* No, as I shall be saved.  
*Oth.* Is't possible?  
*Des.* O, heaven forgive us!  
*Oth.* I cry you mercy, then:  
 I took you for that cunning whore of  
 Venice  
 That married with Othello. [*Raising his voice*]  
 You, mistress,  
 That have the office opposite to Saint  
 Peter,  
 And keep the gate of hell!  
*Re-enter EMILIA.*  
 You, you, ay, you!

We have done our course; there's money  
for your pains:

I pray you, turn the key and keep our  
counsel. [Exit.]

*Emil.* Alas, what does this gentleman  
conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my  
good lady?

*Des.* Faith, half asleep.

*Emil.* Good madam, what's the matter  
with my lord?

*Des.* With who?

*Emil.* Why, with my lord, madam.

*Des.* Who is thy lord?

*Emil.* He that is yours, sweet lady.

*Des.* I have none: do not talk to me,  
Emilia;

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,  
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-  
night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets; re-  
member;

And call thy husband hither.

*Emil.* Here's a change indeed! [Exit.]

*Des.* 'Tis meet I should be used so, very  
meet.

How have I been behaved, that he might  
stick

The small'st opinion on my least misuse?  
*Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO.*

*Iago.* What is your pleasure, madam?  
How is't with you?

*Des.* I cannot tell. Those that do teach  
young babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:  
He might have chid me so; for, in good  
faith,

I am a child to chiding.

*Iago.* What's the matter, lady?

*Emil.* Alas, Iago, my lord hath so be-  
whored her.

Thrown such despite and heavy terms  
upon her,

As true hearts cannot bear.

*Des.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name, fair lady?

*Des.* Such as she says my lord did say I  
was.

*Emil.* He call'd her whore: a beggar in  
his drink

Could not have laid such terms upon his  
callat.

*Iago.* Why did he so?

*Des.* I do not know; I am sure I am  
none such.

*Iago.* Do not weep, do not weep. Alas  
the day!

*Emil.* Hath she forsook so many noble  
matches,

Her father and her country and her  
friends,

To be call'd whore? would it not make  
one weep?

*Des.* It is my wretched fortune.

*Iago.* Beshrew him for't!

How comes this trick upon him?

*Des.* Nay, heaven doth know.

*Emil.* I will be hang'd, if some eternal  
villain,

Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some  
office,

Have not devised this slander; I'll be  
hang'd else.

*Iago.* Fie, there is no such man; it is  
impossible.

*Des.* If any such there be, heaven par-  
don him!

*Emil.* A halter pardon him! and hell  
gnaw his bones!

Why should he call her whore? who  
keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what  
likelihood?

The Moor's abused by some most villanous  
knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy  
fellow.

O heaven, that such companions thou'ldst  
unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip  
To lash the rascals naked through the  
world

Even from the east to the west!

*Iago.* Speak within door.

*Emil.* O, fie upon them! Some such  
squire he was

That turn'd your wit the seamy side with-  
out,

And made you to suspect me with the  
Moor.

*Iago.* You are a fool; go to.

*Des.* O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light  
of heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:  
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
Either in discourse of thought or actual  
deed,

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,  
Delighted them in any other form;  
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
And ever will—though he do shake me off  
To beggarly divorcement—love him  
dearly,

Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do  
much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
But never taint my love. I cannot say  
'whore.'

It does abhor me now I speak the word;  
To do the act that might the addition  
earn

Not the world's mass of vanity could  
make me.

*Iago.* I pray you, be content; 'tis but his  
humor:

The business of the state does him offence,  
And he does chide with you.

*Des.* If 'twere no other,—

*Iago.* 'Tis but so, I warrant.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Hark, how these instruments summon to  
supper!

The messengers of Venice stay the meat;  
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be  
well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

*Enter RODERIGO.*

How now, Roderigo!

*Rod.* I do not find that thou dealest  
justly with me.

*Iago.* What in the contrary?

*Rod.* Every day thou daffest me with  
some device, *Iago*; and rather, as it seems  
to me now, keepest from me all con-  
veniency than suppliest me with the least  
advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer  
endure it, nor am I yet persuaded to put  
up in peace what already I have foolishly  
suffered.

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

*Rod.* 'Faith, I have heard too much, for  
your words and performances are no kin  
together.

*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.

*Rod.* With nought but truth. I have  
wasted myself out of my means. The

jewels you have had from me to deliver  
to Desdemona would half have corrupted  
a votarist: you have told me she hath re-  
ceived them and returned me expectations  
and comforts of sudden respect and  
acquaintance, but I find none.

*Iago.* Well; go to; very well.

*Rod.* Very well! go to! I cannot go to,  
man; nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think  
it is scurvy, and begin to find myself  
fobbed in it.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Rod.* I tell you 'tis not very well. I will  
make myself known to Desdemona: if she  
will return me my jewels, I will give  
over my suit and repent my unlawful  
solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will  
seek satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now.

*Rod.* Ay, and said nothing but what I  
protest intendment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now I see there's mettle in  
thee, and even from this instant to build  
on thee a better opinion than ever before.  
Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast  
taken against me a most just exception;  
but yet, I protest, I have dealt most di-  
rectly in thy affair.

*Rod.* It hath not appeared.

*Iago.* I grant indeed it hath not appeared,  
and your suspicion is not without wit and  
judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast  
that in thee indeed, which I have greater  
reason to believe now than ever, I mean  
purpose, courage and valor, this night  
show it: if thou the next night following  
enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this  
world with treachery and devise engines  
for my life.

*Rod.* Well, what is it? is it within reason  
and compass?

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial commission  
come from Venice to depute Cassio in  
*Othello's* place.

*Rod.* Is that true? why, then *Othello* and  
Desdemona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O, no; he goes into Mauritania and  
takes away with him the fair Desdemona,  
unless his abode be lingered here by some  
accident: wherein none can be so de-  
termininate as the removing of Cassio.

*Rod.* How do you mean, removing of  
him?

*Iago.* Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

*Rod.* And that you would have me to do?

*Iago.* Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honorable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

*Rod.* I will hear further reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another room in the castle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

*Lod.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

*Oth.* O, pardon me: 'twill do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Des.* Your honor is most welcome.

*Oth.* Will you walk, sir?

O,—Desdemona,—

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look it be done.

*Des.* I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*]

*Emil.* How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says he will return incontinent: He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

*Emil.* Dismiss me!

*Des.* It was his bidding: therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

*Emil.* I would you had never seen him!

*Des.* So would not I: my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—

Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favor in them.

*Emil.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

*Des.* All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me

In one of those same sheets.

*Emil.* Come, come, you talk.

*Des.* My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:

She was in love, and he she loved proved mad

And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow;'

An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,

And she died singing it: that song to-night

Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,

But to go hang my head all at one side, And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

*Emil.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

*Des.* No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

*Emil.* A very handsome man.

*Des.* He speaks well.

*Emil.* I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

*Des.* [*Singing*] The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow:

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;—

Lay by these:—

[*Singing*] Sing willow, willow, willow;

Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon:—

[*Singing*] Sing all a green willow must be my garland.



Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is't that knocks?

*Emil.* It's the wind.

*Des.* [*Singing*] I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow:

If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men.—

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

*Emil.* 'Tis neither here nor there.

*Des.* I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

*Emil.* There be some such, no question.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* Why, would not you?

*Des.* No, by this heavenly light!

*Emil.* Nor I neither by this heavenly light;

I might do't as well i' the dark.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* The world's a huge thing: it is a great price

For a small vice.

*Des.* In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

*Emil.* In troth, I think I should; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

*Des.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong

For the whole world.

*Emil.* Why the wrong is but a wrong i' the world: and having the world for your labor, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

*Des.* I do not think there is any such woman.

*Emil.* Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,

And pour our treasures into foreign laps, Or else break out in peevish jealousies, Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite;

Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know

Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,

As husbands have. What is it that they do When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think it is: and doth affection breed it?

I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?

It is so too: and have not we affections,

Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?

Then let them use us well: else let them know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

*Des.* Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *Cyprus. A street.*

*Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:

Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that, And fix most firm thy resolution.

*Rod.* Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

*Iago.* Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand. [*Retires.*]

*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the deed;  
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:

'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword: he dies.

*Iago.* I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,  
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,  
Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,  
He calls me to a restitution large  
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,

As gifts to Desdemona;  
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,  
He hath a daily beauty in his life  
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor  
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:

No, he must die. But so: I hear him coming.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Rod.* I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest! [*Makes a pass at Cassio.*]

*Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,

But that my coat is better than thou know'st

I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws, and wounds Roderigo.*]

*Rod.* O, I am slain!  
[*Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exit.*]

*Cas.* I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*]

*Enter OTHELLO.*

*Oth.* The voice of Cassio: Iago keeps his word.

*Rod.* O, villain that I am!

*Oth.* It is even so.

*Cas.* O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

*Oth.* 'Tis he:—O brave Iago, honest and just,

That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!

Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,

And your unblest fate hies: strumpet, I come.

Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [*Exit.*]

*Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO.*

*Cas.* What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

*Gra.* 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

*Cas.* O, help!

*Lod.* Hark!

*Rod.* O wretched villain!

*Lod.* Two or three groan: it is a heavy night:

These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe

To come in to the cry without more help.

*Rod.* Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

*Lod.* Hark!

*Re-enter IAGO, with a light.*

*Gra.* Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

*Iago.* Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?

*Lod.* We do not know.

*Iago.* Did not you hear a cry?

*Cas.* Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

*Iago.* What's the matter?

*Gra.* This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

*Lod.* The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

*Iago.* What are you here that cry so grievously?

*Cas.* Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

*Iago.* O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

*Cas.* I think that one of them is here—about,

And cannot make away.

*Iago.* O treacherous villains! What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*]

*Rod.* O, help me here!

*Cas.* That's one of them.

*Iago.* O murderous slave! O villain! [*Stabs Roderigo.*]

*Rod.* O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!  
*Iago.* Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—  
 How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!—

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

*Lod.* As you shall prove us, praise us.

*Iago.* Signior Lodovico?

*Lod.* He, sir.

*Iago.* I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

*Gra.* Cassio!

*Iago.* How is't, brother!

*Cas.* My leg is cut in two.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!

Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

*Enter BIANCA.*

*Bian.* What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?

*Iago.* Who is't that cried!

*Bian.* O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

*Iago.* O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

*Cas.* No.

*Gra.* I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

*Iago.* Lend me a garter. So. O, for a chair,

To bear him easily hence!

*Bian.* Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

*Iago.* Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash

To be a party in this injury.

Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come;

Lend me a light. Know we this face or no?

Alas my friend and my dear countryman Roderigo! no:—yes, sure:—O heaven! Roderigo.

*Gra.* What, of Venice?

*Iago.* Even he, sir; did you know him?

*Gra.* Know him! ay.

*Iago.* Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,

That so neglected you.

*Gra.* I am glad to see you.

*Iago.* How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair!

*Gra.* Roderigo!

*Iago.* He, he, 'tis he. [*A chair brought in.*] O, that's well said; the chair.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon. [*To Bianca*] For you, mistress,

Save you your labor. He that lies slain here, Cassio,

Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?

*Cas.* None in the world; nor do I know the man.

*Iago.* [*To Bianca.*] What, look you pale? O, bear him out o' the air.

[*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye? Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

*Iago.* Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

By Roderigo and fellows that are scaped: He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

*Emil.* Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

*Iago.* This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.

[*To Bianca*] What, do you shake at that?

*Bian.* He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

*Iago.* O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

*Emil.* Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

*Bian.* I am no strumpet; but of life as honest

As you that thus abuse me.

*Emil.* As I! foh! fie upon thee!

*Iago.* Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Emilia, run you to the citadel,  
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.

Will you go on? I pray. [*Aside*] This is the night

That either makes me or fordoes me quite.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A bedchamber in the castle:*  
*DESDEMONA in bed asleep; a light burning.*

*Enter OTHELLO.*

*Oth.* It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—

It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood;  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster.  
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then put out the light:

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore,  
Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat  
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,  
It must needs wither: I'll smell it on the tree.

Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword! One more,

one more.

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And love thee after. One more, and this the last:

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;

It strikes where it doth love. She wakes

*Des.* Who's there? Othello?

*Oth.* ———— Ay, Desdemona.

*Des.* Will you come to bed, my lord?

*Oth.* Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

*Des.* Ay, my lord.

*Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any crime

Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

*Des.* Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?

*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;  
No; heaven forbid! I would not kill thy soul.

*Des.* Talk you of killing?

*Oth.* ———— Ay, I do.

*Des.* Then heaven Have mercy on me!

*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart!

*Des.* If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

*Oth.* Hum!

*Des.* And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then

When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

*Oth.* Think on thy sins.

*Des.* They are loves I bear to you.

*Oth.* Ay, and for that thou diest.

*Des.* That death's unnatural that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?  
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope. They do not point on me.

*Oth.* ———— Peace, and be still!

*Des.* I will so. What's the matter?

*Oth.* That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee

Thou gavest to Cassio.

*Des.* ———— No, by my life and soul!  
Send for the man, and ask him.

*Oth.* ———— Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

*Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.



*Oth.* Yes, presently  
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;  
For to deny each article with oath  
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

*Des.* Then Lord have mercy on me!

*Oth.* I say, amen.

*Des.* And have you mercy too! I never did

Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio  
But with such general warranty of heaven  
As I might love; I never gave him token.

*Oth.* By heaven, I saw my handkerchief  
in's hand.

O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,

And makest me call what I intend to do  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:  
I saw the handkerchief.

*Des.* He found it then;  
I never gave it him: send for him hither;  
Let him confess a truth.

*Oth.* He hath confess'd.

*Des.* What, my lord?

*Oth.* That he hath used thee.

*Des.* How? unlawfully?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Des.* He will not say so.

*Oth.* No, his mouth is stopp'd;  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

*Des.* O! my fear interprets: what, is he dead?

*Oth.* Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge

Had stomach for them all.

*Des.* Alas! he is betray'd and I undone.

*Oth.* Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

*Des.* O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

*Oth.* Down, strumpet!

*Des.* Kill me to-morrow: let me live to-night!

*Oth.* Nay, if you strive,—

*Des.* But half an hour!

*Oth.* Being done, there is no pause.

*Des.* But while I say one prayer!

*Oth.* It is too late.

[*He stifles her.*]

*Emil.* [*Within*] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!

*Oth.* What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruel am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain:  
So, so.

*Emil.* [*Within*] What, ho, my lord, my lord!

*Oth.* Who's there?

*Emil.* [*Within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!

*Oth.* Yes: 'tis Emilia. By and by. She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.—

The noise was here. Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were't good?—

I think she stirs again:—no. What's best to do?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

*Emil.* [*Within*] I do beseech you  
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

*Oth.* I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia;

Soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw.

Where art thou? [*Unlocks the door.*]

*Enter EMILIA.*

What's the matter with thee now?

*Emil.* O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done!

*Oth.* What, now?

*Emil.* But now, my lord.

*Oth.* It is the very error of the moon;  
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,

And makes men mad.

*Emil.* Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian

Call'd Roderigo.

*Oth.* Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd!

*Emil.* No, Cassio is not kill'd.

*Oth.* Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's  
out of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Des.* O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

*Emil.* Alas, what cry is that?

*Oth.* That! what?

*Emil.* Out, and alas! that was my lady's  
voice.

Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak  
again!

Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress,  
speak!

*Des.* A guiltless death I die.

*Emil.* O, who hath done this deed?

*Des.* Nobody; I myself. Farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord: O, fare-  
well! [*Dies.*]

*Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd?

*Emil.* Alas, who knows?

*Oth.* You heard her say herself, it was  
not I.

*Emil.* She said so: I must needs report  
the truth.

*Oth.* She's like a liar gone to burning  
hell:

'Twas I that kill'd her.

*Emil.* O, the more angel she.  
And you the blacker devil!

*Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was  
a whore.

*Emil.* Thou dost belie her, and thou art  
a devil.

*Oth.* She was false as water.

*Emil.* Thou art rash as fire, to say  
That she was false: O, she was heavenly  
true!

*Oth.* Cassio did top her; ask thy hus-  
band else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in  
hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it  
all.

*Emil.* My husband!

*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Emil.* That she was false to wedlock?

*Oth.* Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been  
true,

If heaven would make me such another  
world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have sold her for it.

*Emil.* My husband!

*Oth.* Ay, 'twas he that told me first.  
An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds.

*Emil.* My husband!

*Oth.* What needs this iteration, woman?  
I say thy husband.

*Emil.* O mistress, villany hath made  
mocks with love,

My husband say that she was false!

*Oth.* He, woman;  
I say thy husband: dost understand the  
word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest  
Iago.

*Emil.* If he say so, may his pernicious  
soul

Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the  
heart:

She was too fond of her most filthy bar-  
gain.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Emil.* Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy  
heaven

Than thou wast worthy her.

*Oth.* Peace, you were best.

*Emil.* Thou hast not half that power to  
do me harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a  
deed—

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee  
known,

Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help,  
ho! help!

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Mur-  
der! murder!

*Enter* MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and  
others.

*Mon.* What is the matter? How now,  
general!

*Emil.* O, are you come, Iago? you have  
done well,

That men must lay their murders on your  
neck.

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Emil.* Disprove this villain, if thou be'st  
a man:

He says thou told'st him that his wife was  
false:

I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a  
villain:

Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him what I thought, and told no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

*Emil.* But did you ever tell him she was false?

*Iago.* I did.

*Emil.* You told a lie, an odious, damned lie;

Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.

She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?

*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

*Emil.* I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—

*All.* O heavens forfend!

*Emil.* And your reports have set the murder on.

*Oth.* Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

*Gra.* 'Tis a strange truth.

*Mon.* O monstrous act!

*Emil.* Villany, villany, villany!  
I think upon't, I think: I smell't: O villany!—

I thought so then:—I'll kill myself for grief:—

O villany, villany!

*Iago.* What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

*Emil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* O! O! O! [*He falls on the bed.*]

*Emil.* Nay, lay thee down and roar;  
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent  
That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* [*Rising*] O, she was foul!

I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

*Gra.* Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead:

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,  
And fall to reprobation.

*Oth.* 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows  
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:

And she did gratify his amorous works  
With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:

It was a handkerchief, an antique token  
My father gave my mother.

*Emil.* O heaven! O heavenly powers!

*Iago.* Come, hold your peace.

*Emil.* 'Twill out, 'twill out: I peace!

No, I will speak as liberal as the north:  
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home.

*Emil.* I will not.

[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*]

*Gra.* Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

*Emil.* O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of

I found by fortune and did give my husband;

For often, with a solemn earnestness,  
More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,  
He begg'd of me to steal it.

*Iago.* Villanous whore!

*Emil.* She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,

And I did give't my husband.

*Iago.* Filth, thou liest!

*Emil.* By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.

O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool

Do with so good a woman?

*Oth.* Are there no stones in heaven  
But what serve for thunder?—Precious villain!

[*He runs at Iago: Iago, from behind, stabs Emilia, and exit.*]

*Gra.* The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

*Emil.* Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress' side.

*Gra.* He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

*Mon.* 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:

Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*]

*Oth.* I am not valiant neither, But every puny whipster gets my sword: But why should honor outlive honesty? Let it go all.

*Emil.* What did thy song bode, lady? Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,

And die in music. [*Singing*] Willow, willow, willow,—

Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true; So speaking as I think, I die, I die. [*Dies.*]

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chamber;

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper:—

O, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

*Gra.* [*Within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

*Oth.* Look in upon me then and speak with me,

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

[*Re-enter GRATIANO.*]

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Oth.* Behold, I have a weapon; A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,

That, with this little arm and this good sword,

I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast!

Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now. Be not afraid, though you do see me

weapon'd;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt, And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear; Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires. Where should Othello go? Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-

starr'd wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!

Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave! Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!

O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!

Oh! Oh! Oh!

[*Enter LOBOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO carried in a chair, and Officers with IAGO, prisoner.*]

*Lod.* Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

*Oth.* That's he that was Othello: here I am.

*Lod.* Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

*Oth.* I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. [*Wounds Iago.*]

*Lod.* Wrench his sword from him.

*Iago.* I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

*Oth.* I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;

For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

*Lod.* O thou Othello, thou wert once so good,

Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave, What shall be said to thee?

*Oth.* Why, any thing: An honorable murderer, if you will;

For nought I did in hate, but all in honor.

*Lod.* This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Cas.* Dear general, I never gave you cause.



*Oth.* I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil  
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

*Iago.* Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

*Lod.* What, not to pray?

*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.

*Oth.* Well, thou dost best.

*Lod.* Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;

And here another: the one of them imports

The death of Cassio to be undertook  
By Roderigo.

*Oth.* O villain!

*Cas.* Most heathenish and most gross!

*Lod.* Now here's another discontented paper,

Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,

Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;

But that belike Iago in the interim  
Came in and satisfied him.

*Oth.* O the pernicious catiff!  
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief

That was my wife's?

*Cas.* I found it in my chamber:  
And he himself confess'd but even now  
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose

Which wrought to his desire.

*Oth.* O fool! fool! fool!

*Cas.* There is besides in Roderigo's letter,  
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him  
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came

That I was cast: and even but now he spake,

After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,  
Iago set him on.

*Lod.* You must forsake this room, and go with us:

Your power and your command is taken off,

And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,  
If there be any cunning cruelty

That can torment him much and hold him long,

It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,

Till that the nature of your fault be known

To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.

*Oth.* Soft you; a word or two before you go.

I have done the state some service, and they know't.

No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak

Of one that loved not wisely but too well;  
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought

Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees

Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;  
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,

Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
And smote him, thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

*Lod.* A bloody period!

*Gra.* All that's spoke is marr'd.

*Oth.* I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but this;

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

[*Falls on the bed, and dies.*]

*Cas.* This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;

For he was great of heart.

*Lod.* [*To Iago*] O Spartan dog,  
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!

Look on the tragic loading of this bed;

This is thy work: the object poisons  
sight;

Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,  
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
For they succeed on you. To you, lord  
governor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain;  
The time, the place, the torture: O, en-  
force it!

Myself will straight aboard: and to the  
state

This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

*[Exeunt.]*

# KING LEAR

Written about 1605.

## INTRODUCTION

Among the tragedies of passion *King Lear* is the one in which passions assume the largest proportions, act upon the widest theatre, and attain their absolute extremes. The story of Lear and his daughters was found by Shakespeare in Holinshed, and he may have taken a few hints from an old play, *The True Chronicle History of King Leir*. In both Holinshed's version and that of the True Chronicle, the army of Lear and his French allies is victorious; Lear is reinstated in his kingdom; but Holinshed relates how, after Lear's death, her sister's sons warred against Cordelia and took her prisoner, when "being a woman of a manly courage and despairing to recover liberty," she slew herself. With the story of Lear Shakespeare connects that of Gloucester and his two sons. An episode in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* supplied characters and incidents for this portion of the play, Sidney's blind king of Paphlagonia corresponding to the Gloucester of Shakespeare. But here, too, the story had in the dramatist's original a happy ending: the Paphlagonian king is restored to his throne, and the brothers are reconciled. The date of the play is probably 1605 or 1606. It was entered on the Stationers' register, Nov. 26, 1607, and the entry states that it had been acted "upon St. Stephen's day at Christmas last," i.e. Dec. 26, 1606. It was printed in quarto in 1608. Shakespeare cares little to give the opening incidents of his play a look of prosaic, historical probability. The spectator or reader is asked, as it were, to grant the dramatist certain data, and then to observe what the imagination can make of them. Good and evil in this play are clearly severed from one another—(more so than in *Macbeth* or in *Othello*)—and at the last, goodness, if we judge merely by external fortune, would seem to be, if not defeated, at least not triumphant. Shakespeare has dared, while paying little regard to mere historical verisimilitude, to represent the most solemn and awful mysteries of life as they actually are, without attempting to offer a ready-made explanation of them. Cordelia dies strangled in prison; yet we know that her devotion of love was not misspent. Lear expires in an agony of grief; but he has been delivered from his pride and passionate wilfulness: he has found that instead of being a master, at whose nod all things must bow, he is weak and helpless, a sport even of the wind and the rain; his ignorance of true love, and pleasure in false professions of love, have given place to an agonized clinging to the love which is real, deep, and tranquil because of its fulness. Lear is the greatest sufferer in Shakespeare's plays; though so old, he has strength which makes him a subject for prolonged and vast agony; and patience is unknown to him. The elements seem to have conspired against him with his unnatural daughters; the upheaval of the moral world, and the rage of tempest in the air seem to be parts of the same gigantic convulsion. In the midst of this tempest wanders unhoused the white-haired Lear; while his fool—most pathetic of all the minor characters of Shakespeare—jests half-wildly, half-coherently, half-bitterly, half-tenderly, and always with a sad remembrance of the happier past. The poor boy's heart has been sore ever since his "young mistress went to France." If Cordelia is pure love, tender and faithful, and Kent is unmingled loyalty, the monsters Goneril and Regan are gorgons rather than women, such as Shakespeare has nowhere else conceived. The aspect of Goneril can almost turn to stone; in Regan's tongue there is a viperous hiss. The story of Gloucester enlarges the basis of the tragedy. Lear's affliction is no mere private incident; there is a breaking of the bonds of nature and society all around us. But Gloucester is suffering for a former sin of self-indulgence, Lear is "more sinned against than sinning." Yet Gloucester is granted a death which is half-joyful. His affliction serves as a measure of the longer affliction of the king. Edgar and Edmund are a contrasted pair—both are men of penetration, energy, and skill, one on the side of evil, the other on the side of good. Everywhere throughout the play Shakespeare's imaginative daring impresses us. Nothing in poetry is bolder or

more wonderful than the scene on the night of the tempest in the hovel where the king, whose intellect has now given way, is in company with Edgar, assuming madness, the Fool, with his forced pathetic mirth, and Kent.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEAR, king of Britain.

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF CORNWALL.

DUKE OF ALBANY.

EARL OF KENT.

Fool.

OSWALD, steward to Goneril.

A Captain employed by Edmund.

Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

EARL OF GLOUCESTER.

EDGAR, son to Gloucester.

EDMUND, bastard son to Gloucester.

CURAN, a courtier.

Old man, tenant to Gloucester.

Doctor.

GENERIL, }

REGAN, } daughters to Lear.

CORDELIA, }

Knights of Lear's train, Captains, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Britain.*

## ACT I.

## SCENE I. KING LEAR's palace.

*Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND.*

*Kent.* I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

*Glou.* It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

*Kent.* Is not this your son, my lord?

*Glou.* His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

*Kent.* I cannot conceive you.

*Glou.* Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

*Kent.* I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

*Glou.* But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

*Edm.* No, my lord.

*Glou.* My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

*Edm.* My services to your lordship.

*Kent.* I must love you, and sue to know you better.

*Edm.* Sir, I shall study deserving.

*Glou.* He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

*Sennet. Enter KING LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

*Glou.* I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Edmund.*]

*Lear.* Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there. Know that we have divided

In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent

To shake all cares and business from our age;

Conferring them on younger strengths, while we

Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish

Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife



May be prevented now. The princes,  
France and Burgundy,  
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's  
love,

Long in our court have made their amorous  
sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my  
daughters,—

Since now we will divest us, both of rule,  
Interest of territory, cares of state,—

Which of you shall we say doth love us  
most?

That we our largest bounty may extend  
Where nature doth with merit challenge.

Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words  
can wield the matter;

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;  
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;  
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,  
honor;

As much as child e'er loved, or father  
found;

A love that makes breath poor, and speech  
unable;

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. [*Aside*] What shall Cordelia do?  
Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this  
line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains  
rich'd,

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted  
meads,

We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's  
issue

Be this perpetual. What says our second  
daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall?  
Speak.

Reg. Sir, I am made

Of the self-same metal that my sister is,  
And prize me at her worth. In my true  
heart

I find she names my very deed of love;  
Only she comes too short: that I profess  
Myself an enemy to all other joys,  
Which the most precious square of sense  
possesses;

And find I am alone felicitate

In your dear highness' love.

Cor. [*Aside*] Then poor Cordelia!

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's  
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever  
Remain this ample third of our fair king-  
dom;

No less in space, validity, and pleasure,  
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our  
joy,

Although the last, not least; to whose  
young love

The vines of France and milk of Burgundy  
Strive to be interest'd; what can you say  
to draw

A third more opulent than your sisters?  
Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing!

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing:  
speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth: I love your  
majesty

According to my bond; nor more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your  
speech a little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,  
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I  
Return those duties back as are right fit,  
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.  
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
They love you all? Haply, when I shall  
wed,

That lord whose hand must take my plight  
shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care and  
duty:

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,  
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so; thy truth, then, be thy  
dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,  
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;  
By all the operation of the orbs  
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
Propinquity and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me

Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes  
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom  
Be as well neighbor'd, pitied, and relieved,  
As thou my sometime daughter.

*Kent.* Good my liege,—

*Lear.* Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.

I loved her most, and thought to set my rest

On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight!

So be my grave my peace, as here I give  
Her father's heart from her! Call France;  
who stirs?

Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,  
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.

I do invest you jointly with my power,  
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects  
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by  
monthly course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,  
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode  
Make with you by due turns. Only we still  
retain

The name, and all the additions to a king;  
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,  
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,  
This coronet part betwixt you.

[*Giving the crown.*]

*Kent.* Royal Lear,  
Whom I have ever honor'd as my king,  
Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,  
As my great patron thought on in my  
prayers,—

*Lear.* The bow is bent and drawn, make  
from the shaft.

*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the fork  
invade

The region of my heart: be Kent unman-  
nerly,

When Lear is mad. What wilt thou do, old  
man?

Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to  
speak,

When power to flattery bows? To plain-  
ness honor's bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy  
doom;

And, in thy best consideration, check  
This hideous rashness: answer my life my  
judgment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee  
least;

Nor are those empty-hearted whose low  
sound

Reverbs no hollowness.

*Lear.* Kent, on thy life, no more.

*Kent.* My life I never held but as a pawn  
To wage against thy enemies; nor fear to  
lose it,

Thy safety being the motive.

*Lear.* Out of my sight!

*Kent.* See better, Lear; and let me still  
remain

The true blank of thine eye.

*Lear.* Now, by Apollo,—

*Kent.* Now, by Apollo, king,  
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

*Lear.* O, vassal! miscreant!  
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

*Alb.* } Dear sir, forbear.

*Corn.* }  
*Kent.* Do:

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow  
Upon thy foul disease. Revoke thy doom;  
Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my  
throat,

I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

*Lear.* Hear me, recreant!  
On thine allegiance, hear me!

Since thou hast sought to make us break  
our vow,

Which we durst never yet, and with  
strain'd pride

To come between our sentence and our  
power,

Which nor our nature nor our place can  
bear,

Our potency made good, take thy reward.  
Five days we do allot thee, for provision

To shield thee from diseases of the world;  
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back

Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day  
following,

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our domin-  
ions,

The moment is thy death. Away! by  
Jupiter,

This shall not be revoked.

**Kent.** Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,  
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.

[*To Cordelia*] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!

[*To Regan and Goneril*] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,  
That good effects may spring from words of love.

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;  
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [Exit.]

*Flourish.* Re-enter GLOUCESTER, with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

**Glou.** Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

**Lear.** My lord of Burgundy.

We first address towards you, who with this king

Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least,

Will you require in present dower with her,

Or cease your quest of love?

**Bur.** Most royal majesty,  
I crave no more than what your highness offer'd,

Nor will you tender less.

**Lear.** Right noble Burgundy,  
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;

But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:

If aught within that little seeming substance,

Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,  
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,

She's there, and she is yours.

**Bur.** I know no answer.

**Lear.** Will you, with those infirmities she owes,

Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,  
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,

Take her, or leave her?

**Bur.** Pardon me, royal sir;  
Election makes not up on such conditions.

**Lear.** Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me.

I tell you all her wealth. [*To France*] For you, great king,

I would not from your love make such a stray,

To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you

To avert your liking a more worthier way  
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed  
Almost to acknowledge hers.

**France.** This is most strange,

That she, that even but now was your best object,

The argument of your praise, balm of your age,

Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
So many folds of favor. Sure, her offence

Must be of such unnatural degree,  
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection

Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,  
Must be a faith that reason without miracle

Could never plant in me.

**Cor.** I yet beseech your majesty,—  
If for I want that glib and oily art,

To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,

I'll do't before I speak,—that you make known

It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,  
No unchaste action, or dishonor'd step,

That hath deprived me of your grace and favor;

But even for want of that for which I am richer,

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
As I am glad I have not, though not to have it

Hath lost me in your liking.

**Lear.** Better thou  
Hadst not been born than not to have pleased me better.

**France.** Is it but this,—a tardiness in nature

Which often leaves the history unspoke  
That it intends to do? My lord of Burgundy,

What say you to the lady? Love's not love  
When it is mingled with regards that stand  
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?

She is herself a dowry.

*Bur.*

Royal Lear,

Give but that portion which yourself proposed,

And here I take Cordelia by the hand,  
Duchess of Burgundy.

*Lear.* Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

*Bur.* I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father

That you must lose a husband.

*Cor.* Peace be with Burgundy!

Since that respects of fortune are his love,  
I shall not be his wife.

*France.* Fairest Cordelia, that art most  
rich, being poor;

Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised!

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:

Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.

Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their  
cold'st neglect

My love should kindle to inflamed respect.

Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to  
my chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:

Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy

Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though un-  
kind:

Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

*Lear.* Thou hast her, France: let her be  
thine; for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see

That face of hers again. Therefore be gone

Without our grace, our love, our benison.

Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but France,*

*Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia.*

*France.* Bid farewell to your sisters.

*Cor.* The jewels of our father, with  
wash'd eyes

Cordelia leaves you; I know you what you  
are;

And like a sister am most loath to call

Your faults as they are named. Use well  
our father:

To your professed bosoms I commit him

But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,

I would prefer him to a better place.

So, farewell to you both.

*Reg.* Prescribe not us our duties.

*Gon.*

Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath received  
you

At fortune's alms. You have obedience  
scanted,

And well are worth the want that you have  
wanted.

*Cor.* Time shall unfold what plaited cunning  
hides:

Who cover faults, at last shame them de-  
rides.

Well may you prosper!

*France.*

Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

*Gon.* Sister, it is not a little I have to say  
of what most nearly appertains to us both.  
I think our father will hence to-night.

*Reg.* That's most certain, and with you;  
next month with us.

*Gon.* You see how full of changes his age  
is; the observation we have made of it hath  
not been little: he always loved our sister  
most; and with what poor judgment he  
hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

*Reg.* 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he  
hath ever but slenderly known himself.

*Gon.* The best and soundest of his time  
hath been but rash; then must we look to  
receive from his age, not alone the imper-  
fections of long-engrafted condition, but  
therewithal the unruly waywardness that  
infirm and choleric years bring with them.

*Reg.* Such unconstant starts are we like  
to have from him as this of Kent's banish-  
ment.

*Gon.* There is further compliment of  
leave-taking between France and him. Pray  
you, let's hit together: if our father carry  
authority with such dispositions as he bears,  
this last surrender of his will but offend us.

*Reg.* We shall further think on't.

*Gon.* We must do something, and i' the  
heat.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Earl of Gloucester's castle.*

*Enter EDMUND, with a letter.*

*Edm.* Thou, nature, art my goddess; to  
thy law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I  
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit  
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,  
For that I am some twelve or fourteen  
moonshines



Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?

When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous, and my shape as true,

As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us

With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?

Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take More composition and fierce quality Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed, Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops, Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well, then, Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land: Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate! Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed, And my invention thrive, Edmund the base Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper: Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

*Enter GLOUCESTER.*

*Glou.* Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!

And the king gone to-night! subscribed his power!

Confined to exhibition! All this done Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what news?

*Edm.* So please your lordship, none.

*[Putting up the letter.]*

*Glou.* Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

*Edm.* I know no news, my lord.

*Glou.* What paper were you reading?

*Edm.* Nothing, my lord.

*Glou.* No? What needed, then, that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

*Edm.* I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

*Glou.* Give me the letter, sir.

*Edm.* I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

*Glou.* Let's see, let's see.

*Edm.* I hope, for my brother's justifica-

tion, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

*Glou.* [*Reads*] 'This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,

EDGAR.'

Hum—conspiracy!—'Sleep till I waked him, —you should enjoy half his revenue,'—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? who brought it?

*Edm.* It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

*Glou.* You know the character to be your brother's?

*Edm.* If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

*Glou.* It is his.

*Edm.* It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

*Glou.* Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

*Edm.* Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

*Glou.* O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him: abominable villain! Where is he?

*Edm.* I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honor, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath wrote

this to feel my affection to your honor, and to no further pretence of danger.

*Glou.* Think you so?

*Edm.* If your honor judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

*Glou.* He cannot be such a monster—

*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

*Glou.* To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out: wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

*Edm.* I will seek him, sir, presently: convey the business as I shall find means and acquaint you withal.

*Glou.* These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange.

[Exit.

*Edm.* This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behavior,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and traitors, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my

nativity was under Ursa major; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

*Enter EDGAR.*

and pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

*Edg.* How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

*Edm.* I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

*Edg.* Do you busy yourself about that?

*Edm.* I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

*Edg.* How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

*Edm.* Come, come; when saw you my father last?

*Edg.* Why, the night gone by.

*Edm.* Spake you with him?

*Edg.* Ay, two hours together.

*Edm.* Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

*Edg.* None at all.

*Edm.* Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

*Edg.* Some villain hath done me wrong.

*Edm.* That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray ye, go; there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go armed.

*Edg.* Armed, brother!

*Edm.* Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed: I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

*Edg.* Shall I hear from you anon?

*Edm.* I do serve you in this business.

[*Exit Edgar.*]

A credulous father! and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,  
That he suspects none; on whose foolish  
honesty

My practices ride easy! I see the business.  
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:  
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Duke of Albany's palace.*

*Enter GONERIL, and OSWALD, her steward.*

*Gon.* Did my father strike my gentleman  
for chiding of his fool?

*Osw.* Yes, madam.

*Gon.* By day and night he wrongs me;  
every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:  
His knights grow riotous, and himself up-  
braids us

On every trifle. When he returns from  
hunting,

I will not speak with him; say I am sick:

If you come slack of former services,  
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

*Osw.* He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

*Gon.* Put on what weary negligence you  
please,

You and your fellows; I'll have it come to  
question:

If he dislike it, let him to our sister,

Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are  
one,

Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,  
That still would manage those authorities  
That he hath given away! Now, by my  
life,

Old fools are babes again; and must be  
used

With checks as flatteries,—when they are  
seen abused.

Remember what I tell you.

*Osw.*

Well, madam.

*Gon.* And let his knights have colder  
looks among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your  
fellows so:

I would breed from hence occasions, and I  
shall,

That I may speak: I'll write straight to my  
sister,

To hold my very course. Prepare for din-  
ner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A hall in the same.*

*Enter KENT, disguised.*

*Kent.* If but as well I other accents bor-  
row,

That can my speech defuse, my good  
intent

May carry through itself to that full issue  
For which I razed my likeness. Now, ban-  
ish'd Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand  
condemn'd,

So may it come, thy master, whom thou  
lovest,

Shall find thee full of labors.

*Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights,  
and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go  
get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How  
now! what art thou?

*Kent.* A man, sir.

*Lear.* What dost thou profess? what  
wouldst thou with us?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less than I  
seem; to serve him truly that will put me  
in trust: to love him that is honest; to con-  
verse with him that is wise, and says little;  
to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot  
choose; and to eat no fish.

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and  
as poor as the king.

*Lear.* If thou be as poor for a subject as  
he's for a king, thou art poor enough.  
What wouldst thou?

*Kent.* Service.

*Lear.* Who wouldst thou serve?

*Kent.* You.

*Lear.* Dost thou know me, fellow?

*Kent.* No, sir; but you have that in your

countenance which I would fain call master.

*Lear.* What's that?

*Kent.* Authority.

*Lear.* What services canst thou do?

*Kent.* I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar-a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

*Lear.* How old art thou?

*Kent.* Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty eight.

*Lear.* Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Enter OSWALD.*

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

*Osw.* So please you,— [*Exit.*]

*Lear.* What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. [*Exit a Knight.*] Where's my fool, ho? I think the world's asleep.

*Re-enter Knight.*

How now! where's that mongrel?

*Knight.* He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

*Knight.* Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

*Lear.* He would not!

*Knight.* My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

*Lear.* Ha! sayest thou so?

*Knight.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

*Lear.* Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't. But where's

my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

*Knight.* Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

*Lear.* No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Go you, call hither my fool.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Re-enter OSWALD.*

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

*Osw.* My lady's father.

*Lear.* 'My lady's father!' my lord's knave: your whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

*Osw.* I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

*Lear.* Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*]

*Osw.* I'll not be struck, my lord.

*Kent.* Nor tripped neither, you base football player. [*Tripping up his heels.*]

*Lear.* I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

*Kent.* Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushes Oswald out.*]

*Lear.* Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving Kent money.*]

*Enter Fool.*

*Fool.* Let me hire him too: here's my coxcomb. [*Offering Kent his cap.*]

*Lear.* How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

*Fool.* Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

*Kent.* Why, fool?

*Fool.* Why, for taking one's part that's out of favor: nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb: why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

*Lear.* Why, my boy?

*Fool.* If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.



*Lear.* Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

*Fool.* Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

*Lear.* A pestilent gall to me!

*Fool.* Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

*Lear.* Do.

*Fool.* Mark it, nuncle:

Have more than thou showest,  
Speak less than thou knowest,  
Lend less than thou owest,  
Ride more than thou goest,  
Learn more than thou trowest,  
Set less than thou throwest;  
Leave thy drink and thy whore,  
And keep in-a-door,  
And thou shalt have more  
Than two tens to a score.

*Kent.* This is nothing, fool.

*Fool.* Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

*Lear.* Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

*Fool.* [To *Kent*] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

*Lear.* A bitter fool!

*Fool.* Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

*Lear.* No, lad; teach me.

*Fool.* That lord that counsell'd thee

To give away thy land,

Come place him here by me,

Do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there.

*Lear.* What thou call me fool, boy?

*Fool.* All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

*Kent.* This is not altogether fool, my lord.

*Fool.* No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

*Lear.* What two crowns shall they be?

*Fool.* Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thy ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

[*Singing*] Fools had ne'er less wit in a year;

For wise men are grown foppish,

They know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

*Lear.* When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

*Fool.* I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

[*Singing*] Then they for sudden joy did weep,

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep,

And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

*Lear.* An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

*Fool.* I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle: here comes one o' the parings.

*Enter GONERIL.*

*Lear.* How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

*Fool.* Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. [To *Gon.*] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.

[*Pointing to Lear*] That's a shealed peascod.

*Gon.* Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,

But other of your insolent retinue  
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth

In rank and not-to-be endured riots. Sir,  
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,

That you protect this course, and put it on  
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,  
Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were shame, that then necessity  
Will call discreet proceeding.

*Fool.* For, you trow, nuncle,  
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,  
That it had it head bit off by it young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

*Lear.* Are you our daughter?

*Gon.* Come, sir,  
I would you would make use of that good wisdom,

Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away

These dispositions, that of late transform you

From what you rightly are.

*Fool.* May not an ass know when the cart  
draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

*Lear.* Doth any here know me? This is not Lear:

Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where  
are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, his discernings  
Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 'tis not so.

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

*Fool.* Lear's shadow.

*Lear.* I would learn that; for, by the  
marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason,  
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

*Fool.* Which they will make an obedient  
father.

*Lear.* Your name, fair gentlewoman?

*Gon.* This admiration, sir, is much o' the  
savor

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech  
you

To understand my purposes aright:  
As you are old and reverend, you should  
be wise.

Here do you keep a hundred knights and  
squires;

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,  
That this our court, infected with their  
manners,

Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and  
lust

Make it more like a tavern or a brothel  
Than a graced palace. The shame itself  
doth speak

For instant remedy: be then desired  
By her, that else will take the thing she  
begs,

A little to disquantity your train;  
And the remainder, that shall still depend,  
To be such men as may besort your age,  
And know themselves and you.

*Lear.* Darkness and devils!

Saddle my horses; call my train together:  
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee.

Yet have I left a daughter.

*Gon.* You strike my people; and your dis-  
order'd rabble

Make servants of their betters.

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Lear.* Woe, that too late repents,—[*To Alb.*]  
O, sir, are you come?

Is it your will? Speak, sir. Prepare my  
horses.

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a  
child

Than the sea-monster!

*Alb.* Pray, sir, be patient.

*Lear.* [*To Gon.*] Detested kite! thou liest;  
My train are men of choice and rarest  
parts,

That all particulars of duty know,  
And in the most exact regard support  
The worships of their name. O most small  
fault,

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!  
That, like an engine, wrench'd my frame  
of nature

From the fix'd place; drew from heart all  
love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!  
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[Striking his head.

And thy dear judgment out! Go, go, my people.

*Alb.* My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant

Of what hath moved you.

*Lear.* It may be so, my lord.

Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!

Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend

To make this creature fruitful!

Into her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase;

And from her derogate body never spring

A babe to honor her! If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen; that it may live,

And be a thwart disnatured torment to her!

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;

With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;

Turn all her mother's pains and benefits

To laughter and contempt; that she may feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

To have a thankless child! Away, away!

[Exit.

*Alb.* Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

*Gon.* Never afflict yourself to know the cause;

But let his disposition have that scope  
That dotage gives it.

*Re-enter LEAR.*

*Lear.* What, fifty of my followers at a clap!

Within a fortnight!

*Alb.* What's the matter, sir?

*Lear.* I'll tell thee: [To *Gon.*] Life and death! I am ashamed

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,

Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!

The untended woundings of a father's curse  
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,

Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,

And cast you, with the waters that you lose,

To temper clay. Yea, is it come to this?

Let it be so: yet have I left a daughter,

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:

When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find

That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think

I have cast off for ever: thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*

*Gon.* Do you mark that, my lord?

*Alb.* I cannot be so partial, Goneril,

To the great love I bear you,—

*Gon.* Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho!

[To the Fool] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

*Fool.* Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter:

So the fool follows after.

*Gon.* This man hath had good counsel:—  
a hundred knights!

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep

At point a hundred knights: yes, that, on every dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,

And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say!

*Alb.* Well, you may fear too far.

*Gon.* Safer than trust too far:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,

Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.

What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister

If she sustain him and his hundred knights

When I have show'd the unfitness,—

*Re-enter OSWALD.*

How now, Oswald!

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

*Osw.* Yes, madam.

*Gon.* Take you some company, and away to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear;  
And thereto add such reasons of your own  
As may compact it more. Get you gone;  
And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*]

No, no, my lord,

This milky gentleness and course of yours  
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,  
You are much more attack'd for want of  
wisdom

Than praised for harmful mildness.

*Alb.* How far your eyes may pierce I  
cannot tell:

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

*Gon.* Nay, then—

*Alb.* Well, well; the event. *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE V. *Court before the same.*

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

*Lear.* Go you before to Gloucester with  
these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further  
with any thing you know than comes  
from her demand out of the letter. If your  
diligence be not speedy, I shall be there  
afore you.

*Kent.* I will not sleep, my lord, till I have  
delivered your letter. [*Exit.*]

*Fool.* If a man's brains were in's heels,  
were't not in danger of kibes?

*Lear.* Ay, boy.

*Fool.* Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit  
shall ne'er go slip-shod.

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Fool.* Shalt see thy other daughter will  
use thee kindly; for though she's as like  
this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell  
what I can tell.

*Lear.* Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

*Fool.* She will taste as like this as a crab  
does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's  
nose stands i' the middle on's face?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Why, to keep one's eyes of either  
side's nose; that what a man cannot smell  
out, he may spy into.

*Lear.* I did her wrong—

*Fool.* Canst tell how an oyster makes his  
shell?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Nor I neither; but I can tell why a  
snail has a house.

*Lear.* Why?

*Fool.* Why, to put his head in; not to give

it away to his daughters, and leave his  
horns without a case.

*Lear.* I will forget my nature. So kind a  
father! Be my horses ready?

*Fool.* Thy asses are gone about 'em. The  
reason why the seven stars are no more  
than seven is a pretty reason.

*Lear.* Because they are not eight?

*Fool.* Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a  
good fool.

*Lear.* To take 't again perforce! Monster  
ingratitude!

*Fool.* If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd  
have thee beaten for being old before thy  
time.

*Lear.* How's that?

*Fool.* Thou shouldst not have been old  
till thou hadst been wise.

*Lear.* O, let me not be mad, not mad,  
sweet heaven

Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

*Enter Gentleman.*

How now! are the horses ready?

*Gent.* Ready, my lord.

*Lear.* Come, boy.

*Fool.* She that's a maid now, and laughs  
at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be  
cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT II.

##### SCENE I. *The EARL OF GLOUCESTER's castle.*

*Enter EDMUND, and CURAN meets him.*

*Edm.* Save thee, Curan.

*Cur.* And you, sir. I have been with your  
father, and given him notice that the Duke  
of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be  
here with him this night.

*Edm.* How comes that?

*Cur.* Nay, I know not. You have heard of  
the news abroad; I mean the whispered  
ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing argu-  
ments?

*Edm.* Not I: pray you, what are they?

*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars  
toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and  
Albany?

*Edm.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may do, then, in time. Fare you  
well, sir. [*Exit.*]



*Edm.* The duke be here to-night? The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business.

My father hath set guard to take my brother;

And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act: briefness and fortune, work!

Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say!

*Enter EDGAR.*

My father watches: O sir, fly this place;

Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night:

Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither: now, i' the night, i' the haste,

And Regan with him: have you nothing said

Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

*Edg.* I am sure on't, not a word.

*Edm.* I hear my father coming: pardon me:

In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:

Draw; seem to defend yourself; now quit you well.

Yield: come before my father. Light, ho, here!

Fly, brother. Torches, torches! So, farewell. [*Exit Edgar.*]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion [*Wounds his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavor: I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport. Father, father! Stop, stop! No help?

*Enter GLOUCESTER, and Servants with torches.*

*Glou.* Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

*Edm.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon

To stand auspicious mistress,—

*Glou.* But where is he?

*Edm.* Look, sir, I bleed.

*Glou.* Where is the villain, Edmund?

*Edm.* Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

*Glou.* Pursue him, ho! Go after. [*Exeunt some Servants.*] By no means what?

*Edm.* Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;

Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond

The child was bound to the father; sir, in fine,

Seeing how loathly opposite I stood To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion, With his prepared sword, he charges home My unprovided body, lanced mine arm: But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits, Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,

Or whether gasted by the noise I made, Full suddenly he fled.

*Glou.* Let him fly far: Not in this land shall he remain uncaught; And found—dispatch. The noble duke my master,

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:

By his authority I will proclaim it, That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;

He that conceals him, death.

*Edm.* When I dissuaded him from his intent,

And found him pight to do it, with curst speech

I threaten'd to discover him: he replied, 'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,

If I would stand against thee, would the reposal

Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,—

As this I would: ay, though thou didst produce

My very character,—I'd turn it all To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:

And thou must make a dullard of the world,

If they not thought the profits of my death

'Were very pregnant and potential spurs  
To make thee seek it.'

*Glou.* Strong and fasten'd villain!

'Would he deny his letter? I never got him.

[*Tucket within.*

'Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not  
why he comes.

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not  
'scape;

The duke must grant me that: besides, his  
picture

I will send far and near, that all the king-  
dom

May have the due note of him; and of my  
land,

Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means  
To make thee capable.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.*

*Corn.* How now, my noble friend! since  
I came hither,

Which I can call but now, I have heard  
strange news.

*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes  
too short

Which can pursue the offender. How dost,  
my lord?

*Glou.* O, madam, my old heart is crack'd,  
it's crack'd!

*Reg.* What, did my father's godson seek  
your life?

He whom my father named? your Edgar?

*Glou.* O, lady, lady, shame would have it  
hid!

*Reg.* Was he not companion with the  
riotous knights

That tend upon my father?

*Glou.* I know not, madam: 'tis too bad,  
too bad.

*Edm.* Yes, madam, he was of that con-  
sort.

*Reg.* No marvel, then, though he were ill  
affected:

'Tis they have put him on the old man's  
death,

To have the expense and waste of his  
revenues.

I have this present evening from my sister  
Been well inform'd of them; and with such  
cautions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house,  
I'll not be there.

*Corr* Nor I, assure thee, Regan.

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your  
father

A child-like office.

*Edm.*

'Twas my duty, sir.

*Glou.* He did bewray his practice; and  
received

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend  
him.

*Corn.* Is he pursued?

*Glou.* Ay, my good lord.

*Corn.* If he be taken, he shall never more  
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own  
purpose,

How in my strength you please. For you,  
Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this in-  
stant

So much commend itself, you shall be ours:  
Natures of such deep trust we shall much  
need;

You we first seize on.

*Edm.* I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else.

*Glou.* For him I thank your grace.

*Corn.* You know not why we came to  
visit you,—

*Reg.* Thus out of season, threading dark-  
eyed night:

Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise,  
Wherein we must have use of your advice:  
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,  
Of differences, which I least thought it fit  
To answer from our home; the several mes-  
sengers

From hence attend dispatch. Our good old  
friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow  
Your needful counsel to our business,  
Which craves the instant use.

*Glou.* I serve you, madam:  
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. Before Gloucester's castle.

*Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.*

*Osw.* Good dawning to thee, friend: art  
of this house?

*Kent.* Ay.

*Osw.* Where may we set our horses?

*Kent.* I' the mire.

*Osw.* Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

*Kent.* I love thee not.

*Osw.* Why, then, I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

*Osw.* Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow, I know thee.

*Osw.* What dost thou know me for?

*Kent.* A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave, a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

*Osw.* Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

*Kent.* What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whoreson cullion-barber-monger, draw.

[Drawing his sword.]

*Osw.* Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks: draw, you rascal; come your ways.

*Osw.* Help, ho! murder! help!

*Kent.* Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [Beating him.]

*Osw.* Help, ho! murder! murder!

*Enter EDMUND, with his rapier drawn, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and Servants.*

*Edm.* How now! What's the matter?

*Kent.* With you, goodman boy, an you please: come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

*Glou.* Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

*Corn.* Keep peace, upon your lives:

He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

*Reg.* The messengers from our sister and the king.

*Corn.* What is your difference? speak.

*Osw.* I am scarce in breath, my lord.

*Kent.* No marvel, you have so bestirred your valor. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

*Corn.* Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

*Kent.* Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade.

*Corn.* Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

*Osw.* This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard,—

*Kent.* Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

*Corn.* Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

*Kent.* Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

*Corn.* Why art thou angry?

*Kent.* That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain  
Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth  
every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel;  
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder  
moods;

Renegue, affirm, and turn their halcyon  
beaks

With every gale and vary of their masters,  
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.  
A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?  
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,  
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

*Corn.* What, art thou mad, old fellow?

*Glou.* How fell you out? say that.

*Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy  
Than I and such a knave.

*Corn.* Why dost thou call him knave?  
What's his offence?

*Kent.* His countenance likes me not.

*Corn.* No more, perchance, does mine,  
nor his, nor hers.

*Kent.* Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:  
I have seen better faces in my time  
Than stands on any shoulder that I see  
Before me at this instant.

*Corn.* This is some fellow,  
Who, having been praised for bluntness,  
doth affect

A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb  
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter,  
he,

An honest mind and plain, he must speak  
truth!

An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.  
These kind of knaves I know, which in  
this plainness

Harbor more craft and more corrupter  
ends

Than twenty silly ducking observants  
That stretch their duties nicely.

*Kent.* Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,  
Under the allowance of your great aspect,  
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant  
fire

On flickering Phœbus' front,—

*Corn.* What mean'st by this?

*Kent.* To go out of my dialect, which  
you discommend so much. I know, sir, I  
am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a  
plain accent was a plain knave; which for  
my part I will not be, though I should win  
your displeasure to entreat me to 't.

*Corn.* What was the offence you gave  
him?

*Osw.* I never gave him any:

It pleased the king his master very late  
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;  
When he, conjunct, and flattering his dis-  
pleasure,

Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted,  
rail'd,

And put upon him such a deal of man,  
That worthied him, got praises of the  
king

For him attempting who was self-subdued;  
And, in the fleshment of this dread ex-  
ploit,

Drew on me here again.

*Kent.* None of these rogues and cowards  
But Ajax is their fool.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks!

You stubborn ancient knave, you rever-  
end braggart,

We'll teach you—

*Kent.* Sir, I am too old to learn:  
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the  
king;

On whose employment I was sent to you:  
You shall do small respect, show too bold  
malice

Against the grace and person of my master.  
Stocking his messenger.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks! As I have  
life and honor,  
There shall he sit till noon.

*Reg.* Till noon! till night, my lord; and  
all night too.

*Kent.* Why, madam, if I were your  
father's dog,

You should not use me so.

*Reg.* Sir, being his knave, I will.

*Corn.* This is a fellow of the self-same  
color

Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away  
the stocks! [*Stocks brought out*]

*Glou.* Let me beseech your grace not to  
do so:

His fault is much, and the good king his  
master

Will check him for 't: your purposed low  
correction

Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches  
For pilferings and most common tres-  
passes

Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill  
That he's so slightly valued in his messen-  
ger,

Should have him thus restrain'd.

*Corn.* I'll answer that.

*Reg.* My sister may receive it much more  
worse,

To have her gentleman abused, assaulted  
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.  
[*Kent is put in the stocks*]

Come, my good lord, away.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester and Kent*]  
*Glou.* I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the  
duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well  
knows,

Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I'll en-  
treat for thee.

*Kent.* Pray, do not, sir: I have watched  
and travell'd hard;



Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll  
whistle  
A good man's fortune may grow out at  
heels:

Give you good morrow!

*Glou.* The duke 's to blame in this; 'twill  
be ill taken. *[Exit.*

*Kent.* Good king, that must approve the  
common saw.

Thou out of heaven's benediction comest  
To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under  
globe,

That by thy comfortable beams I may  
Peruse this letter! Nothing almost sees  
miracles

But misery: I know 'tis from Cordelia,  
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd  
Of my obscured course; and shall find time  
From this enormous state, seeking to give  
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er  
watch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold  
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night: smile once more:  
turn thy wheel! *[Sleeps.*

### SCENE III. *A wood.*

*Enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* I heard myself proclaim'd,  
And by the happy hollow of a tree  
Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no  
place,

That guard, and most unusual vigilance,  
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may  
'scape,

I will preserve myself: and am bethought  
To take the basest and most poorest shape  
That ever penury, in contempt of man,  
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime  
with filth;

Blanket my loins: elf all my hair in knots;  
And with presented nakedness out-face  
The winds and persecutions of the sky.  
The country gives me proof and precedent  
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring  
voices,

Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare  
arms

Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rose-  
mary;

And with this horrible object, from low  
farms,

Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and  
mills,

Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with  
prayers,

Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod!  
poor Tom!

That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.  
*[Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Before Gloucester's castle. Kent  
in the stocks.*

*Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.*

*Lear.* 'Tis strange that they should so de-  
part from home,

And not send back my messenger.

*Gent.* As I learn'd,  
The night before there was no purpose in  
them

Of this remove.

*Kent.* Hail to thee, noble master

*Lear.* Ha!

Makest thou this shame thy pastime?

*Kent.* No, my lord.

*Fool.* Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters.  
Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and  
bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins,  
and men by the legs: when a man's over-  
lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-  
stocks.

*Lear.* What 's he that hath so much thy  
place mistook

To set thee here?

*Kent.* It is both he and she;

Your son and daughter.

*Lear.* No.

*Kent.* Yes.

*Lear.* No, I say.

*Kent.* I say, yea.

*Lear.* No, no, they would not.

*Kent.* Yes, they have.

*Lear.* By Jupiter, I swear, no.

*Kent.* By Juno, I swear, ay.

*Lear.* They durst not do 't;

They could not, would not do 't; 'tis  
worse than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:  
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which  
way

Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this  
usage,

Coming from us.

*Kent.* My lord, when at their home  
I did commend your highness' letters to  
them,

Ere I was risen from the place that show'd  
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking  
post,

Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, pant-  
ing forth

From Goneril his mistress salutations;  
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,  
Which presently they read: on whose con-  
tents,

They summon'd up their meiny, straight  
took horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend  
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold  
looks:

And meeting here the other messenger,  
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd  
mine,—

Being the very fellow that of late  
Display'd so saucily against your high-  
ness,—

Having more man than wit about me,  
drew:

He raised the house with loud and coward  
cries.

Your son and daughter found this trespass  
worth

The shame which here it suffers.

*Fool.* Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-  
geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags

Do make their children blind;

But fathers that bear bags

Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,

Ne'er turns the key to the poor.

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many  
dolours for thy daughters as thou canst tell  
in a year.

*Lear.* O, how this mother swells up  
toward my heart!

Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sor-  
row,

Thy element's below! Where is this  
daughter?

*Kent.* With the earl, sir, here within.

*Lear.* Follow me not;  
Stay here. [Exit.]

*Gent.* Made you no more offence but  
what you speak of?

*Kent.* None.

How chance the king comes with so small  
a train?

*Fool.* And thou hadst been set i' the  
stocks for that question, thou hadst well  
deserved it.

*Kent.* Why, fool?

*Fool.* We'll set thee to school to an ant,  
to teach thee there's no laboring i' the win-  
ter. All that follow their noses are led by  
their eyes but blind men; and there's not a  
nose among twenty but can smell him that's  
stinking. Let go thy hold when a great  
wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy  
neck with following it: but the great one  
that goes up the hill, let him draw thee  
after. When a wise man gives thee better  
counsel, give me mine again: I would have  
none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives  
it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.

*Kent.* Where learned you this, fool?

*Fool.* Not i' the stocks, fool.

*Re-enter LEAR, with GLOUCESTER.*

*Lear.* Deny to speak with me? They are  
sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd all the night? Mere  
fetches;

The images of revolt and flying off.

Fetch me a better answer.

*Glou.* My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;

How unremoveable and fix'd he is

In his own course.

*Lear.* Vengeance! plague! death! confu-  
sion!

Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloucester,  
Gloucester.

I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and  
his wife.

*Glou.* Well, my good lord, I have in-  
form'd them so.

*Lear.* Inform'd them! Dost thou under-  
stand me, man?

*Glou.* Ay, my good lord.

*Lear.* The king would speak with Cornwall;  
the dear father  
Would with his daughter speak, commands  
her service:

Are they inform'd of this? My breath and  
blood!

Fiery? the fiery duke? Tell the hot duke  
that—

No, but not yet: may be he is not well:  
Infirmity doth still neglect all office  
Whereto our health is bound; we are not  
ourselves

When nature, being oppress'd, commands  
the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;  
And am fall'n out with my more headier  
will,

To take the indisposed and sickly fit  
For the sound man. Death on my state!  
wherefore

[*Looking on Kent.*  
Should he sit here? This act persuades me  
That this remotion of the duke and her  
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.  
Go tell the duke and 's wife I'd speak  
with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and  
hear me,

Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum  
Till it cry sleep to death.

*Glou.* I would have all well betwixt you.  
[*Exit.*]

*Lear.* O me, my heart, my rising heart!  
but, down!

*Fool.* Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney  
did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste  
alive; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs  
with a stick, and cried 'Down, wantons,  
down!' 'Twas her brother that, in pure  
kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and  
Servants.*

*Lear.* Good morrow to you both.  
*Corn.* Hail to your grace!

[*Kent is set at liberty.*]

*Reg.* I am glad to see your highness.

*Lear.* Regan, I think you are; I know  
what reason

I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be  
glad,

I would divorce me from thy mother's  
tomb.

Sepulchring an adulteress. [*To Kent*] O,  
are you free?

Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,  
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath  
tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture,  
here:

[*Points to his heart.*]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not be-  
lieve

With how depraved a quality—O Regan!  
*Reg.* I pray you, sir, take patience: I have  
hope.

You less know how to value her desert  
Than she to scant her duty.

*Lear.* Say, how is that?

*Reg.* I cannot think my sister in the least  
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, per-  
chance

She have restrain'd the riots of your fol-  
lowers,

'Tis on such ground, and to such whole-  
some end,

As clears her from all blame.

*Lear.* My curses on her!

*Reg.* O, sir, you are old,  
Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine: you should be ruled and  
led

By some discretion, that discerns your  
state

Better than you yourself. Therefore, I  
pray you,

That to our sister you do make return;  
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

*Lear.* Ask her forgiveness?  
Do you but mark how this becomes the  
house:

'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;  
[*Kneeling.*]

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed,  
and food.'

*Reg.* Good sir, no more; these are un-  
sightly tricks:

Return you to my sister.

*Lear.* [*Rising*] Never, Regan:  
She hath abated me of half my train;  
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her  
tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:  
All the stored vengeance of heaven fall  
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young  
bones,

You taking airs, with lameness!

*Corn.*

Fie, sir, fie!

*Lear.* You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,  
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,

To fall and blast her pride!

*Reg.* O the blest gods! so will you wish on me,

When the rash mood is on.

*Lear.* No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give  
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce;  
but thine

Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee  
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,  
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt  
Against my coming in: thou better know'st  
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,  
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;  
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,

Wherein I thee endow'd.

*Reg.* Good sir, to the purpose.

*Lear.* Who put my man i' the stocks?

[*Tucket within.*]

*Corn.* What trumpet's that?

*Reg.* I know't, my sister's: this approves  
her letter,

That she would soon be here.

*Enter OSWALD.*

Is your lady come?

*Lear.* This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride

Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.

Out, varlet, from my sight!

*Corn.* What means your grace?

*Lear.* Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I  
have good hope

Thou didst not know on't. Who comes  
here? O heavens,

*Enter GONERIL.*

If you do love old men, if your sweet  
sway

Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,  
Make it your cause; send down, and take  
my part!

[*To Gon.*] Art not ashamed to look upon  
this beard?

O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

*Gon.* Why not by the hand, sir? How  
have I offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds  
And dotage terms so.

*Lear.* O sides, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold? How came my man i'  
the stocks?

*Corn.* I set him there, sir: but his own  
disorders

Deserved much less advancement.

*Lear.* You! did you?

*Reg.* I pray you, father, being weak,  
seem so.

If, till the expiration of your month,  
You will return and sojourn with my sister,

Dismissing half your train, come then to  
me:

I am now from home, and out of that  
vision

Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

*Lear.* Return to her, and fifty men  
dismiss'd?

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose

To wage against the enmity o' the air;

To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,

Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her?

Why, the hot-blooded France, that dower-  
less took

Our youngest born, I could as well be  
brought

To kneel his throne, and, squire-like; pen-  
sion beg

To keep base life afoot. Return with her?  
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter

ter  
To this detested groom.

[*Pointing at Oswald.*]

*Gon.* At your choice, sir.

*Lear.* I prithee, daughter, do not make  
me mad:

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:  
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my  
daughter;

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,  
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a  
boil,



A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,  
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide  
thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call  
it:

I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging  
Jove:

Mend when thou canst; be better at thy  
leisure:

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan.

I and my hundred knights.

*Reg.* Not altogether so:  
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my  
sister;

For those that mingle reason with your  
passion

Must be content to think you old, and so—  
But she knows what she does.

*Lear.* Is this well spoken?

*Reg.* I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty fol-  
lowers?

Is it not well? What should you need of  
more?

Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and  
danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in  
one house,

Should many people, under two com-  
mands,

Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

*Gon.* Why might not you, my lord, re-  
ceive attendance

From those that she calls servants or from  
mine?

*Reg.* Why not, my lord? If then they  
chanced to slack you,

We could control them. If you will come  
to me,—

For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you  
To bring but five and twenty: to no more  
Will I give place or notice.

*Lear.* I gave you all—

*Reg.* And in good time you gave it.

*Lear.* Made you my guardians, my deposi-  
taries;

But kept a reservation to be follow'd

With such a number. What, must I come  
to you

With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

*Reg.* And speak't again, my lord; no more  
with me.

*Lear.* Those wicked creatures yet do look  
well-favor'd,

When others are more wicked: not being  
the worst

Stands in some rank of praise. [*To Gon.*]  
I'll go with thee:

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty  
And thou art twice her love.

*Gon.* Hear me, my lord;

What need you five and twenty, ten, or  
five,

To follow in a house where twice so many  
Have a command to tend you?

*Reg.* What need one?

*Lear.* O, reason not the need: our basest  
beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:  
Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life's as cheap as beast's: thou art a  
lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,  
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous

wear'st,  
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for  
true need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, pa-  
tience I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts  
Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble  
anger,

And let not women's weapons, water-  
drops,

Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural  
hags,

I will have such revenges on you both,  
That all the world shall—I will do such

things,— [*shall be*]

What they are, yet I know not: but they  
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll

weep;  
No, I'll not weep:

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart  
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,  
Or ere I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and  
Fool. Storm and tempest.*]

*Corn.* Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

*Reg.* This house is little: the old man  
and his people

Cannot be well bestow'd.

*Gon.* 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

*Reg.* For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,

But not one follower.

*Gon.* So am I purposed.  
Where is my lord of Gloucester?

*Corn.* Follow'd the old man forth: he is return'd.

*Re-enter GLOUCESTER.*

*Glou.* The king is in high rage.

*Corn.* Whither is he going?

*Glou.* He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

*Corn.* 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

*Gon.* My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

*Glou.* Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about  
There's scarce a bush.

*Reg.* O, sir, to wilful men,  
The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:

He is attended with a desperate train;  
And what they may incense him to, being apt

To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

*Corn.* Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:

My Regan counsels well; come out o' the storm.  
[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *A heath.*

*Storm still. Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.*

*Kent.* Who's there, besides foul weather?

*Gent.* One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

*Kent.* I know you. Where's the king?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretful element:

Bids the winds blow the earth into the sea,  
Or swell the curled water 'bove the main,  
That things might change or cease; tears  
his white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless  
rage

Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;  
Strives in his little world of man to out-  
scorn

The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.  
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear  
would couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf  
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,  
And bids what will take all.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the fool; who labors to  
out-jest

His heart-struck injuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you,  
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,  
Commend a dear thing to you. There is  
division,

Although as yet the face of it be cover'd  
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and  
Cornwall;

Who have—as who have not, that their  
great stars

Throned and set high?—servants, who  
seem no less,

Which are to France the spies and specu-  
lations

Intelligent of our state; what hath been  
seen,

Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,  
Or the hard rein which both of them have  
borne

Against the old kind king; or something  
deeper,

Whereof perchance these are but furnish-  
ings;

But, true it is, from France there comes a  
power

Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,  
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet

In some of our best ports, and are at point  
To show their open banner. Now to you:

If on my credit you dare build so far  
To make your speed to Dover, you shall  
find

Some that will thank you, making just re-  
port

Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow  
The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;  
And, from some knowledge and assurance,  
offer

This office to you.

*Gent.* I will talk further with you.

*Kent.* No, do not.  
 For confirmation that I am much more  
 Than my out-wall, open this purse, and  
 take  
 What it contains. If you shall see Cor-  
 delia,—  
 As fear not but you shall,—show her this  
 ring;  
 And she will tell you who your fellow is  
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this  
 storm!  
 I will go seek the king.

*Gent.* Give me your hand: have you no  
 more to say?

*Kent.* Few words, but, to effect, more  
 than all yet;  
 That, when we have found the king,—in  
 which your pain  
 That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on  
 him  
 Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the heath. Storm  
 still.*

*Enter LEAR and Fool.*

*Lear.* Blow, winds, and crack your  
 cheeks! rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout  
 Till you have drench'd our steeples,  
 drown'd the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing  
 fires,

Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-  
 bolts,

Singe my white head! And thou, all-shak-  
 ing thunder,

Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!  
 Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at  
 once,

That make ingrateful man!

*Fool.* O nuncle, court holy-water in a  
 dry house is better than this rain-water out  
 o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy  
 daughters' blessing: here's a night pities  
 neither wise man nor fool.

*Lear.* Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire!  
 spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my  
 daughters:

I tax not you, you elements, with unkind-  
 ness;

I never gave you kingdom, call'd you chil-  
 dren,

You owe me no subscription: then let fall  
 Your horrible pleasure: here I stand, your  
 slave,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old  
 man:

But yet I call you servile ministers,  
 That have with two pernicious daughters  
 join'd

Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head  
 So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!  
*Fool.* He that has a house to put's head in  
 has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house

Before the head has any,

The head and he shall louse;

So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe

What he his heart should make

Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but  
 she made mouths in a glass.

*Lear.* No, I will be the pattern of all pa-  
 tience;

I will say nothing.

*Enter KENT.*

*Kent.* Who's there?

*Fool.* Marry, here's grace and a cod-  
 piece; that's a wise man and a fool.

*Kent.* Alas, sir, are you here? things that  
 love night

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful  
 skies

Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,  
 And make them keep their caves: since I  
 was man,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid  
 thunder,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I  
 never

Remember to have heard: man's nature  
 cannot carry

The affliction nor the fear.

*Lear.* Let the great gods,

That keep this dreadful pother o'er our  
 heads,

Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou  
 wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
 Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou  
 bloody hand;

Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue

That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,  
That under covert and convenient seeming  
Hast practiced on man's life: close pent-up  
guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a  
man

More sinn'd against than sinning.

*Kent.* Alack, bare-headed!  
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;  
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the  
tempest:

Repose you there; while I to this hard  
house—

More harder than the stones whereof 'tis  
raised;

Which even but now, demanding after  
you,

Denied me to come in—return, and force  
Thy scantied courtesy.

*Lear.* My wits begin to turn.  
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art  
cold?

I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my  
fellow?

The art of our necessities is strange,  
That can make vile things precious. Come,  
your hovel.

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my  
heart

That's sorry yet for thee.

*Fool.* [*Singing*] He that has and a little  
tiny wit—

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—  
Must make content with his fortunes fit,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

*Lear.* True, my good boy. Come, bring us  
to this hovel.

[*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*]

*Fool.* This is a brave night to cool a cour-  
tezan.

I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than  
matter;

When brewers mar their malt with  
water;

When nobles are their tailors' tutors;

No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;

When every case in law is right;

No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;

When slanders do not live in tongues;

Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;  
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;  
And bawds and whores do churches  
build;

Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion:

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,

That going shall be used with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live  
before his time. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III. GLOUCESTER's castle.

*Enter GLOUCESTER and EDMUND.*

*Glou.* Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not  
this unnatural dealing. When I desire their  
leave that I might pity him, they took from  
me the use of mine own house; charged  
me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure,  
neither to speak of him, entreat for him,  
nor any way sustain him.

*Edm.* Most savage and unnatural!

*Glou.* Go to; say you nothing. There's a  
division betwixt the dukes; and a worse  
matter than that: I have received a letter  
this night; 'tis dangerous to be spoken; I  
have locked the letter in my closet: these  
injuries the king now bears will be re-  
venged home; there's part of a power al-  
ready footed: we must incline to the king.  
I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go  
you and maintain talk with the duke, that  
my charity be not of him perceived: if he  
ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed.  
Though I die for it, as no less is threatened  
me, the king my old master must be re-  
lieved. There is some strange thing toward,  
Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*]

*Edm.* This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the  
duke

Instantly know; and of that letter too:

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw  
me

That which my father loses; no less than  
all:

The younger rises when the old doth fall.  
[*Exit.*]

### SCENE IV. The heath. Before a hovel.

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

*Kent.* Here is the place, my lord; good  
my lord, enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough  
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*]



*Lear.* Let me alone.  
*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.  
*Lear.* Wilt break my heart?  
*Kent.* I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.  
*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm  
 Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;  
 But where the greater malady is fix'd,  
 The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'ldst shun a bear;  
 But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,  
 Thou'ldst meet the bear i' the mouth.  
 When the mind's free,  
 The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind  
 Doth from my senses take all feeling else  
 Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!  
 Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand  
 For lifting food to't? But I will punish home:  
 No, I will weep no more. In such a night  
 To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.  
 In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!  
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart  
 gave all,—  
 O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;  
 No more of that.  
*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.  
*Lear.* Prithee, go in thyself: seek thine own ease:  
 This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  
 On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.  
*[To the Fool]* In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty,—  
 Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep. *[Fool goes in.]*  
 Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,  
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
 How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,  
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
 From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en  
 Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;  
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
 That thou mayst shake the superflux to them  
 And show the heavens more just.

*Edg.* *[Within]* Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!  
*[The Fool runs out from the hovel.]*  
*Fool.* Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit  
 Help me, help me!  
*Kent.* Give me thy hand. Who's there?  
*Fool.* A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.  
*Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.  
*Enter EDGAR disguised as a mad man.*  
*Edg.* Away! the foul fiend follows me!  
 Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.  
 Hum! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.  
*Lear.* Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?  
 And art thou come to this?  
*Edg.* Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, and through ford and whirlpool e'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold, —O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: there could I have him now, —and there,—and there again, and there.  
*[Storm still.]*  
*Lear.* What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?  
 Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?  
*Fool.* Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.  
*Lear.* Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air  
 Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!  
*Kent.* He hath no daughters, sir.  
*Lear.* Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature  
 To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.  
 Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers  
 Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

*Edg.* Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

*Fool.* This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

*Edg.* Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

*Lear.* What hast thou been?

*Edg.* A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply, dice dearly: and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.

Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind:

Says suum, mun, ha, no, nonny.

Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by.

[*Storm still.*]

*Lear.* Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on 's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! come unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

*Fool.* Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

*Enter GLOUCESTER, with a torch.*

*Edg.* This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

S. Withold footed thrice the old;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

*Kent.* How fares your grace?

*Lear.* What's he?

*Kent.* Who's there? What is't you seek?

*Glou.* What are you there? Your names?

*Edg.* Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats crow-dung for sallies; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stock-punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

But mice and rats, and such small deer, Have been Tom's food for seven long year. Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

*Glou.* What, hath your grace no better company?

*Edg.* The prince of darkness is a gentleman:

Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

*Glou.* Our flesh and blood is grown so vile, my lord,

That it doth hate what gets it.

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.

*Glou.* Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer

To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:

Though their injunction be to bar my doors,

And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,

Yet have I ventured to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

*Lear.* First let me talk with this philosopher.

What is the cause of thunder?

*Kent.* Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.

*Lear.* I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

What is your study?

*Edg.* How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

*Lear.* Let me ask you one word in private.

*Kent.* Importune him once more to go, my lord;

His wits begin to unsettle.

*Glou.* Canst thou blame him?

[*Storm still.*]

His daughters seek his death: ah, that good Kent!

He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!

Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself: I had a son,

Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,

But lately, very late: I loved him, friend; No father his son dearer: truth to tell thee,

The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this!

I do beseech your grace,—

*Lear.* O, cry your mercy, sir.

Noble philosopher, your company.

*Edg.* Tom's a-cold.

*Glou.* In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

*Lear.* Come let's in all.

*Kent.* This way, my lord.

*Lear.* With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

*Kent.* Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

*Glou.* Take him you on.

*Kent.* Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

*Lear.* Come, good Athenian.

*Glou.* No words, no words: hush.

*Edg.* Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,  
I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. GLOUCESTER'S castle.

*Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.*

*Corn.* I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

*Edm.* How, my lord, I may be censured,

that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

*Corn.* I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

*Edm.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

*Corn.* Go with me to the duchess.

*Edm.* If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

*Corn.* True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

*Edm.* [*Aside*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

*Corn.* I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle.

*Enter GLOUCESTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.*

*Glou.* Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

*Kent.* All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindness! [*Exit Gloucester.*]

*Edg.* Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

*Fool.* Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

*Lear.* A king, a king!

*Fool.* No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

*Lear.* To have a thousand with red burning spits

Come hissing in upon 'em,—

*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.

*Fool.* He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

*Lear.* It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.

[*To Edgar*] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;

[*To the Fool*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!

*Edg.* Look, where he stands and glares! Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—

*Fool.* Her boat hath a leak,  
And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

*Edg.* The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

*Kent.* How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

*Lear.* I'll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence.

[*To Edgar*] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;

[*To the Fool*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,

Bench by his side: [*To Kent*] you are o' the commission,

Sit you too.

*Edg.* Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is gray.

*Lear.* Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

*Fool.* Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

*Lear.* She cannot deny it.

*Fool.* Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

*Lear.* And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

*Edg.* Bless thy five wits!

*Kent.* O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,

That thou so oft have boasted to retain?

*Edg.* [*Aside*] My tears begin to take his part so much,

They'll mar my counterfeiting.

*Lear.* The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

*Edg.* Tom will throw his head at them.

Avault, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,

Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,

Tom will make them weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

*Lear.* Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? [*To Edgar*] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

*Kent.* Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

*Lear.* Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning. So, so, so.

*Fool.* And I'll go to bed at noon.

*Re-enter GLOUCESTER.*

*Glou.* Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

*Kent.* Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

*Glou.* Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,

And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,



With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in losses: take up, take up;  
And follow me, that will to some provision  
Give thee quick conduct.

*Kent.* Oppressed nature sleeps:  
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,

Which, if convenience will not allow,  
Stand in hard cure. [*To the Fool*] Come,  
help to bear thy master;  
Thou must not stay behind.

*Glou.* Come, come, away.  
[*Exeunt all but Edgar.*]

*Edg.* When we our betters see bearing  
our woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.  
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,  
Leaving free things and happy shows be-  
hind:

But then the mind much sufferance doth  
o'erskip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellow-  
ship.

How light and portable my pain seems  
now,

When that which makes me bend makes  
the king bow,

He childed as I father'd! Tom, away!  
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,

When false opinion, whose wrong thought  
defiles thee,

In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles  
thee.

What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape  
the king!

Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE VII. GLOUCESTER'S castle.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL,  
EDMUND, and Servants.*

*Corn.* Post speedily to my lord your hus-  
band; show him this letter: the army of  
France is landed. Seek out the villain  
Gloucester. [*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

*Reg.* Hang him instantly.

*Gon.* Pluck out his eyes.

*Corn.* Leave him to my displeasure. Ed-  
mund, keep you our sister company: the  
revenges we are bound to take upon your  
traitorous father are not fit for your be-  
holding. Advise the duke, where you are

going, to a most festinate preparation: we  
are bound to the like. Our posts shall be  
swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell,  
dear sister: farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

*Enter OSWALD.*

How now! where's the king?

*Osw.* My lord of Gloucester hath con-  
vey'd him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,  
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;  
Who, with some other of the lords depend-  
ants,

Are gone with him towards Dover; where  
they boast

To have well-armed friends.

*Corn.* Get horses for your mistress.

*Gon.* Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

*Corn.* Edmund, farewell.

[*Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.*]

Go seek the traitor Gloucester,  
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life  
Without the form of justice, yet our power  
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which  
men

May blame, but not control. Who's there?  
the traitor?

*Enter GLOUCESTER, brought in by two or  
three.*

*Reg.* Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

*Corn.* Bind fast his corky arms.

*Glou.* What mean your graces? Good my  
friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play,  
friends.

*Corn.* Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

*Reg.* Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

*Glou.* Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm  
none.

*Corn.* To this chair bind him. Villain,  
thou shalt find—

[*Regan plucks his beard.*]

*Glou.* By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly  
done

To pluck me by the beard.

*Reg.* So white, and such a traitor!

*Glou.* Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from  
my chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your  
host:

With robbers' hands my hospitable favors

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

*Corn.* Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

*Reg.* Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.

*Corn.* And what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

*Reg.* To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?

Speak.

I have a letter guessingly set down,  
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,

And not from one opposed.

*Corn.* Cunning.

*Reg.* And false.

*Corn.* Where hast thou sent the king?

*Glou.* To Dover.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril—

*Corn.* Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

*Glou.* I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover, sir?

*Glou.* Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
In hell-black night endured, would have  
buoy'd up,

And quench'd the stelled fires:

Yet, poor old heart, he hop the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,

Thou shouldst have said 'Good porter, turn the key,'

All cruels else subscribed: but I shall see  
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

*Corn.* See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

*Glou.* He that will think to live till he be old,

Give me some help! O cruel! O you gods!

*Reg.* One side will mock another; the other too.

*Corn.* If you see vengeance,—

*First Serv.* Hold your hand, my lord: I have served you ever since I was a child; But better service have I never done you Than now to bid you hold.

*Reg.* How now, you dog!

*First Serv.* If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

*Corn.* My villain! [*They draw and fight.*]

*First Serv.* Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

*Reg.* Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!

[*Takes a sword, and runs at him behind.*]

*First Serv.* O, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him. O! [*Dies.*]

*Corn.* Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

*Glou.* All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature, To quit this horrid act.

*Reg.* Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he

That made the overture of thy treasons to us;

Who is too good to pity thee.

*Glou.* O my follies! then Edgar was abused.

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

*Reg.* Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Dover.

[*Exit one with Gloucester.*]

How is't, my lord? how look you?

*Corn.* I have received a hurt: follow me, lady.

Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave

Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:

Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm. [*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.*]

*Sec. Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,

If this man come to good.

*Third Serv.* If she live long,

And in the end meet the old course of death,

Women will all turn monsters.

*Sec. Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam

To lead him where he would: his roguish madness

Allows itself to any thing.

*Third Serv.* Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him! [*Exeunt severally.*]

#### ACT IV.

##### SCENE I. *The heath.*

*Enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,

Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,

The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,

Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:

The lamentable change is from the best;

The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,

Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!

The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst

Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes here?

*Enter GLOUCESTER, led by an Old Man.*

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,

Life would not yield to age.

*Old Man.* O, my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

*Glou.* Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:

Thy comforts can do me no good at all; Thee they may hurt.

*Old Man.* Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

*Glou.* I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;

I stumbled when I saw: full oft 'tis seen,  
Our means secure us, and our mere defects  
Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,  
The food of thy abused father's wrath!

Might I but live to see thee in my touch,  
I'd say I had eyes again!

*Old Man.*

How now! Who's there?  
*Edg.* [*Aside*] O gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?

I am worse than e'er I was.

*Old Man.*

'Tis poor mad Tom.

*Edg.* [*Aside*] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not

So long as we can say 'This is the worst.'

*Old Man.* Fellow, where goest?

*Glou.*

Is it a beggar-man?

*Old Man.* Madman and beggar too.

*Glou.* He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;  
Which made me think a man a worm: my son

Came then into my mind; and yet my mind  
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,  
They kill us for their sport.

*Edg.* [*Aside*] How should this be?

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,

Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

*Glou.* Is that the naked fellow?

*Old Man.*

Ay, my lord.

*Glou.* Then, prithee, get thee gone: if, for my sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,

I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;

And bring some covering for this naked soul,

Who I'll entreat to lead me.

*Old Man.*

Alack, sir, he is mad.

*Glou.* 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;  
Above the rest, be gone.

*Old Man.* I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,

Come on't what will.

[*Exit.*]

*Glou.* Sirrah, naked fellow,—

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold. [*Aside*] I cannot daub it further.

*Glou.* Come hither, fellow.

*Edg.* [*Aside*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

*Glou.* Know'st thou the way to Dover?

*Edg.* Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

*Glou.* Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched

Makes thee the happier: heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,  
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see

Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;

So distribution should undo excess,  
And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

*Edg.* Ay, master.

*Glou.* There is a cliff, whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep:

Bring me but to the very brim of it,

And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear  
With something rich about me: from that place

I shall no leading need.

*Edg.* Give me thy arm:  
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the DUKE OF ALBANY's palace.*

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND.*

*Gon.* Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband

Not met us on the way.

*Enter OSWALD.*

Now, where's your master?

*Osw.* Madam, within; but never man so changed.

I told him of the army that was landed;  
He smiled at it: I told him you were coming:

His answer was 'The worse:' of Gloucester's treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,  
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,  
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:

What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;

What like, offensive.

*Gon.* [*To Edm.*] Then shall you go no further.

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,  
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs

Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;

Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:  
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant

Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf,  
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech; [*Giving a favor.*]

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,

Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:  
Conceive, and fare thee well.

*Edm.* Yours in the ranks of death.

*Gon.* My most dear Gloucester!

[*Exit Edmund.*]

O, the difference of man and man!

To thee a woman's services are due:

My fool usurps my body.

*Osw.* Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter the DUKE OF ALBANY.*

*Gon.* I have been worth the whistle.

*Alb.*

O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind

Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:  
That nature, which contemns its origin,  
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;  
She that herself will sliver and disbranch  
From her material sap, perforce must wither

And come to deadly use.

*Gon.* No more; the text is foolish.

*Alb.* Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:



Filths savor but themselves. What have you done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?

A father, and a gracious aged man,  
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear  
would lick,

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?  
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!  
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits  
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,

It will come,  
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,  
Like monsters of the deep.

*Gon.* Milk-liver'd man!  
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning

Thine honor from thy suffering; that not know'st

Fools do those villains pity who are punished

Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;

With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;

Whiles thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and criest

'Alack, why does he so?'

*Alb.* See thyself, devil!  
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend  
So horrid as in woman.

*Gon.* O vain fool!  
*Alb.* Thou changed and self-cover'd thing,  
for shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness

To let these hands obey my blood,  
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear  
Thy flesh and bones: howe'er thou art a fiend,

A woman's shape doth shield thee.

*Gon.* Marry, your manhood now—  
*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alb.* What news?

*Mess.* O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out  
The other eye of Gloucester.

*Alb.* Gloucester's eyes!

*Mess.* A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,

Opposed against the act, bending his sword  
To his great master; who, thereat enraged,  
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;

But not without that harmful stroke, which since

Hath pluck'd him after.

*Alb.* This shows you are above,  
You justicers, that these our nether crimes  
So speedily can venge! But, O poor Gloucester!

Lost he his other eye?

*Mess.* Both, both, my lord.  
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;

'Tis from your sister.

*Gon.* [*Aside*] One way I like this well;  
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,

May all the building in my fancy pluck  
Upon my hateful life: another way,  
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*]

*Alb.* Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

*Mess.* Come with my lady hither.

*Alb.* He is not here.

*Mess.* No, my good lord; I met him back again.

*Alb.* Knows he the wickedness?

*Mess.* Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment

Might have the freer course.

*Alb.* Gloucester, I live  
To thank thee for the love thou show'st  
the king,

And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither,  
friend:

Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The French camp near Dover.*

*Enter KENT and a Gentleman.*

*Kent.* Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

*Gent.* Something he left imperfect in the

state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required and necessary.

*Kent.* Who hath he left behind him general?

*Gent.* The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

*Kent.* Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

*Gent.* Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down

Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen

Over her passion; who, most rebel-like, Sought to be king o'er her.

*Kent.* O, then it moved her.

*Gent.* Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have seen

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears

Were like a better way: those happy smilets,

That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know

What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief, Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved, If all could so become it.

*Kent.* Made she no verbal question?

*Gent.* 'Faith, once or twice she heaved the name of 'father'

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart: Cried 'Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!'

*Kent!* father! sisters! What, i' the storm? i' the night?

Let pity not be believed!' There she shook The holy water from her heavenly eyes, And clamor moisten'd: then away she started

To deal with grief alone.

*Kent.* It is the stars, The stars above us, govern our conditions; Else one self mate and mate could not beget Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

*Gent.* No.

*Kent.* Was this before the king return'd?

*Gent.* No, since.

*Kent.* Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's i' the town;

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers

What we are come about, and by no means Will yield to see his daughter.

*Gent.* Why, good sir?

*Kent.* A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights To his dog-hearted daughters, these things sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame

Detains him from Cordelia.

*Gent.* Alack, poor gentleman!

*Kent.* Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

*Gent.* 'Tis so, they are afoot,

*Kent.* Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause

Will in concealment wrap me up awhile; When I am known aright, you shall not grieve

Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go

Along with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. *The same. A tent.*

*Enter, with drum and colors, CORDELIA, Doctor, and Soldiers.*

*Cor.* Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now

As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud; Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,

With bur-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow In our sustaining corn. A century send forth;

Search every acre in the high-grown field, And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*] What can man's wisdom

In the restoring his bereaved sense? He that helps him take all my outward worth.

*Doct.* There is means, madam:  
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,  
The which he lacks; that to provoke in  
him,

Are many simples operative, whose power  
Will close the eye of anguish.

*Cor.* All blest secrets,  
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,  
Spring with my tears! be aidant and re-  
mediate

In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for  
him;

Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life  
That wants the means to lead it.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* News, madam;  
The British powers are marching hither-  
ward.

*Cor.* 'Tis known before; our preparation  
stands

In expectation of them. O dear father,  
It is thy business that I go about;  
Therefore great France

My mourning and important tears hath  
pitied.

No blown ambition doth our arms incite,  
But love, dear love, and our aged father's  
right:

Soon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V. GLOUCESTER'S castle.

*Enter REGAN and OSWALD.*

*Reg.* But are my brother's powers set  
forth?

*Osw.* Ay, madam.

*Reg.* Himself in person there?

*Osw.* Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

*Reg.* Lord Edmund spake not with your  
lord at home?

*Osw.* No, madam.

*Reg.* What might import my sister's let-  
ter to him?

*Osw.* I know not, lady.

*Reg.* 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious  
matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes  
being out,

To let him live: where he arrives he moves  
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is  
gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life: moreover, to descry  
The strength o' the enemy.

*Osw.* I must needs after him, madam, with  
my letter.

*Reg.* Our troops set forth to-morrow:  
stay with us;

The ways are dangerous.

*Osw.* I may not, madam:  
My lady charged my duty in this business.

*Reg.* Why should she write to Edmund?  
Might not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike,  
Something—I know not what: I'll love thee  
much,

Let me unseal the letter.

*Osw.* Madam, I had rather—

*Reg.* I know your lady does not love her  
husband;

I am sure of that: and at her late being here  
She gave strange ceillades and most speak-  
ing looks

To noble Edmund. I know you are of her  
bosom.

*Osw.* I, madam?

*Reg.* I speak in understanding; you are, I  
know't:

Therefore I do advise you, take this note:  
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;  
And more convenient is he for my hand  
Than for your lady's: you may gather  
more.

If you do find him, pray you, give him  
this;

And when your mistress hears thus much  
from you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.  
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind  
traitor,

Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

*Osw.* Would I could meet him, madam!  
I should show

What party I do follow.

*Reg.* Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VI. Fields near Dover.

*Enter GLOUCESTER, and EDGAR dressed like  
a peasant.*

*Glou.* When shall we come to the top of  
that same hill?

*Edg.* You do climb up it now: look, how  
we labor

*Glou.* Methinks the ground is even.

*Edg.* Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

*Glou.* No, truly.

*Edg.* Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.

*Glou.* So may it be, indeed:

Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st

In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

*Edg.* You're much deceived: in nothing am I changed

But in my garments.

*Glou.* Methinks you're better spoken.

*Edg.* Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the mid-way air

Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,

Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more;

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight

Topple down headlong.

*Glou.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* Give me your hand: you are now within a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

*Glou.* Let go my hand.

Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods

Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off;

Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

*Edg.* Now fare you well, good sir.

*Glou.* With all my heart.

*Edg.* Why I do trifle thus with his despair

Is done to cure it.

*Glou.* [*Kneeling*] O you mighty gods! This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,

Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff and loathed part of nature should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!

Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He falls forward.*]

*Edg.* Gone, sir: farewell.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, when life itself

Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,

By this, had thought been past. Alive or dead?

Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak!

Thus might he pass indeed: yet he revives.

What are you, sir?

*Glou.* Away, and let me die.

*Edg.* Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,

Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou

dost breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude

Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:

Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

*Glou.* But have I fall'n, or no?

*Edg.* From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.

Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

*Glou.* Alack, I have no eyes.

Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,

To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,

And frustrate his proud will.

*Edg.* Give me your arm:

Up: so. How is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

*Glou.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that

Which parted from you?

*Glou.* A poor unfortunate beggar.



*Edg.* As I stood here below, methought  
his eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand  
noses,

Horns whelk'd and waved like the enridged  
sea:

It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy  
father,

Think that the clearest gods, who make  
them honors

Of men's impossibilities, have preserved  
thee.

*Glou.* I do remember now: henceforth  
I'll bear

Affliction till it do cry out itself

'Enough, enough,' and die. That thing you  
speak of,

I took it for a man; often 'twould say

'The fiend, the fiend:' he led me to that  
place.

*Edg.* Bear free and patient thoughts. But  
who comes here?

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with wild  
flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate  
His master thus.

*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for coin-  
ing: I am the king himself.

*Edg.* O thou side-piercing sight!

*Lear.* Nature's above art in that respect.  
There's your press-money. That fellow  
handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw  
me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse!  
Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese  
will do 't. There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it  
on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O,  
well flown, bird! i' the clout, i' the clout:  
hewgh! Give the word.

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pass.

*Glou.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! Goneril, with a white beard!  
They flattered me like a dog; and told me  
I had white hairs in my beard ere the black  
ones were there. To say 'ay' and 'no' to  
every thing that I said!—'Ay' and 'no' too  
was no good divinity. When the rain came  
to wet me once, and the wind to make me  
chatter; when the thunder would not peace  
at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I  
smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o'  
their words: they told me I was every  
thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

*Glou.* The trick of that voice I do well  
remember:

Is 't not the king?

*Lear.* Ay, every inch a king:  
When I do stare, see how the subject  
quakes.

I pardon that man's life. What was thy  
cause?

Adultery?

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:  
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded  
fly

Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's  
bastard son

Was kinder to his father than my daughters  
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To 't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.

Behold yond simpering dame,

Whose face between her forks presages  
snow;

That minces virtue, and does shake the  
head

To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't  
With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are Centaurs,

Though women all above:

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,

Beneath is all the fiends';

There's hell, there's darkness, there's the  
sulphurous pit,

Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie,  
fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of  
civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my  
imagination: there's money for thee.

*Glou.* O, let me kiss that hand!

*Lear.* Let me wipe it first; it smells of  
mortality.

*Glou.* O ruin'd piece of nature! This great  
world

Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou  
know me?

*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough.  
Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst,  
blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this  
challenge; mark but the penning of it.

*Glou.* Were all the letters suns, I could  
not see one.

*Edg.* I would not take this from report;  
it is,

And my heart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glou.* What, with the case of eyes?

*Lear.* O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light; yet you see how this world goes.

*Glou.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear.* What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

*Glou.* Ay, sir.

*Lear.* And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand! Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now:

Pull off my boots: harder, harder: so.

*Edg.* O, matter and impertinency mix'd! Reason in madness!

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,

We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee: mark.

*Glou.* Alack, alack the day!

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry that we are come

To this great stage of fools: this a good block;

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt: I'll put 't in proof;

And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

*Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.*

*Gent.* O, here he is: lay hand upon him. Sir,

Your most dear daughter—

*Lear.* No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even

The natural fool of fortune. Use me well; You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;

I am cut to the brains.

*Gent.* You shall have any thing.

*Lear.* No seconds? all myself?

Why, this would make a man a man of salt, To use his eyes for garden water-pots, Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

*Gent.* Good sir,—

*Lear.* I will die bravely, like a bridegroom. What!

I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king, My masters, know you that.

*Gent.* You are a royal one, and we obey you.

*Lear.* Then there's life in't. Nay, if you get it, you shall get it with running. Sa, sa, sa, sa. [*Exit running; Attendants follow.*]

*Gent.* A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,

Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse

Which twain have brought her to.

*Edg.* Hail, gentle sir.

*Gent.* Sir, speed you: what's your will?

*Edg.* Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

*Gent.* Most sure and vulgar: every one hears that,

Which can distinguish sound.

*Edg.* But, by your favor,  
How near's the other army?

*Gent.* Near and on speedy foot; the main  
descry

Stands on the hourly thought.

*Edg.* I thank you, sir: that's all.

*Gent.* Though that the queen on special  
cause is here,

Her army is moved on.

*Edg.* I thank you, sir.  
[*Exit Gent.*]

*Glou.* You ever-gentle gods, take my  
breath from me;

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again  
To die before you please!

*Edg.* Well pray you, father.

*Glou.* Now, good sir, what are you?

*Edg.* A most poor man, made tame to  
fortune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling  
sorrows,

Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your  
hand,

I'll lead you to some biding.

*Glou.* Hearty thanks:  
The bounty and the benison of heaven  
To boot, and boot!

*Enter OSWALD.*

*Osw.* A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!  
That eyeless head of thine was first framed  
flesh

To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy  
traitor,

Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out  
That must destroy thee.

*Glou.* Now let thy friendly hand  
Put strength enough to't. [*Edgar interposes.*]

*Osw.* Wherefore, bold peasant,  
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor?

Hence;  
Lest that the infection of his fortune take  
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

*Edg.* Chill not let go, zir, without vurther  
'casion.

*Osw.* Let go, slave, or thou diest!

*Edg.* Good gentleman, go your gait, and  
let poor volk pass. An chud ha' bin zwag-  
gered out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin  
zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come  
not near th' old man; keep out, che vor ye,  
or ise try whether your costard or my  
ballow be the harder: chill be plain with  
you.

*Osw.* Out, dunghill!

*Edg.* Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no  
matter vor your foins.

[*They fight, and Edgar knocks him down.*]

*Osw.* Slave, thou hast slain me: villain,  
take my purse:

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;  
And give the letters which thou find'st  
about me

To Edmund earl of Gloucester; seek him  
out

Upon the British party: O, untimely death!  
[*Dies.*]

*Edg.* I know thee well: a serviceable  
villain;

As duteous to the vices of thy mistress  
As badness would desire.

*Glou.* What, is he dead?

*Edg.* Sit you down, father; rest you  
Let's see these pockets: the letters that he  
speaks of

May be my friends. He's dead; I am only  
sorry

He had no other death's-man. Let us see:  
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us  
not:

To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip  
their hearts;

Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] 'Let our reciprocal vows be re-  
membered. You have many opportunities  
to cut him off: if your will want not, time  
and place will be fruitfully offered. There  
is nothing done, if he return the conqueror;  
then am I the prisoner, and his bed my  
goal; from the loathed warmth whereof  
deliver me, and supply the place for your  
labor.

'Your—wife, so I would say—  
'Affectionate servant,  
'GONERIL.'

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!  
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;  
And the exchange my brother! Here, in  
the sands,

Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified  
Of murderous lechers: and in the mature  
time

With this ungracious paper strike the sight  
Of the death practised duke: for him 'tis  
well

That of thy death and business I can tell.

*Glou.* The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,  
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling  
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:

So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,

And woes by wrong imaginations lose  
The knowledge of themselves.

*Edg.* Give me your hand:  
[*Drum afar off.*

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:  
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *A tent in the French camp.*

*LEAR on a bed asleep, soft music playing;  
Gentleman, and others attending.*

*Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and Doctor.*

*Cor.* O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,

And every measure fail me.

*Kent.* To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.

All my reports go with the modest truth;  
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

*Cor.* Be better suited:  
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:

I prithee, put them off.

*Kent.* Pardon me, dear madam;  
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:  
My boon I make it, that you know me not  
Till time and I think meet.

*Cor.* Then be't so, my good lord. [*To the Doctor*] How does the king?

*Doct.* Madam, sleeps still.

*Cor.* O you kind gods,  
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!  
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up

Of this child-changed father!

*Doct.* So please your majesty  
That we may wake the king: he hath slept long.

*Cor.* Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed

I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

*Gent.* Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep

We put fresh garments on him.

*Doct.* Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

*Cor.* Very well.

*Doct.* Please you, draw near. Louder the music there!

*Cor.* O my dear father! Restoration hang  
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters

Have in thy reverence made!

*Kent.* Kind and dear princess!

*Cor.* Had you not been their father, these white flakes

Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face

To be opposed against the warring winds?  
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?

In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!—

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night

Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,

To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,

In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!  
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once  
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.

*Doct.* Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

*Cor.* How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

*Lear.* You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave;

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead.

*Cor.* Sir, do you know me?

*Lear.* You are a spirit, I know: when did you die?

*Cor.* Still, still, far wide!

*Doct.* He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

*Lear.* Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?

I am mightily abused. I should e'en die with pity,

To see another thus. I know not what to say.



I will not swear these are my hands: let's see;

I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured Of my condition!

*Cor.* O, look upon me, sir,  
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:

No, sir, you must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray, do not mock me:  
I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more  
nor less;

And, to deal plainly,

I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks I should know you, and know  
this man;

Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant

What place this is; and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments; nor I know  
not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh  
at me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

*Cor.* And so I am, I am.

*Lear.* Be your tears wet? yes, 'faith. I  
pray, weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me; for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:  
You have some cause, they have not.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause.

*Lear.* Am I in France?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Doct.* Be comforted, good madam: the  
great rage,

You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is  
danger

To make him even o'er the time he has lost.  
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more  
Till further settling.

*Cor.* Will't please your highness walk?

*Lear.* You must bear with me:  
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am  
old and foolish.

[*Exeunt all but Kent and Gentleman.*]

*Gent.* Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of  
Cornwall was so slain?

*Kent.* Most certain, sir.

*Gent.* Who is conductor of his people?

*Kent.* As 'tis said, the bastard son of  
Gloucester.

*Gent.* They say Edgar, his banished son,  
is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

*Kent.* Report is changeable. 'Tis time to  
look about; the powers of the kingdom ap-  
proach apace.

*Gent.* The arbitrement is like to be  
bloody. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Kent.* My point and period will be  
thoroughly wrought,  
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.  
[*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The British camp, near Dover.*

*Enter, with drum and colors, EDMUND,  
REGAN, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

*Edm.* Know of the duke if his last pur-  
pose hold,

Or whether since he is advised by aught  
To change the course: he's full of altera-  
tion

And self-reproving: bring his constant  
pleasure.

[*To a Gentleman, who goes out.*]

*Reg.* Our sister's man is certainly miscar-  
ried.

*Edm.* 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

*Reg.* Now, sweet lord,  
You know the goodness I intend upon you:  
Tell me—but truly—but then speak the  
truth,

Do you not love my sister?

*Edm.* In honor'd love.

*Reg.* But have you never found my  
brother's way

To the forfended place?

*Edm.* That thought abuses you.

*Reg.* I am doubtful that you have been  
conjunct

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call  
hers.

*Edm.* No, by mine honor, madam.

*Reg.* I never shall endure her: dear my  
lord,

Be not familiar with her.

*Edm.* Fear me not:  
She and the duke her husband!

*Enter, with drum and colors, ALBANY,  
GONERIL, and Soldiers.*

*Gon.* [*Aside*] I had rather lose the battle  
than that sister  
Should loosen him and me.

*Alb.* Our very loving sister, well be-met.  
Sir, this I hear; the king is come to his  
daughter,

With others whom the rigor of our state  
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be  
honest,

I never yet was valiant: for this business,  
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,  
Not below the king, with others, whom, I  
fear,

Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

*Edm.* Sir, you speak nobly.

*Reg.* Why is this reason'd?

*Gon.* Combine together 'gainst the enemy;  
For these domestic and particular broils  
Are not the question here.

*Alb.* Let's then determine  
With the ancient of war on our proceed-  
ings.

*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your  
tent.

*Reg.* Sister, you'll go with us?

*Gon.* No.

*Reg.* 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go  
with us.

*Gon.* [*Aside*] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I  
will go.

*As they are going out, enter EDGAR  
disguised.*

*Edg.* If e'er your grace had speech with  
man so poor,  
Hear me one word.

*Alb.* I'll overtake you. Speak.  
[*Exeunt all but Albany and Edgar.*]

*Edg.* Before you fight the battle, ope this  
letter.

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound  
For him that brought it: wretched though  
I seem,

I can produce a champion that will prove  
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,  
Your business of the world hath so an end,  
And machination ceases. Fortune love you.

*Alb.* Stay till I have read the letter.

*Edg.* I was forbid it.  
When time shall serve, let but the herald  
cry

And I'll appear again.

*Alb.* Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook  
thy paper. [*Exit Edgar.*]

*Re-enter EDMUND.*

*Edm.* The enemy's in view; draw up your  
powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and  
forces

By diligent discovery; but your haste  
Is now urged on you.

*Alb.* We will greet the time. [*Exit.*]

*Edm.* To both these sisters have I sworn  
my love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung  
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I  
take?

Both? one? or neither? Neither can be  
enjoy'd,

If both remain alive: to take the widow  
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;  
And hardly shall I carry out my side,  
Her husband being alive. Now then we'll  
use

His countenance for the battle; which  
being done,

Let her who would be rid of him devise  
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy  
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,  
The battle done, and they within our  
power,

Shall never see his pardon: for my state  
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A field between the two camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and  
colors, LEAR, CORDELIA, and Soldiers, over  
the stage; and exeunt.*

*Enter EDGAR and GLOUCESTER.*

*Edg.* Here, father, take the shadow of this  
tree

For your good host; pray that the right  
may thrive;

If ever I return to you again,  
I'll bring you comfort.

*Glou.* Grace go with you, sir!  
[*Exit Edgar.*]

*Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Away, old man; give me thy hand;  
away!

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter  
ta'en:

Give me thy hand; come on.

*Glou.* No farther, sir; a man may rot even  
here.

*Edg.* What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure  
 Their going hence, even as their coming hither:  
 Ripeness is all: come on.  
*Glou.* And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The British camp near Dover.*

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colors, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, prisoners; Captain, Soldiers, &c.*

*Edm.* Some officers take them away: good guard,  
 Until their greater pleasures first be known  
 That are to censure them.

*Cor.* We are not the first  
 Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;  
 Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.

Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

*Lear.* No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:

When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,

And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,  
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
 Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,

Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;

And take upon's the mystery of things,  
 As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,

In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,

That ebb and flow by the moon.

*Edm.* Take them away.

*Lear.* Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,  
 The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,

And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;

The good-years shall devour them, flesh and fell,  
 Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em starve first.

*Come.* [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*]

*Edg.* Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note [*giving a paper*]; go follow them to prison:

One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost  
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way

To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men

Are as the time is: to be tender-minded  
 Does not become a sword: thy great employment

Will not bear question; either say thou't do't,

Or thrive by other means.

*Capt.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Edm.* About it; and write happy when thou hast done

Mark, I say, instantly; and carry it so  
 As I have set it down.

*Capt.* I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;

If it be man's work, I'll do't. [*Exit.*]

*Flourish.* *Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, another Captain, and Soldiers.*

*Alb.* Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,

And fortune led you well: you have the captives

That were the opposites of this day's strife:  
 We do require them of you, so to use them  
 As we shall find their merits and our safety  
 May equally determine.

*Edm.* Sir, I thought it fit  
 To send the old and miserable king  
 To some retention and appointed guard;  
 Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,

To pluck the common bosom on his side,  
 And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes  
 Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready  
 To-morrow, or at further space, to appear  
 Where you shall hold your session. At this time

We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are  
cursed  
By those that feel their sharpness:  
The question of Cordelia and her father  
Requires a fitter place.  
*Alb.* Sir, by your patience,  
I hold you but a subject of this war,  
Not as a brother.  
*Reg.* That's as we list to grace him.  
Methinks our pleasure might have been de-  
manded,  
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our  
powers;  
Bore the commission of my place and  
person;  
The which immediacy may well stand up,  
And call itself your brother.  
*Gon.* Not so hot:  
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,  
More than in your addition.  
*Reg.* In my rights,  
By me invested, he compeers the best.  
*Gon.* That were the most, if he should  
husband you.  
*Reg.* Jesters do oft prove prophets.  
*Gon.* Holla, holla!  
That eye that told you so look'd but  
a-squint.  
*Reg.* Lady, I am not well; else I should  
answer  
From a full-flowing stomach. General,  
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patri-  
mony;  
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:  
Witness the world, that I create thee here  
My lord and master.  
*Gon.* Mean you to enjoy him?  
*Alb.* The let-alone lies not in your good  
will.  
*Edm.* Nor in thine, lord.  
*Alb.* Half-blooded fellow, yes.  
*Reg.* [*To Edmund*] Let the drum strike,  
and prove my title thine.  
*Alb.* Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I  
arrest thee  
On capital treason; and, in thine attain't,  
This gilded serpent [*pointing to Gon.*].  
For your claim, fair sister,  
I bar it in the interest of my wife:  
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,  
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.  
If you will marry, make your loves to me,  
My lady is bespoken.

*Gon.* An interlude!  
*Alb.* Thou art arm'd, Gloucester: let the  
trumpet sound:  
If none appear to prove upon thy head  
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,  
There is my pledge [*throwing down a  
glove*]; I'll prove it on thy heart,  
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less  
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.  
*Reg.* Sick, O, sick!  
*Gon.* [*Aside*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medi-  
cine.  
*Edm.* There's my exchange [*throwing  
down a glove*]: what in the world  
he is  
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:  
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares ap-  
proach,  
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain  
My truth and honor firmly.  
*Alb.* A herald, ho!  
*Edm.* A herald, ho, a herald!  
*Alb.* Trust to thy single virtue; for thy  
soldiers,  
All levied in my name, have in my name  
Took their discharge.  
*Reg.* My sickness grows upon me.  
*Alb.* She is not well; convey her to my  
tent. [*Exit Regan, led.*]  
*Enter a Herald.*  
Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet  
sound,  
And read out this.  
*Capt.* Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*]  
*Her.* [*Reads*] 'If any man of quality or  
degree within the lists of the army will  
maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of  
Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor,  
let him appear by the third sound of the  
trumpet: he is bold in his defence.'  
*Edm.* Sound! [*First trumpet.*]  
*Her.* Again! [*Second trumpet.*]  
*Her.* Again! [*Third trumpet.*]  
[*Trumpet answers within.*]  
*Enter EDGAR, at the third sound, armed,  
with a trumpet before him.*  
*Alb.* Ask him his purposes, why he ap-  
pears  
Upon this call o' the trumpet.  
*Her.* What are you?  
Your name, your quality? and why you  
answer  
This present summons?



*Edg.* Know, my name is lost;  
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:

Yet am I noble as the adversary  
I come to cope.

*Alb.* Which is that adversary?

*Edg.* What's he that speaks for Edmund  
Earl of Gloucester?

*Edm.* Himself: what say'st thou to him?

*Edg.* Draw thy sword,

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,  
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.  
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honors,  
My oath, and my profession: I protest,  
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and  
eminence,

Despite thy victor sword and fire-new for-  
tune,

Thy valor and thy heart, thou art a traitor;  
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy  
father;

Conspirant 'gainst this high-illustrious  
prince;

And, from the extremest upward of thy  
head

To the descent and dust below thy foot,  
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou 'No,'  
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits,  
are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,  
Thou liest.

*Edm.* In wisdom I should ask thy name;  
But, since thy outside looks so fair and  
warlike,

And that thy tongue some say of breeding  
breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay  
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and  
spurn:

Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;  
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy  
heart;

Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely  
bruise,

This sword of mine shall give them instant  
way,

Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets,  
speak!

[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*]

*Alb.* Save him, save him!

*Gon.* This is practice, Gloucester:  
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to  
answer

An unknown opposite; thou art not van-  
quish'd,

But cozen'd and beguiled.

*Alb.* Shut your mouth, dame,  
Or with this paper shall I stop it: Hold,  
sir:

Thou worse than any name, read thine  
own evil:

No tearing, lady: I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*]

*Gon.* Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not  
thine:

Who can arraign me for't.

*Alb.* Most monstrous! oh!

Know'st thou this paper?

*Gon.* Ask me not what I know. [*Exit.*]

*Alb.* Go after her: she's desperate; gov-  
ern her.

*Edm.* What you have charged me with,  
that have I done;

And more, much more; the time will bring  
it out:

'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou  
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt  
noble,

I do forgive thee.

*Edg.* Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Ed-  
mund;

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.  
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to plague us:

The dark and vicious place where thee he  
got

Cost him his eyes.

*Edm.* Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;  
The wheel is come full circle: I am here.

*Alb.* Methought thy very gait did proph-  
esy

A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:  
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I  
Did hate thee or thy father!

*Edg.* Worthy prince, I know't.

*Alb.* Where have you hid yourself?  
How have you known the miseries of your  
father?

*Edg.* By nursing them, my lord. List a  
brief tale;

And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would  
burst!

The bloody proclamation to escape,

That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives'  
sweetness!  
That we the pain of death would hourly  
die  
Rather than die at once!—taught me to  
shift  
Into a madman's rags; to assume a sem-  
blance  
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit  
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,  
Their precious stones new lost: became his  
guide,  
Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from  
despair;  
Never,—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto  
him,  
Until some half-hour past, when I was  
arm'd:  
Not sure, though hoping, of this good suc-  
cess,  
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last  
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd  
heart,  
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!  
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and  
grief,  
Burst smilingly.  
*Edm.* This speech of yours hath moved  
me,  
And shall perchance do good: but speak  
you on;  
You look as you had something more to  
say.  
*Alb.* If there be more, more woeful, hold  
it in;  
For I am almost ready to dissolve,  
Hearing of this.  
*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period  
To such as love not sorrow; but another,  
To amplify too much, would make much  
more,  
And top extremity.  
Whilst I was big in clamor came there in  
a man,  
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,  
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then,  
finding  
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong  
arms  
He fastened on my neck, and bellow'd out  
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my  
father;  
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him

That ever ear received: which in recount-  
ing  
His grief grew puissant and the strings of  
life  
Began to crack: twice then the trumpets  
sounded,  
And there I left him tranced.  
*Alb.* But who was this?  
*Edg.* Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in  
disguise  
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him  
service  
Improper for a slave.  
*Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.*  
*Gent.* Help, help, O, help!  
*Edg.* What kind of help?  
*Alb.* Speak, man.  
*Edg.* What means that bloody knife?  
*Gent.* 'Tis hot, it smokes;  
It came even from the heart of—O, she's  
dead!  
*Alb.* Who dead? speak, man.  
*Gent.* Your lady, sir, your lady: and her  
sister  
By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.  
*Edm.* I was contracted to them both: all  
three  
Now marry in an instant.  
*Edg.* Here comes Kent.  
*Alb.* Produce their bodies, be they alive  
or dead:  
This judgment of the heavens, that makes  
us tremble,  
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]  
*Enter KENT.*  
O, is this he?  
The time will not allow the compliment  
Which very manners urges.  
*Kent.* I am come  
To bid my king and master aye good night:  
Is he not here?  
*Alb.* Great thing of us forgot!  
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and  
where's Cordelia?  
See'st thou this object, Kent?  
[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*]  
*Kent.* Alack, why thus?  
*Edm.* Yet Edmund was beloved:  
The one the other poison'd for my sake,  
And after slew herself.  
*Alb.* Even so. Cover their faces.

*Edm.* I pant for life: some good I mean to do,

Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,  
Be brief in it, to the castle; for my writ  
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:  
Nay, send in time.

*Alb.* Run, run, O, run!

*Edg.* To who, my lord? Who hath the  
office? send

Thy token of reprieve.

*Edm.* Well thought on: take my sword,  
Give it the captain.

*Alb.* Haste thee, for thy life.

[*Exit Edgar.*]

*Edm.* He hath commission from thy wife  
and me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and  
To lay the blame upon her own despair,  
That she fordid herself.

*Alb.* The gods defend her! Bear him  
hence awhile. [*Edmund is borne off.*]

*Re-enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his  
arms; EDGAR, Captain, and others fol-  
lowing.*

*Lear.* Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you  
are men of stones:

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them  
so

That heaven's vault should crack. She's  
gone for ever!

I know when one is dead, and when one  
lives;

She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-  
glass;

If that her breath will mist or stain the  
stone,

Why, then she lives.

*Kent.* Is this the promised end?

*Edg.* Or image of that horror?

*Alb.* Fall, and cease!

*Lear.* This feather stirs: she lives! if it  
be so,

It is a chance which does redeem all sor-  
rows

That ever I have felt.

*Kent.* [*Kneeling*] O my good master!

*Lear.* Prithee, away.

*Edg.* 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

*Lear.* A plague upon you, murderers, trait-  
tors all!

I might have saved her; now she's gone for  
ever!

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever  
soft,

Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in  
woman.

I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

*Capt.* 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

*Lear.* Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting  
falchion

I would have made them skip: I am old  
now,

And these same crosses spoil me. Who are  
you?

Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you  
straight.

*Kent.* If fortune brag of two she loved  
and hated,

One of them we behold.

*Lear.* This is a dull sight. Are you not  
Kent?

*Kent.* The same,  
Your servant Kent. Where is your serv-  
ant Caius?

*Lear.* He's a good fellow, I can tell you  
that;

He'll strike, and quickly too: he's dead and  
rotten.

*Kent.* No, my good lord; I am the very  
man,—

*Lear.* I'll see that straight.

*Kent.* That, from your first of difference  
and decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

*Lear.* You are welcome hither.

*Kent.* Nor no man else: all's cheerless,  
dark, and deadly.

Your eldest daughters have fordone them-  
selves,

And desperately are dead.

*Lear.* Ay, so I think.

*Alb.* He knows not what he says: and  
vain it is

That we present us to him.

*Edg.* Very bootless.

*Enter a Captain.*

*Capt.* Edmund is dead, my lord.

*Alb.* That's but a trifle here.

You lords and noble friends, know our in-  
tent.

What comfort to this great decay may  
come

Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power: [*To Edgar and Kent*] you, to your rights:

With boot, and such addition as your hon-  
ors

Have more than merited. All friends shall  
taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes  
The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!

*Lear.* And my poor fool is hang'd! No,  
no, no life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,  
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come  
no more,

Never, never, never, never, never!

Pray you, undo this button: thank you,  
sir.

Do you see this? Look on her, look, her  
lips,

Look there, look there! [*Dies.*

*Edg.* He faints! My lord, my lord!

*Kent.* Break, heart; I prithee, break!

*Edg.* Look up, my lord.

*Kent.* Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass!  
he hates him much

That would upon the rack of this tough  
world

Stretch him out longer.

*Edg.* He is gone, indeed.

*Kent.* The wonder is, he hath endured so  
long:

He but usurp'd his life.

*Alb.* Bear them from hence. Our present  
business

Is general woe. [*To Kent and Edgar*]  
Friends of my soul, you twain

Rule in this realm, and the gored state sus-  
tain.

*Kent.* I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;  
My master calls me, I must not say no.

*Alb.* The weight of this sad time we must  
obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to  
say.

The oldest hath borne most: we that are  
young

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]



# MACBETH

Written about 1606.

## INTRODUCTION

*Macbeth* was seen acted by Dr. Forman—who gives a detailed sketch of the play—on April 20, 1610; but the characteristics of versification forbid us to place it after *Pericles* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, or very near *The Tempest*. Upon the whole, the internal evidence supports the opinion of Malone, that the play was written about 1606. The materials for his play Shakespeare found in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, connecting the portion which treats of Duncan and Macbeth with Holinshed's account of the murder of King Duffe by Donwald. The appearance of Banquo's ghost and the sleep-walking of Lady Macbeth appear to be inventions of the dramatist. The Cambridge editors, Messrs. Clark and Wright, are of opinion that *Macbeth* was interpolated with passages by Middleton, but this theory is in a high degree doubtful. While in *Hamlet* and others of Shakespeare's plays we feel that Shakespeare refined upon or brooded over his thoughts, *Macbeth* seems as if struck out at a heat and imagined from first to last with unabated fervor. It is like a sketch by a great master in which every thing is executed with rapidity and power, and a subtlety of workmanship which has become instructive. The theme of the drama is the gradual ruin through yielding to evil within and evil without, of a man, who, though from the first tainted by base and ambitious thoughts, yet possessed elements in his nature of possible honor and loyalty. The contrast between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, united by their affections, their fortunes and their crime, is made to illustrate and light up the character of each. Macbeth has physical courage, but moral weakness, and is subject to excited imaginative fears. His faint and intermittent loyalty embarrasses him—he would have the gains of crime without its pains. But when once his hands are dyed with blood, he hardly cares to withdraw them, and the same fears which had tended to hold him back from murder now urge him on to double and treble murders until slaughter, almost reckless, becomes the habit of his reign. At last the gallant soldier of the opening of the play fights for his life with a wild and brute-like force. His whole existence has become joyless and loveless, and yet he clings to existence. Lady Macbeth is of a finer and more delicate nature. Having fixed her eye upon an end—the attainment for her husband of Duncan's crown—she accepts the inevitable means; she nerves herself for the terrible night's work by artificial stimulants; yet she cannot strike the sleeping king who resembles her father. Having sustained her weaker husband, her own strength gives way; and in sleep, when her will cannot control her thoughts, she is piteously afflicted by the memory of one stain of blood upon her little hand. At last her thread of life snaps suddenly. Macbeth, whose affection for her was real, has sunk too far in the apathy of joyless crime to feel deeply her loss. Banquo, the loyal soldier, praying for restraint against evil thoughts which enter his mind as they had entered Macbeth's, but which work no evil there, is set over against Macbeth, as virtue is set over against disloyalty. The witches are the supernatural beings of terror, in harmony with Shakespeare's tragic period, as the fairies of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* are the supernatural beings of his days of fancy and frolic, and as Ariel is the supernatural genius of his latest period. There is at once a grossness, a horrible reality about the witches, and a mystery and grandeur of evil influence.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.

MALCOLM, } his sons.  
DONALBAIN, }

MACBETH, } generals of the king's army.  
BANQUO, }

MACDUFF, }  
LENNOX, }  
ROSS, } noblemen of Scotland.  
MENTEITH, }  
ANGUS, }  
CAITHNESS, }

FLEANCE, son to Banquo.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general  
of the English forces.

Young SIWARD, his son.

SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Boy, son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Mac-  
beth.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Mur-  
derers, Attendants, and Messengers.

SCENE: Scotland: England.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *A desert place.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three  
Witches.*

*First Witch.* When shall we three meet  
again

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

*Sec. Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

*Third Witch.* That will be ere the set of  
sun.

*First Witch.* Where the place?

*Sec. Witch.* Upon the heath.

*Third Witch.* There to meet with Mac-  
beth.

*First Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!

*Sec. Witch.* Paddock calls.

*Third Witch.* Anon.

*All.* Fair is foul, and foul is fair:  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

*Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM,  
DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants,  
meeting a bleeding Sergeant.*

*Dun.* What bloody man is that? He can  
report,

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the sergeant  
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the king the knowledge of the  
broil

As thou didst leave it.

*Ser.* Doubtful it stood;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling to-  
gether

And choke their art. The merciless Mac-  
donwald—

Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
The multiplying vallasies of nature  
Do swarm upon him—from the western  
isles

Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;  
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smil-  
ing,

Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too  
weak:

For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that  
name—

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd  
steel,

Which smoked with bloody execution,  
Like valor's minion carved out his pas-  
sage

Till he faced the slave;

Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade fare-  
well to him,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to  
the chaps,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

*Dun.* O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

*Ser.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflection

Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,

So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:

No sooner justice had with valor arm'd Compell'd these skipping kerns to thrust their heels,

But the Norway lord surveying vantage, With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,

Began a fresh assault.

*Dun.* Dismay'd not this Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

*Ser.* Yes;  
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,

Or memorize another Golgotha,  
I cannot tell.

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

*Dun.* So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;

They smack of honor both. Go get him surgeons. [*Exit Sergeant, attended.*]

Who comes here?

*Enter Ross.*

*Mal.* The worthythane of Ross.

*Len.* What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look

That seems to speak things strange.

*Ross.* God save the king!

*Dun.* Whence camest thou, worthythane?

*Ross.* From Fife, great king;  
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky

And fan our people cold. Norway himself.

With terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

Thethane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,

Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,

The victory fell on us.

*Dun.* Great happiness!

*Ross.* That now

Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition:

Nor would we deign him burial of his men

Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

*Dun.* No more thatthane of Cawdor shall deceive

Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.  
*Ross.* I'll see it done.

*Dun.* What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A heath near Forres.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

*First Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

*Sec. Witch.* Killing swine.

*Third Witch.* Sister, where thou?

*First Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,

And munch'd, and munch'd, and

munch'd:—'Give me,' quoth I:  
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

*Sec. Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

*First Witch.* Thou'rt kind.

*Third Witch.* And I another.

*First Witch.* I myself have all the other,

And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid:

Weary se'nnights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

Look what I have.

*Sec. Witch.* Show me, show me.

*First Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

*Third Witch.* A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

*All.* The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about:

Thrice to thine and thrice to mine

And thrice again, to make up nine.

Peace! the charm's wound up.

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not  
seen.

*Ban.* How far is't call'd for Forres? What  
are these

So wither'd and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the  
earth,

And yet are on't? Live you? or are you  
aught

That man may question? You seem to  
understand me,

By each at once her chappy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips: you should be  
women,

And yet your beards forbid me to in-  
terpret

That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can: what are you?

*First Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to  
thee, thane of Glamis!

*Sec. Witch.* All hail, Macbeth, hail to  
thee, thane of Cawdor!

*Third Witch.* All hail, Macbeth, thou  
shalt be king hereafter!

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start; and  
seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair? I' the name  
of truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble  
partner

You greet with present grace and great  
prediction

Of noble having and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal: to me you  
speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow and which  
will not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor  
fear

Your favors nor your hate.

*First Witch.* Hail!

*Sec. Witch.* Hail!

*Third Witch.* Hail!

*First Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and  
greater.

*Sec. Witch.* Not so happy, yet much  
happier.

*Third Witch.* Thou shalt get kings,  
though thou be none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

*First Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all  
hail!

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell  
me more:

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of  
Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor  
lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from  
whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our  
way

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I  
charge you. [*Witches vanish.*]

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the  
water has,

And these are of them. Whither are they  
vanish'd?

*Macb.* Into the air; and what seem'd cor-  
poral melted

As breath into the wind. Would they had  
stay'd!

*Ban.* Were such things here as we do  
speak about?

Or have we eaten on the insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner?

*Macb.* Your children shall be kings.

*Ban.* You shall be king.

*Macb.* And thane of Cawdor too: went  
it not so?

*Ban.* To the selfsame tune and words.  
Who's here?



*Enter Ross and ANGUS.*

*Ross.* The king hath happily received,  
Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; and when he  
reads

Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend  
Which should be thine or his: silenced  
with that,

In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame  
day,

He finds thee in the stout Norwegian  
ranks,

Nothing afeard of what thyself didst  
make,

Strange images of death. As thick as hail  
Came post with post; and every one did  
bear

Thy praises in his kingdom's great de-  
fence,

And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent  
To give thee from our royal master  
thanks;

Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

*Ross.* And, for an earnest of a greater  
honor,

He bade me, from him, call thee thane  
of Cawdor:

In which addition, hail, most worthy  
thane!

For it is thine.

*Ban.* What, can the devil speak true?

*Macb.* The thane of Cawdor lives: why  
do you dress me

In borrow'd robes?

*Ang.* Who was the thane lives yet;  
But under heavy judgment bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he  
was combined

With those of Norway, or did line the  
rebel

With hidden help and vantage, or that  
with both

He labor'd in his country's wreck, I know  
not;

But treason's capital, confess'd and proved,  
Have overthrown him.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of  
Cawdor!

The greatest is behind. [*To Ross and An-  
gus*] Thanks for your pains.

[*To Ban.*] Do you not hope your chil-  
dren shall be kings,  
When those that gave the thane of Caw-  
dor to me

Promised no less to them?

*Ban.* That trusted home  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis  
strange:

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's  
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gen-  
tlemen.

[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of suc-  
cess,

Commencing in a truth? I am thane of  
Cawdor:

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
And make my seated heart knock at my  
ribs,

Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings:

My thought, whose murder yet is but fan-  
tastical,

Shakes so my single state of man that  
function

Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is  
But what is not.

*Ban.* Look, how our partner's rapt.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] If chance will have me  
king, why, chance may crown me,  
Without my stir.

*Ban.* New honors come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to  
their mould

But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the  
roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon  
your leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favor: my dull  
brain was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen,  
your pains

Are register'd where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the  
king.

Think upon what hath chanced, and, at  
more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly.

*Macb.* Till then, enough. Come, friends.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Forres. The palace.*

*Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM,  
DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants.*

*Dun.* Is execution done on Cawdor? Are  
not

Those in commission yet return'd?

*Mal.* My liege,  
They are not yet come back. But I have  
spoke

With one that saw him die: who did re-  
port

That very frankly he confess'd his trea-  
sons,

Implored your highness' pardon and set  
forth

A deep repentance: nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it; he died  
As one that had been studied in his death  
To throw away the dearest thing he  
owed,

As 'twere a careless trifle.

*Dun.* There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the  
face:

He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and  
ANGUS.*

O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less  
deserved,

That the proportion both of thanks and  
payment

Might have been mine! only I have left to  
say,

More is thy due than more than all can  
pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I  
owe,

In doing it, pays itself. Your highness'  
part

Is to receive our duties; and our duties  
Are to your throne and state children and  
servants,

Which do but what they should, by doing  
every thing

Safe toward your love and honor.

*Dun.* Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor  
To make thee full of growing. Noble

Banquo,  
Thou hast no less deserved, nor must be  
known

No less to have done so, let me infold  
thee

And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.* There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

*Dun.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide them-  
selves

In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest,  
know

We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name  
hereafter

The Prince of Cumberland; which honor  
must

Not unaccompanied invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall  
shine

On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labor, which is not  
used for you:

I'll be myself the harbinger and make joy-  
ful

The hearing of my wife with your ap-  
proach;

So humbly take my leave.

*Dun.* My worthy Cawdor!  
*Macb.* [Aside] The Prince of Cumber-  
land! that is a step

On which I must fall down, or else c'er-  
leap,

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your  
fires;

Let not light see my black and deep de-  
sires:

The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to  
see. [Exit.

*Dun.* True, worthy Banquo; he is full  
so valiant,

And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us wel-  
come:

It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Inverness. MACBETH'S castle.*

*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.*

*Lady M.* 'They met me in the day of  
success: and I have learned by the per-  
fectest report, they have more in them  
than mortal knowledge. When I burned in  
desire to question them further, they  
made themselves air, into which they van-  
ished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder  
of it, came missives from the king, who  
all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor," by  
which title, before, these weird sisters sal-  
uted me, and referred me to the com-  
ing on of time, with "Hail, king that  
shalt be!" This have I thought good to  
deliver thee, my dearest partner of great-  
ness, that thou mightst not lose the dues  
of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what  
greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy  
heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised: yet do I fear  
thy nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kind-  
ness

To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst  
be great;

Are not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it: what thou  
wouldst highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not  
play false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst  
have, great Glamis,

That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if  
thou have it;

And that which rather thou dost fear to  
do

Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee  
hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;

And chastise with the valor of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden  
round,

Which fate and metaphysical aid doth  
seem

To have thee crown'd withal.

*Enter a Messenger.*

What is your tidings?

*Mess.* The king comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* Thou'rt mad to say it:  
Is not thy master with him? who, were't  
so,

Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Mess.* So please you, it is true: our thane  
is coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him,  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely  
more

Than would make up his message.

*Lady M.* Give him tending;  
He brings great news. [Exit Messenger.

The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me  
here,

And fill me from the crown to the toe  
top-full

Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace  
between

The effect and it! Come to my woman's  
breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murder-  
ing ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come,  
thick night,

And pall thee in the dunest smoke of  
hell,

That my keen knife see not the wound it  
makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of  
the dark,

To cry 'Hold, hold!'

*Enter MACBETH.*

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the all-hail here-  
after!

Thy letters have transported me beyond

This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

*Macb.* My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* And when he goes hence?

*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.

*Lady M.* O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where  
men

May read strange matters. To beguile the  
time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your  
eye,

Your hand, your tongue: look like the in-  
nocent flower,

But be the serpent under't. He that's com-  
ing

Must be provided for: and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dis-  
patch;

Which shall to all our nights and days to  
come

Give solely sovereign sway and master-  
dom.

*Macb.* We will speak further.

*Lady M.* Only look up clear;  
To alter favor ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VI. Before MACBETH's castle.

*Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN,  
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX,  
MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants.*

*Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant seat;  
the air

Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does ap-  
prove,

By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's  
breath

Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this  
bird

Hath made his pendent bed and pro-  
creant cradle:

Where they most breed and haunt, I have  
observed,

The air is delicate.

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Dun.* See, see, our honor'd hostess!

The love that follows us sometime is our  
trouble,

Which still we thank as love. Herein I  
teach you

How you shall bid God 'ild us for your  
pains,

And thank us for your trouble.

*Lady M.* All our service  
In every point twice done and then done  
double

Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honors deep and broad  
wherewith

Your majesty loads our house: for those  
of old,

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

*Dun.* Where's the thane of Cawdor?

We coursed him at the heels, and had a  
purpose

To be his purveyor: but he rides well;

And his great love, sharp as his spur,  
hath help him

To his home before us. Fair and noble  
hostess,

We are your guest to-night.

*Lady M.* Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs,  
in compt,

To make their audit at your highness'  
pleasure,

Still to return your own.

*Dun.* Give me your hand;  
Conduct me to mine host: we love him  
highly,

And shall continue our graces towards  
him.

By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VII. MACBETH's castle.

*Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and  
divers Servants with dishes and service,  
and pass over the stage. Then enter  
MACBETH.*

*Macb.* If it were done when 'tis done,  
then 'twere well

It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and  
catch

With his surcease success; that but this  
blow



Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of  
 time,  
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these  
 cases  
 We still have judgment here; that we but  
 teach  
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught,  
 return  
 To plague the inventor: this even-handed  
 justice  
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd  
 chalice  
 To our own lips. He's here in double  
 trust;  
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
 Strong both against the deed; then, as  
 his host,  
 Who should against his murderer shut the  
 door,  
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this  
 Duncan  
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath  
 been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,  
 against  
 The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim,  
 horsed  
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have  
 no spur  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
 And falls on the other.

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

How now! what news?

*Lady M.* He has almost supp'd: why  
 have you left the chamber?

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*Lady M.* Know you not he has?

*Macb.* We will proceed no further in  
 this business:

He hath honor'd me of late; and I have  
 bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
 Which would be worn now in their  
 newest gloss,

Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk

Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it  
 slept since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and  
 pale

At what it did so freely? From this time  
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
 To be the same in thine own act and  
 valor

As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have  
 that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of  
 life,

And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
 Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'  
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?

*Macb.* Prithee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;

Who dares do more is none.

*Lady M.* What beast was't, then,  
 That made you break this enterprise to  
 me?

When you durst do it, then you were a  
 man;

And, to be more than what you were,  
 you would

Be so much more the man. Nor time nor  
 place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make  
 both:

They have made themselves, and that  
 their fitness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and  
 know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that  
 milks me:

I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his bone-  
 less gums,

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn  
 as you

Have done to this.

*Macb.* If we should fail?

*Lady M.* We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-  
 place,

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is  
 asleep—

Whereto the rather shall his day's hard  
 journey

Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains  
 Will I with wine and wassail so con-  
 vince

That memory, the warder of the brain,

Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan? what not put  
upon

His spongy officers, who shall bear the  
guilt

Of our great quell?

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only;  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be re-  
ceived,

When we have mark'd with blood those  
sleepy two

Of his own chamber and used their very  
daggers,

That they have done't?

*Lady M.* Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamor  
roar

Upon his death?

*Macb.* I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

Away, and mock the time with fairest  
show:

False face must hide what the false heart  
doth know. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Court of MACBETH's castle.*

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a  
torch before him.*

*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?

*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard  
the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take't, 'tis later, sir.

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword. There's hus-  
bandry in heaven;

Their candles are all out. Take thee that  
too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep: merciful  
powers,

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that  
nature

Gives way to in repose!

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a  
torch.*

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, sir, not yet at rest? The  
king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your offices.

This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and  
shut up

In measureless content.

*Macb.* Being unprepared,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else should free have wrought.

*Ban.* All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird  
sisters:

To you they have show'd some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them:  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to  
serve,

We would spend it in some words upon  
that business,

If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kind'st leisure.

*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent,  
when 'tis,

It shall make honor for you.

*Ban.* So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsel'd.

*Macb.* Good repose the while!

*Ban.* Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

*Macb.* Go bid thy mistress, when my  
drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let  
me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was  
going;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other  
senses,

Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,  
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of  
blood,  
Which was not so before. There's no  
such thing:

It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one  
half-world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams  
abuse

The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd  
murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his  
stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards  
his design

Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-  
set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk,  
for fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,  
And take the present horror from the  
time,

Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat,  
he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold  
breath gives. *[A bell rings.]*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell.  
*[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* That which hath made them  
drunk hath made me bold;

What hath quench'd them hath given me  
fire. Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-  
man,

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He  
is about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited  
grooms

Do mock their charge with snores: I have  
drugg'd their possets,

That death and nature do contend about  
them,

Whether they live or die.

*Macb.* *[Within]* Who's there? what, ho!

*Lady M.* Alack, I am afraid they have  
awaked,

And 'tis not done. The attempt and not  
the deed

Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers  
ready;

He could not miss 'em. Had he not re-  
sembled

My father as he slept, I had done't.

*Enter MACBETH.*

My husband!

*Macb.* I have done the deed. Didst thou  
not hear a noise?

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream and the  
crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight.

*[Looking on his hands.]*

*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a  
sorry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in's sleep,  
and one cried 'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood  
and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and ad-  
dress'd them

Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodged together.

*Macb.* One cried 'God bless us!' and  
'Amen' the other;

As they had seen me with these hang-  
man's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say  
'Amen,'

When they did say 'God bless us!'

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pro-  
nounce 'Amen'?

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be  
thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry  
'Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

*Lady M.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think

So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

They must lie there: go carry them; and smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on't again I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead

Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal; For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?

What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,

Making the green one red.

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* My hands are of your color; but I shame

To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking

At the south entry: retire we to our chamber;

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it, then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,

And show us to be watchers. Be not lost So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [*Knocking within.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *The same.*

*Knocking within. Enter a Porter.*

*Porter.* Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

*Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.*

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,



That you do lie so late?

*Port.* 'Faith sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

*Macd.* What three things does drink especially provoke?

*Port.* Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

*Macd.* I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

*Port.* That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring?

*Enter MACBETH.*

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

*Len.* Good morrow, noble sir.

*Macb.* Good morrow, both.

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthythane?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him:

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 'tis one.

*Macb.* The labor we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call, For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*]

*Len.* Gōes the king hence to-day?

*Macb.* He does: he did appoint so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly: where we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,

And prophesying with accents terrible

Of dire combustion and confused events New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird

Clamor'd the livelong night: some say, the earth

Was feverous and did shake.

*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel

A fellow to it.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart

Cannot conceive nor name thee!

*Macb.* { What's the matter?

*Len.* { *Macd.* Confusion now hath made his master-piece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

The life o' the building!

*Macb.* What is 't you say? the life?

*Len.* Mean you his majesty?

*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;

See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*]

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!

Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeited,

And look on death itself! up, up, and see

The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,

To countenance this horror! Ring the bell. [*Bell rings.*]

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* What's the business,

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley

The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

*Macd.* O gentle lady,

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:

The repetition, in a woman's ear, Would murder as it fell.

*Enter BANQUO.*

O Banquo, Banquo,  
 Our royal master's murder'd!  
*Lady M.* Woe, alas!  
 What, in our house?  
*Ban.* Too cruel any where.  
 Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,  
 And say it is not so.  
*Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS.*  
*Macb.* Had I but died an hour before  
 this chance,  
 I had lived a blessed time; for, from this  
 instant,  
 There's nothing serious in mortality:  
 All is but toys: renown and grace is  
 dead;  
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere  
 lees  
 Is left this vault to brag of.  
*Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*  
*Don.* What is amiss?  
*Macb.* You are, and do not know't:  
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your  
 blood  
 Is stopp'd; the very source of it is  
 stopp'd.  
*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd.  
*Mal.* O, by whom?  
*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd,  
 had done't:  
 Their hands and faces were all badged  
 with blood;  
 So were their daggers, which unwiped  
 we found  
 Upon their pillows:  
 They stared, and were distracted; no  
 man's life  
 Was to be trusted with them.  
*Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my  
 fury,  
 That I did kill them.  
*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?  
*Macb.* Who can be wise, amazed, tem-  
 perate and furious,  
 Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
 The expedition of my violent love  
 Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay  
 Duncan,  
 His silver skin laced with his golden  
 blood;  
 And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach  
 in nature  
 For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the  
 murderers,

Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their  
 daggers  
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who  
 could refrain,  
 That had a heart to love, and in that  
 heart  
 Courage to make 's love known?  
*Lady M.* Help me hence, ho!  
*Macd.* Look to the lady.  
*Mal.* [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold  
 our tongues,  
 That most may claim this argument for  
 ours?  
*Don.* [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be  
 spoken here, where our fate,  
 Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and  
 seize us?  
 Let's away;  
 Our tears are not yet brew'd.  
*Mal.* [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong  
 sorrow  
 Upon the foot of motion.  
*Ban.* Look to the lady:  
 [*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]  
 And when we have our naked frailties  
 hid,  
 That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
 And question this most bloody piece of  
 work,  
 To know it further. Fears and scruples  
 shake us:  
 In the great hand of God I stand; and  
 thence  
 Against the undivulged pretence I fight  
 Of treasonous malice.  
*Macd.* And so do I.  
*All.* So all.  
*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readi-  
 ness,  
 And meet i' the hall together.  
*All.* Well contented.  
 [*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*]  
*Mal.* What will you do? Let's not con-  
 sort with them:  
 To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
 Which the false man does easy. I'll to  
 England.  
*Don.* To Ireland, I; our separated for-  
 tune  
 Shall keep us both the safer: where we  
 are,  
 There's daggers in men's smiles: the near  
 in blood,

The nearer bloody.

*Mal.* This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away: there's warrant in that  
theft

Which steals itself, when there's no mercy  
left. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Outside MACBETH's castle.*

*Enter Ross and an Old Man.*

*Old M.* Threescore and ten I can remember well:

Within the volume of which time I have  
seen

Hours dreadful and things strange; but  
this sore night

Hath trifled former knowings.

*Ross.* Ah, good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with  
man's act,

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock,  
'tis day,

And yet dark night strangles the travelling  
lamp:

Is't night's predominance, or the day's  
shame,

That darkness does the face of earth  
entomb,

When living light should kiss it?

*Old M.* 'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday  
last,

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and  
kill'd.

*Ross.* And Duncan's horses—a thing most  
strange and certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their  
race,

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls,  
flung out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they  
would make

War with mankind.

*Old M.* 'Tis said they eat each other.

*Ross.* They did so, to the amazement of  
mine eyes

That look'd upon't. Here comes the good  
Macduff.

*Enter MACDUFF.*

How goes the world, sir, now?

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

*Ross.* Is't known who did this more than  
bloody deed?

*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain.

*Ross.* Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

*Macd.* They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two  
sons,

Are stol'n away and fled; which puts  
upon them

Suspicion of the deed.

*Ross.* 'Gainst nature still!

Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up  
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most  
like

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

*Macd.* He is already named, and gone to  
Scone

To be invested.

*Ross.* Where is Duncan's body?

*Macd.* Carried to Colmekill,

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

*Ross.* Will you to Scone?

*Macd.* No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

*Ross.* Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well, may you see things well  
done there: adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our  
new!

*Ross.* Farewell, father.

*Old M.* God's benison go with you; and  
with those

That would make good of bad, and  
friends of foes! *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Forres. The palace.*

*Enter BANQUO.*

*Ban.* Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor,  
Glamis, all,

As the weird women promised, and, I  
fear,

Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it  
was said

It should not stand in thy posterity,  
But that myself should be the root and  
father

Of many kings. If there come truth from them—

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—

Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king,  
LADY MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS,  
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady M.* If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all thing unbecoming.

*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,

And I'll request your presence.

*Ban.* Let your highness  
Command upon me; to the which my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* We should have else desired your  
good advice,

Which still hath been both grave and  
prosperous,

In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.

Is't far you ride?

*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the  
time

'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse  
the better,

I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

*Ban.* My lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear, our bloody cousins are  
bestow'd

In England and in Ireland, not confessing

Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,

When therewithal we shall have cause of  
state

Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse:  
adieu,

Till you return at night. Goes Fleance  
with you?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord: our time does  
call upon 's.

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift and sure  
of foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell. [*Exit Banquo.*]

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night: to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep our-  
self

Till supper-time alone: while then, God  
be with you!

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth, and an attendant.*]

*Sirrah,* a word with you: attend those  
men

Our pleasure?

*Atten.* They are, my lord, without the  
palace gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

To be thus is nothing;  
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Ban-  
quo

Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis  
much he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his  
valor

To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,  
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,  
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid  
the sisters

When first they put the name of king  
upon me,

And bade them speak to him: then  
prophet-like

They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless  
crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal  
hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I  
murder'd;

Put rancors in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,



To make them kings, the seed of Banquo  
kings!

Rather than so, come fate into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance!  
Who's there!

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*  
Now go to the door, and stay there till  
we call. [*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

*First Mur.* It was, so please your high-  
ness.

*Macb.* Well then, now  
Have you consider'd of my speeches?

Know  
That it was he in the times past which  
held you

So under fortune, which you thought had  
been

Our innocent self: this I made good to  
you

In our last conference, pass'd in proba-  
tion with you,

How you were borne in hand, how  
cross'd, the instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things  
else that might

To half a soul and to a notion crazed

Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

*First Mur.* You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so, and went further, which  
is now

Our point of second meeting. Do you  
find

Your patience so predominant in your  
nature

That you can let this go? Are you so  
gospell'd

To pray for this good man and for his  
issue,

Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to  
the grave

And beggar'd yours for ever?

*First Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for  
men;

As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels,  
spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are  
clept

All by the name of dogs: the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the  
subtle,

The housekeeper, the hunter, every one

According to the gift which bounteous  
nature

Hath in him closed; whereby he does  
receive

Particular addition, from the bill  
That writes them all alike: and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file,

Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it;

And I will put that business in your

bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off,

Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his  
life,

Which in his death were perfect.

*Sec. Mur.* I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the  
world

Have so incensed that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

*First Mur.* And I another  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with for-  
tune,

That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

*Macb.* Both of you

Know Banquo was your enemy.

*Both Mur.* True, my lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine; and in such bloody  
distance,

That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life: and though I  
could

With barefaced power sweep him from  
my sight

And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and  
mine,

Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his  
fall

Who I myself struck down; and thence  
it is,

That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common  
eye

For sundry weighty reasons.

*Sec. Mur.* We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

*First Mur.* Though our lives—

*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you.  
Within this hour at most

I will advise you where to plant your-  
selves;

Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the  
time,  
The moment on't; for't must be done to-  
night,  
And something from the palace; always  
thought  
That I require a clearness: and with him—  
To leave no rubs nor botches in the  
work—

Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the  
fate

Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves  
apart:

I'll come to you anon.

*Both Mur.* We are resolved, my lord.

*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight: abide  
within. [*Exeunt Murderers.*]

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.  
[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II. *The palace.*

*Enter* LADY MACBETH *and a* Servant.

*Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court?

*Serv.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-  
night.

*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would at-  
tend his leisure

For a few words.

*Serv.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

*Lady M.* Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content:  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful  
joy.

*Enter* MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep  
alone,

Of sorriest fancies your companions mak-  
ing,

Using those thoughts which should in-  
deed have died

With them they think on? Things with-  
out all remedy

Should be without regard: what's done is  
done.

*Macb.* We have scotch'd the snake, not  
kill'd it:

She'll close and be herself, whilst our  
poor malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both  
the worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams

That shake us nightly: better be with the  
dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent  
to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel,

nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further.

*Lady M.* Come on;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged  
looks;

Be bright and jovial among your guests  
to-night.

*Macb.* So shall I, love; and so, I pray,  
be you:

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;  
Present him eminence, both with eye and  
tongue:

Unsafe the while, that we

Must lave our honors in these flattering  
streams,

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

*Lady M.* You must leave this.

*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind,  
dear wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his  
Fleance, lives.

*Lady M.* But in them nature's copy's not  
eternæ.

*Macb.* There's comfort yet; they are as-  
ailable;

Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath  
flown

His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's  
summons

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy  
hums

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there  
shall be done

A deed of dreadful note.

*Lady M.* What's to be done?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge,  
dearest chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling  
night,

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens;  
and the crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood:  
Good things of day begin to droop and  
drowse;

While night's black agents to their preys  
do rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold  
thee still:

Things bad begun make strong themselves  
by ill.

So, prithee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A park near the palace.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

*First Mur.* But who did bid thee join  
with us?

*Third Mur.* Macbeth.

*Sec. Mur.* He needs not our mistrust,  
since he delivers

Our offices and what we have to do  
To the direction just.

*First Mur.* Then stand with us.  
The west yet glimmers with some streaks  
of day:

Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
To gain the timely inn; and near ap-  
proaches

The subject of our watch.

*Third Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

*Ban.* [Within] Give us a light there, ho!

*Sec. Mur.* Then 'tis he: the rest  
That are within the note of expectation  
Already are i' the court.

*First Mur.* His horses go about.

*Third Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does  
usually,

So all men do, from hence to the palace  
gate

Make it their walk.

*Sec. Mur.* A light, a light!

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.*

*Third Mur.* 'Tis he.

*First Mur.* Stand to't.

*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.

*First Mur.* Let it come down.

[They set upon Banquo.]

*Ban.* O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance,  
fly, fly, fly!

Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[Dies. Fleance escapes.]

*Third Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

*First Mur.* Was't not the way?

*Third Mur.* There's but one down; the  
son is fled.

*Sec. Mur.* We have lost  
Best half of our affair.

*First Mur.* Well, let's away, and say  
how much is done. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The same. Hall in the palace.*

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH,  
LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords,  
and Attendants.*

*Macb.* You know your own degrees; sit  
down: at first

And last the hearty welcome.

*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.

*Macb.* Ourself will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best  
time

We will require her welcome.

*Lady M.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all  
our friends;

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

*First Murderer appears at the door.*

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with  
their hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the  
midst:

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a  
measure

The table round. [Approaching the door.]  
There's blood upon thy face.

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without than he  
within.

Is he dispatch'd?

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I  
did for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut-  
throats: yet he's good

That did the like for Fleance: if thou  
didst it,

Thou art the nonpareil.

*Mur.* Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scaped.

*Macb.* Then comes my fit again: I had  
else been perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the  
rock,

As broad and general as the casing air:  
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,  
bound in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's  
safe?

*Mur.* Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch  
he bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that:  
There the grown serpent lies; the worm  
that's fled

Hath nature that in time will venom  
breed,

No teeth for the present. Get thee gone:  
to-morrow

We'll hear, ourselves, again.

[*Exit Murderer.*]

*Lady M.* My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer: the feast is  
sold

That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis  
a-making,

'Tis given with welcome: to feed were  
best at home;

From thence the sauce to meat is cere-  
mony;

Meeting were bare without it.

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer:

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

*Len.* May't please your highness sit.  
[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in  
Macbeth's place.*]

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's  
honor roof'd,

Were the graced person of our Banquo  
present;

Who may I rather challenge for unkind-  
ness

Than pity for mischance!

*Ross.* His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't  
your highness

To grace us with your royal company.

*Macb.* The table's full.

*Len.* Here is a place reserved, sir.

*Macb.* Where?

*Len.* Here, my good lord. What is't that  
moves your highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good lord?

*Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it: never  
shake

Thy gory locks at me.

*Ross.* Gentlemen, rise: his highness is  
not well.

*Lady M.* Sit, worthy friends: my lord  
is often thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray  
you, keep seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought  
He will again be well: if much you note  
him,

You shall offend him and extend his pas-  
sion:

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare  
look on that

Which might appal the devil.

*Lady M.* O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:

This is the air-drawn dagger which, you  
said,

Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and  
starts,

Impostors to true fear, would well be-  
come

A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When all's  
done,

You look but on a stool.

*Macb.* Prithee, see there! behold! look!  
lo! how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod,  
speak too.

If charnel-houses and our graves must  
send

Those that we bury back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

*Lady M.* What, quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.

*Lady M.* Fie, for shame!

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i'  
the olden time,

Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been per-  
form'd

Too terrible for the ear: the times have  
been,

That, when the brains were out, the man  
would die,



And there an end; but now they rise again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools: this is more strange

Than such a murder is.

*Lady M.* My worthy lord, Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I do forget.

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing To those that know me. Come, love and health to all:

Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;

Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,

And all to all.

*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.

*Re-enter Ghost.*

*Macb.* Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes Which thou dost glare with!

*Lady M.* Think of this, good peers, But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other; Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble: or be alive again,

And dare me to the desert with thy sword;

If trembling I inhabit then, protest me

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Why, so: being gone, I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

*Lady M.* You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,

With most admired disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be, And overcome us like a summer's cloud, Without our special wonder? You make me strange

Even to the disposition that I owe, When now I think you can behold such sights,

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, When mine is blanch'd with fear.

*Ross.* What sights, my lord?

*Lady M.* I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;

Question enrages him. At once, good night:

Stand not upon the order of your going, But go at once.

*Len.* Good night; and better health Attend his majesty!

*Lady M.* A kind good night to all! [*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*]

*Macb.* It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:

Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;

Augurs and understood relations have By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth

The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person

At our great bidding?

*Lady M.* Did you send to him, sir?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will send:

There's not a one of them but in his house I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow, And betimes I will, to the weird sisters: More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,

All causes shall give way: I am in blood Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er: Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;

Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

*Lady M.* You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Heath.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches meeting* HECATE.

*First Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams as you are,

Saucy and overbold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth

In riddles and affairs of death;

And I, the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done

Hath been but for a wayward son,

Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now: get you gone,

And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' the morning: thither he

Will come to know his destiny:

Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms and every thing beside.

I am for the air; this night I'll spend

Unto a dismal and a fatal end:

Great business must be wrought ere noon:

Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop profound;

I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

And that distill'd by magic sleights

Shall raise such artificial sprites

As by the strength of their illusion

Shall draw him on to his confusion:

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

He hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:

And you all know, security

Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within:* 'Come away, come away,' &c.]

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Exit.*]

*First Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Forres. The palace.*

*Enter LENNOX and another Lord.*

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,

Which can interpret further: only, I say, Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead;

And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;

Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,

For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought how monstrous

It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain To kill their gracious father? damned fact!

How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight

In pious rage the two delinquents tear, That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;

For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive To hear the men deny't. So that, I say, He has borne all things well: and I do think

That had he Duncan's sons under his key—

As, an't please heaven, he shall not—they should find

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.

But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell Where he bestows himself?

*Lord.* The son of Duncan, From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth

Lives in the English court, and is received Of the most pious Edward with such grace

That the malevolence of fortune nothing

Takes from his high respect: thither  
 Macduff  
 Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his  
 aid  
 To wake Northumberland and warlike  
 Siward:  
 That, by the help of these—with Him  
 above  
 To ratify the work—we may again  
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our  
 nights,  
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody  
 knives,  
 Do faithful homage and receive free  
 honors:  
 All which we pine for now: and this  
 report  
 Hath so exasperate the king that he  
 Prepares for some attempt of war.  
*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?  
*Lord.* He did: and with an absolute  
 'Sir, not I,'  
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
 And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue  
 the time  
 That clogs me with this answer.'  
*Len.* And that well might  
 Advise him to a caution, to hold what  
 distance  
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy  
 angel  
 Fly to the court of England and unfold  
 His message ere he come, that a swift  
 blessing  
 May soon return to this our suffering  
 country  
 Under a hand accursed!  
*Lord.* I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

*First Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath  
 mew'd.

*Sec. Witch.* Thrice and once the hedge-  
 pig whined.

*Third Witch.* Harpier cries 'Tis time,  
 'tis time.

*First Witch.* Round about the cauldron  
 go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.  
 Toad, that under cold stone  
 Days and nights has thirty-one  
 Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
 Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.  
*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;  
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.  
*Sec. Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,  
 In the cauldron boil and bake;  
 Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
 Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
 Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
 Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,  
 For a charm of powerful trouble,  
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.  
*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;  
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.  
*Third Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of  
 wolf,  
 Witches' mummy, maw and gulf  
 Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,  
 Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,  
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew  
 Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,  
 Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
 Finger of birth-strangled babe  
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
 Make the gruel thick and slab:  
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.  
*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;  
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.  
*Sec. Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's  
 blood,  
 Then the charm is firm and good.  
*Enter HECATE to the other three Witches.*  
*Hec.* O well done! I commend your  
 pains;  
 And every one shall share i' the gains;  
 And now about the cauldron sing,  
 Live elves and fairies in a ring,  
 Enchanting all that you put in.  
 [Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.  
 [*Hecate retires.*]  
*Sec. Witch.* By the pricking of my  
 thumbs,  
 Something wicked this way comes.  
 Open, locks,  
 Whoever knocks!  
*Enter MACBETH.*  
*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and  
 midnight hags!

What is't you do?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,

Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:

Though you untie the winds and let them fight

Against the churches; though the yesty waves

Confound and swallow navigation up;

Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads;

Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure

Of nature's germens tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken; answer me

To what I ask you.

*First Witch.* Speak.

*Sec. Witch.* Demand.

*Third Witch.* We'll answer.

*First Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear  
it from our mouths,

Or from our masters?

*Macb.* Call 'em; let me see 'em.

*First Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that  
hath eaten

Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten

From the murderer's gibbet throw

Into the flame.

*All.* Come, high or low;

Thyself and office deftly show!

*Thunder.* *First Apparition: an armed Head.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power,—

*First Witch.* He knows thy thought:  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

*First App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!  
beware Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me.  
Enough. [*Descends.*]

*Macb.* What'e'er thou art, for thy good  
caution, thanks;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one  
word more,—

*First Witch.* He will not be commanded:  
here's another,

More potent than the first.

*Thunder.* *Second Apparition: a bloody Child.*

*Sec. App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

*Sec. App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute;  
laugh to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman  
born

Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*]

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff: what need I  
fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not  
live;

That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Thunder.* *Third Apparition: a Child  
crowned, with a tree in his hand.*

What is this

That rises like the issue of a king,  
And wears upon his baby-brow the round  
And top of sovereignty?

*All.* Listen, but speak not to't.

*Third App.* Be lion-mettled, proud; and  
take no care

Who chafes, who frets, or where con-  
spirers are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane  
hill

Shall come against him. [*Descends.*]

*Macb.* That will never be,

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bode-  
ments! good!

Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed  
Macbeth

Shall live the lease of nature, pay his  
breath

To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if  
your art

Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue  
ever

Reign in this kingdom?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let  
me know.

Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise  
is this? [*Hautboys.*]

*First Witch.* Show!

*Sec. Witch.* Show!

*Third Witch.* Show!



*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart!

*A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand, Banquo's Ghost following.*

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of  
Banquo: down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And  
thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the  
first.

A third is like the former. Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this? A fourth!  
Start, eyes!

What, will the line stretch out to the  
crack of doom?

Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a  
glass

Which shows me many more; and some  
I see

That two-fold balls and treble scepters  
carry:

Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles up-  
on me,

And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*] What, is this so?

*First Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so: but  
why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,

And show the best of our delights:

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antic round:

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The witches dance and then vanish, with Hecate.*]

*Macb.* Where are they? Gone? Let this  
pernicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!

Come in, without there!

*Enter LENNOX.*

*Len.* What's your grace's will?

*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?

*Len.* No, my lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you?

*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they  
ride;

And damn'd all those that trust them! I  
did hear

The galloping of horse: who was't came  
by?

*Len.* 'Tis two or three, my lord, that  
bring you word

Macduff is fled to England.

*Macb.* Fled to England!

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* Time, thou anticipatest my dread  
exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it; from this  
moment

The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it  
thought and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the  
sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate  
souls

That trace him in his line. No boasting  
like a fool;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.  
But no more sights!—Where are these  
gentlemen?

Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. Fife. MACDUFF's castle.

*Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Ross.*

*L. Macd.* What had he done, to make  
him fly the land?

*Ross.* You must have patience, madam.

*L. Macd.* He had none:

His flight was madness: when our actions  
do not,

Our fears do make us traitors.

*Ross.* You know not  
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

*L. Macd.* Wisdom! to leave his wife, to  
leave his babes,

His mansion and his titles in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He loves  
us not;

He wants the natural touch: for the poor  
wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the  
owl.

All is the fear and nothing is the love;  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

*Ross.* My dearest coz,  
 I pray you, school yourself: but for your  
 husband,  
 He is noble, wise, judicious, and best  
 knows  
 The fits o' the season. I dare not speak  
 much further;  
 But cruel are the times, when we are  
 traitors  
 And do not know ourselves, when we  
 hold rumor  
 From what we fear, yet know not what  
 we fear,  
 But float upon a wild and violent sea  
 Each way and move. I take my leave of  
 you:  
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again:  
 Things at the worst will cease, or else  
 climb upward  
 To what they were before. My pretty  
 cousin,  
 Blessing upon you!  
*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he's  
 fatherless.  
*Ross.* I am so much a fool, should I  
 stay longer,  
 It would be my disgrace and your dis-  
 comfort:  
 I take my leave at once. *[Exit.*  
*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead;  
 And what will you do now? How will  
 you live?  
*Son.* As birds do, mother.  
*L. Macd.* What, with worms and flies?  
*Son.* With what I get, I mean; and so  
 do they.  
*L. Macd.* Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear  
 the net nor lime,  
 The pitfall nor the gin.  
*Son.* Why should I, mother? Poor birds  
 they are not set for.  
 My father is not dead, for all your saying.  
*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou  
 do for a father?  
*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a hus-  
 band?  
*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at  
 any market.  
*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.  
*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy  
 wit: and yet, i' faith,  
 With wit enough for thee.  
*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors that do so?

*L. Macd.* Every one that does so is a  
 traitor, and must be hanged.

*Son.* And must they all be hanged that  
 swear and lie?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them?

*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are  
 fools, for there are liars and swearers  
 enow to beat the honest men and hang  
 up them.

*L. Macd.* Now, God help thee, poor  
 monkey!

But how wilt thou do for a father?

*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for  
 him: if you would not, it were a good  
 sign that I should quickly have a new  
 father.

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!  
*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Bless you, fair dame! I am not  
 to you known,

Though in your state of honor I am  
 perfect.

I doubt some danger does approach you  
 nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,  
 Be not found here; hence, with your  
 little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too  
 savage;

To do worse to you were fell cruelty,  
 Which is too nigh your person. Heaven  
 preserve you!

I dare abide no longer. *[Exit.*

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now  
 I am in this earthly world; where to do  
 harm

Is often laudable, to do good sometime  
 Accounted dangerous folly: why then  
 alas,

Do I put up that womanly defence,  
 To say I have done no harm?

*Enter Murderers.*

What are these faces?

*First Mur.* Where is your husband?

*L. Macd.* I hope, in no place so un-  
 sanctified

Where such as thou mayst find him.

*First Mur.* He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

*First Mur.* What, you egg!  
[*Stabbing him.*]

Young fry of treachery!

*Son.* He has kill'd me, mother!

Run away, I pray you! [Dies.]

[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder!'*]

*Exeunt Murderers, following her.*

SCENE III. *England. Before the King's palace.*

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.*

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade,  
and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

*Macd.* Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and like  
good men

Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each  
new morn

New widows howl, new orphans cry, new  
sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds

As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.

*Mal.* What I believe I'll wail,  
What know believe, and what I can re-  
dress,

As I shall find the time to friend, I will.  
What you have spoke, it may be so per-  
chance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our  
tongues,

Was once thought honest: you have loved  
him well.

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young;  
but something

You may deserve of him through me, and  
wisdom

To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb  
To appease an angry god.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave  
your pardon;

That which you are my thoughts can-  
not transpose:

Angels are bright still, though the brightest  
fell;

Though all things foul would wear the  
brows of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

*Macd.* I have lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance even there where I did  
find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and  
child,

Those precious motives, those strong knots  
of love,

Without leave-taking? I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,

But mine own safeties. You may be rightly  
just,

Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dare not check thee: wear

thou thy wrongs;

The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou  
think'st

For the whole space that's in the tyrant's  
grasp,

And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think our country sinks beneath the  
yoke;

It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a  
gash

Is added to her wounds: I think withal  
There would be hands uplifted in my

right;

And here from gracious England have I  
offer

Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,

Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor  
country

Shall have more vices than it had before,  
More suffer and more sundry ways than

ever,

By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be?

*Mal.* It is myself I mean: in whom I  
know

All the particulars of vice so grafted  
That, when they shall be open'd, black

Macbeth

Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor  
state

Esteem him as a lamb, being compared

With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more  
damn'd

In evils to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name: but there's no bottom,  
none,

In my voluptuousness: your wives, your  
daughters,

Your matrons and your maids, could not  
fill up

The cistern of my lust, and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'rbear  
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth  
Than such an one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy  
throne

And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours: you may  
Convey your pleasures in a spacious  
plenty,

And yet seem cold, the time you may  
so hoodwink.

We have willing dames enough: there  
cannot be

That vulture in you, to devour so many  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclined.

*Mal.* With this there grows  
In my most ill-composed affection such  
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,  
Desire his jewels and this other's house:  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more; that I should  
forge

Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice  
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious  
root

Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath  
been

The sword of our slain kings: yet do not  
fear;

Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will.  
Of your mere own: all these are portable,  
With other graces weigh'd.

*Mal.* But I have none: the king-becoming  
graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them, but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power,  
I should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland!

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern,  
speak:

I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern!

No, not to live. O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days  
again,

Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accursed,  
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal  
father

Was a most sainted king: the queen that  
bore thee,

Often upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself

Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my  
breast,

Thy hope ends here!

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my  
thoughts

To thy good truth and honor. Devilish  
Macbeth

By many of these trains hath sought to  
win me

Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks  
me

From over-credulous haste: but God above  
Deal between thee and me! for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and

Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet

Unknown to woman, never was for-  
sworn,

Scarcely have coveted what was mine  
own,



At no time broke my faith, would not  
betray

The devil to his fellow and delight  
No less in truth than life: my first false  
speaking

Was this upon myself: what I am truly,  
Is thine and my poor country's to com-  
mand:

Whither indeed, before thy here-ap-  
proach,

Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike  
men,

Already at a point, was setting forth.  
Now we'll together; and the chance of  
goodness

Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are  
you silent?

*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome  
things at once

'Tis hard to reconcile.

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well; more anon.—Comes the king  
forth, I pray you?

*Doct.* Ay, sir; there are a crew of  
wretched souls

That stay his cure: their malady con-  
vinces

The great assay of art; but at his touch—  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his  
hand—

They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

*Macd.* What's the disease he means?

*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king;  
Which often, since my here-remain in  
England,

I have seen him do. How he solicits  
heaven,

Himself best knows: but strangely-visited  
people,

All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves

The healing benediction. With this strange  
virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
And sundry blessings hang about his  
throne,

That speak him full of grace.

*Enter Ross.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here?

*Mal.* My countryman; but yet I know  
him not.

*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome  
hither.

*Mal.* I know him now. Good God, be-  
times remove

The means that makes us strangers!

*Ross.* Sir, amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did?

*Ross.* Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave;

where nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to  
smile;

Where sighs and groans and shrieks that  
rend the air

Are made, not mark'd; where violent  
sorrow seems

A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good  
men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* O, relation  
Too nice, and yet too true!

*Mal.* What's the newest grief?

*Ross.* That of an hour's age doth hiss  
the speaker:

Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife?

*Ross.* Why, well.

*Macd.* And all my children?

*Ross.* Well too.

*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at  
their peace?

*Ross.* No; they were well at peace when  
I did leave 'em.

*Macd.* But not a niggard of your speech:  
how goes't?

*Ross.* When I came hither to transport  
the tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran  
a rumor

Of many worthy fellows that were out;  
Which was to my belief witness'd the  
rather,

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:  
Now is the time of help; your eye in  
Scotland

Would create soldiers, make our women  
fight,

To doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be't their comfort  
We are coming thither: gracious England  
hath

Lent us good Siward and ten thousand  
men;

An older and a better soldier none

That Christendom gives out.

*Ross.* Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like! But I have  
words

That would be howl'd out in the desert  
air,

Where hearing should not latch them.

*Macd.* What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief

Due to some single breast?

*Ross.* No mind that's honest  
But in it shares some woe; though the  
main part

Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,

Keep it not from me, quickly let me  
have it.

*Ross.* Let not your ears despise my  
tongue for ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest  
sound

That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Hum! I guess at it.

*Ross.* Your castle is surprised; your wife  
and babes

Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd  
deer,

To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful heaven!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon  
your brows;

Give sorrow words: the grief that does  
not speak

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids  
it break.

*Macd.* My children too?

*Ross.* Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence!  
My wife kill'd too?

*Ross.* I have said.

*Mal.* Be comforted:  
Let's make us medicines of our great  
revenge,

To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children. All my pretty  
ones?

Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me. Did  
heaven look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful  
Macduff,

They were all struck for thee! naught that  
I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest  
them now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your  
sword: let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart,  
enrage it.

*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with  
mine eyes

And braggart with my tongue! But,  
gentle heavens,

Cut short all intermission; front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and  
myself;

Within my sword's length set him; if he  
'scape,

Heaven forgive him too!

*Mal.* This tune goes manly.  
Come, go we to the king; our power is  
ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave; Mac-  
beth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what  
cheer you may:

The night is long that never finds the  
day. [Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. Ante-room in the  
castle.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-  
Gentlewoman.*

*Doct.* I have two nights watched with  
you, but can perceive no truth in your  
report. When was it she last walked?

*Gent.* Since his majesty went into the

field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

*Gent.* That, sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doct.* You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

*Gent.* Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

*Doct.* How came she by that light?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

*Lady M.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady M.* Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

*Doct.* Do you mark that?

*Lady M.* The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

*Doct.* Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

*Lady M.* Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

*Doct.* What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well,—

*Gent.* Pray God it be, sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady M.* Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

*Doct.* Even so?

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.—To bed, to bed, to bed!

[*Exit.*]

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:

More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:

My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.

I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.* Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

*Drum and colors. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.*

*Ment.* The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:  
Reven ges burn in them; for their dear  
causes

Would to the bleeding and the grim  
alarm

Excite the mortified man.

*Ang.* Near Birnam wood  
Shall we well meet them; that way are  
they coming.

*Caith.* Who knows if Donalbain be with  
his brother?

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not: I have  
a file

Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,  
And many unrough youths that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.* What does the tryant?

*Caith.* Great Dunsinane he strongly  
fortifies:

Some say he's mad; others that lesser  
hate him

Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of rule.

*Ang.* Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-  
breach;

Those he commands move only in com-  
mand,

Nothing in love: now does he feel his  
title

Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.* Who then shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,  
When all that is within him does con-  
demn

Itself for being there?

*Caith.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:  
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal.  
And with him pour we in our country's  
purge

Each drop of us.

*Len.* Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower and drown  
the weeds.

Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the  
castle.*

*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.*  
*Macb.* Bring me no more reports; let  
them fly all:

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy  
Malcolm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits  
that know

All mortal consequences have pronounced  
me thus:

Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born  
of woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Them  
fly, false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:  
The mind I sway by and the heart I  
bear

Shall never sag with doubt nor shake  
with fear.

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-  
faced loon!

Where got'st thou that goose look?

*Serv.* There is ten thousand—

*Macb.* Geese, villain!

*Serv.* Soldiers, sir.

*Macb.* Go prick thy face, and over-red  
thy fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers,  
patch?

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of  
thine

Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers,  
whey-face?

*Serv.* The English force, so please you.

*Macb.* Take thy face hence.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,  
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push  
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have lived long enough: my way of life  
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old  
age,

As honor, love, obedience, troops of  
friends,

I must not look to have; but, in their  
stead,

Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor  
breath,



Which the poor heart would fain deny,  
and dare not.

Seyton!

*Enter SEYTON.*

*Sey.* What is your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What news more?

*Sey.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which  
was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight till from my bones my  
flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armor.

*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out more horses; skirr the country  
round;

Hang those that talk of fear. Give me  
mine armor.

How does your patient, doctor?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick coming  
fancies,

That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that.  
Canst thou not minister to a mind dis-  
eased,

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous  
stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.* Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs; I'll  
none of it.

Come, put mine armor on; give me my  
staff.

Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly  
from me.

Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doc-  
tor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine  
health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.—Pull't off,  
I say.—

What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative  
drug,

Would scour these English hence? Hear'st  
thou of them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord; your royal  
preparation

Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* Bring it after me.  
I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

*Doct.* [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane  
away and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Country near Birnam wood.

*Drum and colors.* Enter MALCOLM, old  
SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MEN-  
TEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS,  
and Soldiers, marching.

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope the days are near  
at hand

That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.

*Siw.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.* The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down  
a bough

And bear't before him: thereby shall we  
shadow

The numbers of our host and make dis-  
covery

Err in report of us.

*Soldiers.* It shall be done.

*Siw.* We learn no other but the con-  
fident tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before 't.

*Mal.* 'Tis his main hope:  
For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the  
revolt,

And none serve with him but constrained  
things

Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macd.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

*Siw.* The time approaches  
That will with due decision make us  
know

What we shall say we have and what  
we owe.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes  
relate,

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:

Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

*Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with drum and colors.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls;

The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie

Till famine and the ague eat them up:  
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,

And beat them backward home.

*[A cry of women within.]*

What is that noise?

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord. *[Exit.]*

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of fears;

The time has been, my senses would have cool'd

To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair

Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts

Cannot once start me.

*Re-enter SEYTON.*

Wherefore was that cry?

*Sey.* The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macb.* She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day

To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage

And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

*Mess.* Gracious my lord,  
I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

*Macb.* Well, say, sir.

*Mess.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,

The wood began to move.

*Macb.* Liar and slave!

*Mess.* Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:

Within this three mile may you see it coming;

I say, a moving grove.

*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,

I care not if thou dost for me as much.

I pull in resolution, and begin

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend

That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood

Do come to Dunsinane:' and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!

If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.

I gin to be aweary of the sun,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.

Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. *Dunsinane. Before the castle.*

*Drum and colors. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their Army, with boughs.*

*Mal.* Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down,

And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,

Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,

Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we

Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

*Siw.* Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-  
night,

Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak; give  
them all breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and  
death. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarums. Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake; I  
cannot fly,

But, bear-like, I must fight the course.  
What's he

That was not born of woman? Such a  
one

Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young SIWARD.*

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Yo. Siw.* No; though thou call'st thyself  
a hotter name

Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.

*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not  
pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant;  
with my sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

*[They fight and young Siward is slain.]*

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to  
scorn,

Brandish'd by man that's of a woman  
born. *[Exit.]*

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is. Tyrant,  
show thy face!

If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of  
mine,

My wife and children's ghosts will haunt  
me still.

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose  
arms

Are hired to bear their staves: either thou,  
Macbeth,

Or else my sword with an unbatter'd  
edge

I sheathe again undeeded. There thou  
shouldst be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruted. Let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not. *[Exit. Alarums.]*

*Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.*

*Siw.* This way, my lord; the castle's  
gently render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do  
fight;

The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

*Siw.* Enter, sir, the castle.  
*[Exeunt. Alarums.]*

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the field.*

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman  
fool, and die

On mine own sword? whiles I see lives,  
the gashes

Do better upon them.

*Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn!

*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided  
thee:

But get thee back; my soul is too much  
charged

With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I have no words:  
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier  
villain

Than terms can give thee out!

*[They fight.]*

*Macb.* Thou lovest labor:  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress as make me  
bleed:

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not  
yield,

To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel whom thou still hast  
served

Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's  
womb

Untimely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accurs'd be that tongue that  
tells me so,

For it hath cow'd my better part of man!  
And be these juggling fiends no more be-  
lieved,

That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our  
ear,

And break it to our hope. I'll not fight  
with thee.

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the  
time:

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,  
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

*Macb.* I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Mal-  
colm's feet,

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsin-  
ane,

And thou opposed, being of no woman  
born,

Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Mac-  
duff,

And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold,  
enough!'

[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and  
colors, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSS, the  
other Thanes, and Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would the friends we miss were  
safe arrived.

*Siw.* Some must go off: and yet, by these  
I see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble  
son.

*Ross.* Your son, my lord, has paid a  
soldier's debt:

He only lived but till he was a man;  
The which no sooner had his prowess  
confirm'd

In the unshrinking station where he  
fought,

But like a man he died.

*Siw.* Then he is dead?

*Ross.* Ay, and brought off the field: your  
cause of sorrow

Must not be measured by his worth, for  
then

It hath no end.

*Siw.* Had he his hurts before?

*Ross.* Ay, on the front.

*Siw.* Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

*Mal.* He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

*Siw.* He's worth no more:

They say he parted well, and paid his  
score:

And so, God be with him! Here comes  
newer comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S head.*

*Macd.* Hail, king! for so thou art: be-  
hold, where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is  
free:

I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's  
pearl,

That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:

Hail, King of Scotland!

*All.* Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*]

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense  
of time

Before we reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you. My thanes  
and kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever  
Scotland

In such an honor named. What's more to  
do,

Which would be planted newly with the  
time,

As calling home our exiled friends abroad  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;

Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like

queen,

Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent  
hands

Took off her life; this, and what needful  
else

That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time and  
place:

So, thanks to all at once and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at

Scone. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]



# THE TEMPEST

Written about 1610.

## INTRODUCTION

*The Tempest* was probably written late in the year 1610. A few months previously had appeared an account of the wreck of Sir George Somers' ship in a tempest off the Bermudas, entitled *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels, etc.*, written by Silvester Jourdan. Shakespeare (Act I., Sc. II.) makes mention of "the still-vexed Bermoothes;" and several points of resemblance render it probable that in writing the play he had Jourdan's tract before him. Beyond the suggestions obtained from this tract no source of the story of the play can be pointed out. Mention was made by the poet Collins of a tale called *Aurelis and Isabella* containing the same incidents, but in this point he was mistaken, though he may have seen some other Italian story which resembled *The Tempest*. The name Setebos (Sycorax's god) and perhaps other names of persons Shakespeare found in Eden's *History of Travaile*, published in 1577. *The Tempest*, although far from lacking dramatic or human interest, has something in its spirit of the nature of a clear and solemn vision. It expresses Shakespeare's highest and serenest view of life. Prospero, the great enchanter, is altogether the opposite of the vulgar magician. With command over the elemental powers, which study has brought to him, he possesses moral grandeur, and a command over himself, in spite of occasional fits of involuntary abstraction and of intellectual impatience; he looks down on life, and sees through it, yet will not refuse to take his part in it. In Shakespeare's early play of supernatural agencies—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*—the "human mortals" were made the sport of the frolic-loving elves; here the supernatural powers attend on and obey their ruler, man. It has been suggested that Prospero, the great enchanter, is Shakespeare himself, and that when he breaks his staff, drowns his book, and dismisses his airy spirits, going back to the duties of his dukedom, Shakespeare was thinking of his own resigning of his powers of imaginative enchantment, his parting from the theatre, where his attendant spirits had played their parts, and his return to Stratford. The persons in this play, while remaining real and living, are conceived in a more abstract way, more as types than those in any other work of Shakespeare. Prospero is the highest wisdom and moral attainment; Gonzalo is humorous common-sense incarnated; all that is meanest and most despicable appears in the wretched conspirators; Miranda, whose name seems to suggest wonder, is almost an elemental being, framed in the purest and simplest type of womanhood, yet made substantial by contrast with Ariel, who is an unbodied joy, too much a creature of light and air to know human affection or human sorrow; Caliban (the name formed from cannibal) stands at the other extreme, with all the elements in him—appetites, intellect, even imagination—out of which man emerges into early civilization, but with a moral nature that is still gross and malignant. Over all presides Prospero like a providence; and the spirit of reconciliation, of forgiveness, harmonizing the contentions of men, appears in *The Tempest* in the same noble manner as in *The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, and *Henry VIII.* The action of the play is comprised within three hours.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, King of Naples.  
 SEBASTIAN, his brother.  
 PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.  
 ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.  
 FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.  
 GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.  
 ADRIAN, } Lords.  
 FRANCISCO, }  
 CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.  
 TRINCULO, a Jester.  
 STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.  
 Master of a Ship.

Boatswain.  
 Mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy Spirit.

IRIS,  
 CERES,  
 JUNO,  
 Nymphs,  
 Reapers, } presented by Spirits.

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—*A ship at Sea: an island.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

*Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.*

*Mast.* Boatswain!

*Boats.* Here, master: what cheer?

*Mast.* Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. *[Exit.*

*Enter Mariners.*

*Boats.* Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the top-sail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.*

*Alon.* Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

*Boats.* I pray now, keep below.

*Ant.* Where is the master, boatswain?

*Boats.* Do you not hear him? You mar our labor; keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

*Gon.* Nay, good, be patient.

*Boats.* When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

*Gon.* Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boats.* None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand

a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. *[Exit.*

*Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Re-enter Boatswain.*

*Boats.* Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. *[A cry within.]* A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

*Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.*

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

*Seb.* A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

*Boats.* Work you then.

*Ant.* Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

*Gon.* I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

*Enter Mariners wet.*

*Mariners.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

*Seb.* I'm out of patience.

*Ant.* We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:

This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

*Gon.* He'll be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water swear against it

And gape at widest to glut him.

[*A confused noise within: 'Mercy on us!—We split, we split!'—Farewell, my wife and children!'*—

'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!']

*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king.

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Seb.*

*Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The island. Before PROSPERO'S cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

*Mir.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,

Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered

With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,

Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,

Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.

Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere It should the good ship so have swallow'd and

The fraughting souls within her.

*Pros.* Be collected: No more amazement: tell your piteous heart

There's no harm done.

*Mir.* O, woe the day!

*Pros.* No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee, Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who

Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing

Of whence I am, nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, And thy no greater father.

*Mir.* More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Pros.* 'Tis time I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,

And pluck my magic garment from me. So: [*Lays down his mantle.*

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee, I have with such provision in mine art

So safely ordered that there is no soul—

No, not so much perdition as an hair

Betid to any creature in the vessel

Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;

For thou must now know farther.

*Mir.* You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd

And left me to a bootless inquisition,

Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

*Pros.* The hour's now come;

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear; Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell?

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not

Out three years old.

*Mir.* Certainly, sir, I can.

*Pros.* By what? by any other house or person?

Of any thing the image tell me that  
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

*Mir.* 'Tis far off  
And rather like a dream than an assurance  
That my remembrance warrants. Had I  
not

Four or five women once that tended me?

*Pros.* Thou hadst, and more, Miranda.  
But how is it

That this lives in thy mind? What seest  
thou else

In the dark backward and abysm of time?  
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest  
here,

How thou camest here thou mayst.

*Mir.* But that I do not.

*Pros.* Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve  
year since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan and  
A prince of power.

*Mir.* Sir, are not you my father?

*Pros.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue,  
and

She said thou wast my daughter; and thy  
father

Was Duke of Milan; and thou his only heir  
And princess no worse issued.

*Mir.* O the heavens!  
What foul play had we, that we came from  
thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

*Pros.* Both, both, my girl:  
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we  
heaved thence,

But blessedly help hither.

*Mir.* O, my heart bleeds  
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you  
to,

Which is from my remembrance! Please  
you, farther.

*Pros.* My brother and thy uncle, call'd  
Antonio—

I pray thee, mark me—that a brother  
should

Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself  
Of all the world I loved and to him put  
The manage of my state; as at that time  
Through all the signories it was the first  
And Prospero the prime duke, being so  
reputed

In dignity, and for the liberal arts

Without a parallel; those being all my  
study,

The government I cast upon my brother  
And to my state grew stranger, being trans-  
ported

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false  
uncle—

Dost thou attend me?

*Mir.* Sir, most heedfully.

*Pros.* Being once perfected how to grant  
suits,

How to deny them, who to advance and  
who

To trash for over-topping, new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or  
changed 'em,

Or else new form'd 'em; having both the  
key

Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the  
state

To what tune pleased his ear; that now he  
was

The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou at-  
tend'st not.

*Mir.* O, good sir, I do.

*Pros.* I pray thee, mark me.  
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedi-  
cated

To closeness and the bettering of my mind  
With that which, but by being so retired,  
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false  
brother

Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood in its contrary as great  
As my trust was; which had indeed no  
limit,

A confidence sans bound. He being thus  
lorded,

Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact, like  
one

Who having into truth, by telling of it,  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie, he did believe  
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substi-  
tution,

And executing the outward face of royalty,  
With all prerogative: hence his ambition  
growing—

Dost thou hear?

*Mir.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

*Pros.* To have no screen between this part  
he play'd



And him he play'd it for, he needs will be  
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library  
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal  
royalties

He thinks me now incapable; confeder-  
ates—

So dry he was for sway—wi' the King of  
Naples

To give him annual tribute, do him hom-  
age,

Subject his coronet to his crown and  
bend

The dukedom yet unbow'd—alas, poor  
Milan!—

To most ignoble stooping.

*Mir.* O the heavens!

*Pros.* Mark his condition and the event;  
then tell me

If this might be a brother.

*Mir.* I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother:  
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

*Pros.* Now the condition.

The King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's  
suit;

Which was, that he, in lieu o' the prem-  
ises

Of homage and I know not how much  
tribute,

Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom and confer fair  
Milan

With all the honors on my brother:  
whereon,

A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of  
darkness,

The ministers for the purpose hurried  
thence

Me and thy crying self.

*Mir.* Alack, for pity!

I, not remembering how I cried out then,

Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint

That wrings mine eyes to't.

*Pros.* Hear a little further

And then I'll bring thee to the present  
business

Which now's upon's; without the which  
this story

Were most impertinent.

*Mir.* Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us?

*Pros.* Well demanded, wench:  
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they  
durst not,

So dear the love my people bore me, nor  
set

A mark so bloody on the business, but  
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.

In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they  
prepared

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist  
us,

To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh  
To the winds whose pity, sighing back  
again,

Did us but loving wrong.

*Mir.* Alack, what trouble  
Was I then to you!

*Pros.* O, a cherubin

Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou  
didst smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have deck'd the sea with drops  
full salt,

Under my burthen groan'd; which raised  
in me

An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

*Mir.* How came we ashore?

*Pros.* By Providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water  
that

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, being then appointed  
Master of this design, did give us, with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and neces-  
saries,

Which since have steaded much; so, of his  
gentleness,

Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd  
me

From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

*Mir.* Would I might  
But ever see that man!

*Pros.* Now I arise: [*Resumes his mantle.*  
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
Here in this island we arrived; and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more  
profit

Than other princesses can that have more  
time

For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

*Mir.* Heavens thank you for't! And now,  
I pray you, sir,

For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason

For raising this sea-storm?

*Pros.* Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,

Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore; and by my presence

I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop. Here cease more  
questions:

Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dullness,

And give it way: I know thou canst not  
choose. [*Miranda sleeps.*]

Come away, servant, come. I am ready  
now.

Approach, my Ariel, come.

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* All hail, great master! grave sir, hail!  
I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task

Ariel and all his quality.

*Pros.* Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

*Ari.* To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the  
beak,

Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flamed amazement: sometimes I'd divide,  
And burn in many places; on the topmast,  
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame  
distinctly,

Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the  
precursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

And sight-outrunning were not; the fire  
and cracks

Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty  
Neptune

Seem to besiege and make his bold waves  
tremble,

Yea, his dread trident shake.

*Pros.* My brave spirit!  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this  
coil

Would not infect his reason?

*Ari.* Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners

Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the  
vessel,

Then all afire with me: the king's son,  
Ferdinand,

With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not  
hair,—

Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell  
is empty,

And all the devils are here.'

*Pros.* Why, that's my spirit!  
But was not this high shore?

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

*Pros.* But are they, Ariel, safe?

*Ari.* Not a hair perish'd;  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,

In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the  
isle.

The king's son have I landed by himself;  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
in an odd angle of the isle and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot.

*Pros.* Of the king's ship  
The mariners say how thou hast disposed  
And all the rest o' the fleet.

*Ari.* Safely in harbor  
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where  
once

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch  
dew

From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's  
hid:

The mariners all under hatches stow'd;  
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd  
labor,

I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the  
fleet

Which I dispersed, they all have met again  
And are upon the Mediterranean floe,  
Bound sadly home for Naples,

Supposing that they saw the king's ship  
wreck'd

And his great person perish.

*Pros.* Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more  
work.

What is the time o' the day?

*Ari.* Past the mid season.

*Pros.* At least two glasses. The time  
'twixt six and now

Must by us both be spent most precious.

*Ari.* Is there more toil? Since thou dost  
give me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast  
promised,

Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pros.* How now? moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pros.* Before the time be out? no more!

*Ari.* I prithee,  
Remember I have done thee worthy  
service;

Told thee no lies, made thee no mistak-  
ings, served

Without or grudge or grumblings: thou  
didst promise

To bate me a full year.

*Pros.* Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ari.* No.

*Pros.* Thou dost, and think'st it much to  
tread the ooze

Of the salt deep,

To run upon the sharp wind of the north,

To do me business in the veins o' the earth

When it is baked with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, sir.

*Pros.* Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast  
thou forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and  
envy

Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot  
her?

*Ari.* No, sir.

*Pros.* Thou hast. Where was she born?  
speak; tell me.

*Ari.* Sir, in Argier.

*Pros.* O, was she so? I must  
Once in a month recount what thou hast  
been,

Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch  
Sycorax,

For mischiefs manifold and sorceries ter-  
rible

To enter human hearing, from Argier,  
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing  
she did

They would not take her life. Is not this  
true?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.

*Pros.* This blue-eyed hag was hither  
brought with child

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my  
slave,

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her  
servant;

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine  
thee,

By help of her more potent ministers  
And in her most unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years; within which space she  
died

And left thee there; where thou didst vent  
thy groans

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this  
island—

Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honor'd  
with

A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes, Caliban her son.

*Pros.* Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban  
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best  
know'st

What torment I did find thee in; thy  
groans

Did make wolves howl and penetrate the  
breasts

Of ever angry bears: it was a torment  
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo: it was mine art,  
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made  
gape

The pine and let thee out.

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

*Pros.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend  
an oak

And peg thee in his knotty entrails till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ari.* Pardon, master;  
I will be correspondent to command

And do my spiriting gently.

*Pros.* Do so, and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

*Ari.* That's my noble master!  
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

*Pros.* Go make thyself like a nymph o'  
the sea: be subject

To no sight but thine and mine, invisible  
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape  
And hither come in't: go, hence with dili-  
gence! [Exit *Ariel*.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept  
well;

Awake!

*Mir.* The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

*Pros.* Shake it off. Come on;  
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never  
Yields us kind answer.

*Mir.* 'Tis a villain, sir,  
I do not love to look on.

*Pros.* But, as 'tis,  
We cannot miss him: he does make our  
fire,

Fetch in our wood and serves in offices  
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!  
Thou earth, thou! speak.

*Cal.* [Within] There's wood enough  
within.

*Pros.* Come forth, I say! there's other  
business for thee:

Come, thou tortoise! when?

*Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.]

*Pros.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the  
devil himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

*Enter CALIBAN.*

*Cal.* As wicked dew as e'er my mother  
brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome  
fen

Drop on you both! a south-west blow on  
ye

And blister you all o'er!

*Pros.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt  
have cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up;  
urchins

Shall, for that vast of night that they may  
work,

All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more  
stinging

Than bees that made 'em.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou takest from me. When thou  
camest first,

Thou strokedst me and madest much of  
me, wouldst give me

Water with berries in't, and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the  
less,

That burn by day and night: and then I  
loved thee

And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place  
and fertile:

Cursed be I that did so! All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on  
you!

For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king: and here  
you sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from  
me

The rest o' the island.

*Pros.* Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I  
have used thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care, and  
lodged thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to  
violate

The honor of my child.

*Cal.* O ho, O ho! would't had been done!  
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.

*Pros.* Abhorred slave,  
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee  
each hour

One thing or other: when thou didst not,  
savage,

Know thine own meaning, but wouldst  
gabble like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy pur-  
poses

With words that made them known. But  
thy vile race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't  
which good natures



Could not abide to be with; therefore wast  
thou  
Deservedly confined into this rock,  
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.  
*Cal.* You taught me language; and my  
profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague  
rid you  
For learning me your language!  
*Pros.* Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,  
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou,  
malice?  
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old  
cramps,  
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee  
roar  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.  
*Cal.* No, pray thee.  
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such  
power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him.  
*Pros.* So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*]  
*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and sing-  
ing; FERDINAND following.*  
*ARIEL's song.*  
Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd  
The wild waves whist,  
Foot it feately here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.  
*Burthen* [*dispersedly*]. Hark, hark!  
Bow-wow.  
The watch-dogs bark:  
Bow-wow.  
*Ari.* Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticleer  
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.  
*Fer.* Where should this music be? i' the  
air or the earth?  
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon  
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the king of my father's  
wreck,  
This music crept by me upon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury and my passion  
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd  
it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.  
No, it begins again.

*ARIEL sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
*Burthen.* Ding-dong.  
*Ari.* Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong,  
bell.  
*Fer.* The ditty does remember my  
drown'd father.  
This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owes. I hear it now above  
me.  
*Pros.* The fringed curtains of thine eye  
advance  
And say what thou seest yond.  
*Mir.* What is't? a spirit?  
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,  
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.  
*Pros.* No, wench; it eats and sleeps and  
hath such senses  
As we have, such. This gallant which thou  
seest  
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something  
stain'd  
With grief that's beauty's canker, thou  
mightst call him  
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows  
And strays about to find 'em.  
*Mir.* I might call him  
A thing divine, for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.  
*Pros.* [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,  
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit!  
I'll free thee  
Within two days for this.  
*Fer.* Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my  
prayer  
May know if you remain upon this island;  
And that you will some good instruction  
give  
How I may bear me here: my prime re-  
quest,  
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you won-  
der!  
If you be maid or no?  
*Mir.* No wonder, sir;  
But certainly a maid.  
*Fer.* My language! heavens!

I am the best of them that speak this  
speech,

Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pros.* How? the best?  
What wert thou, if the King of Naples  
heard thee?

*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that  
wonders

To hear thee speak of Naples. He does  
hear me;

And that he does I weep: myself am  
Naples,

Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb,  
beheld

The king my father wreck'd.

*Mir.* Alack, for mercy!

*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke  
of Milan

And his brave son being twain.

*Pros.* [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan  
And his more braver daughter could con-  
trol thee,

If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight  
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word,  
good sir;

I fear you have done yourself some wrong:  
a word.

*Mir.* Why speaks my father so ungently?  
This

Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first,  
Thate'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father  
To be inclined my way!

*Fer.* O, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll  
make you

The queen of Naples.

*Pros.* Soft, sir! one word more.  
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers;  
but this swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word  
more; I charge thee

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp  
The name thou owest not; and hast put  
thyself

Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

*Fer.* No, as I am a man.

*Mir.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such  
a temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

*Pros.*

Follow me.  
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.  
Come;

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:  
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall  
be

The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots  
and husks

Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

*Fer.* No;  
I will resist such entertainment till  
Mine enemy has more power.

[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*

*Mir.* O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle and not fearful.

*Pros.* What? I say,  
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;

Who makest a show but darest not strike,  
thy conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy  
ward,

For I can here disarm thee with this stick  
And make thy weapon drop.

*Mir.* Beseech you, father.

*Pros.* Hence! hang not on my garments.  
*Mir.* Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

*Pros.* Silence! one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.  
What!

An advocate for an impostor! hush!  
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes  
as he,

Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish  
wench!

To the most of men this is a Caliban  
And they to him are angels.

*Mir.* My affections  
Are then most humble; I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

*Pros.* Come on; obey:  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again  
And have no vigor in them.

*Fer.* So they are;  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's  
threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light to  
me,

Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

*Pros.* [*Aside*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*]  
Follow me.

[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

*Mir.* Be of comfort;  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted

Which now came from him.

*Pros.* Thou shalt be free  
As mountain winds: but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

*Ari.* To the syllable.

*Pros.* Come, follow. Speak not for him.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

*Gon.* Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,

So have we all, of joy; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe  
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant and the merchant

Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,

I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh

Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon.* Prithee, peace.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Ant.* The visitor will not give him o'er so.

*Seb.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

*Gon.* Sir,—

*Seb.* One: tell.

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd  
that's offer'd,

Comes to the entertainer—

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord,—

*Ant.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

*Alon.* I prithee, spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have done: but yet,—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

*Seb.* The old cock.

*Ant.* The cockerel.

*Seb.* Done. The wager?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match!

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.

*Adr.* Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—

*Seb.* Yet,—

*Adr.* Yet,—

*Ant.* He could not miss't.

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

*Seb.* As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

*Gon.* Here is everything advantageous to life.

*Ant.* True; save means to live.

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

*Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of green in't.

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

*Gon.* But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

*Seb.* As many vouch'd rarities are.

*Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being

rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

*Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

*Adr.* Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

*Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.

*Ant.* Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

*Seb.* What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it!

*Adr.* 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage?

*Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Seb.* His word is more than the miraculous harp; he hath raised the wall and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.

*Ant.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Gon.* Ay.

*Ant.* Why, in good time.

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

*Ant.* O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fished for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears against

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never

Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,

My son is lost and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy removed

I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

*Fran.* Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,

As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt He came alive to land.

*Alon.* No, no, he's gone.

*Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

But rather lose her to an African;

Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

*Alon.* Prithee, peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd to and importuned otherwise

By all of us, and the fair soul herself

Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at

Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have

More widows in them of this business' making

Than we bring men to comfort them:

The fault's your own.

*Alon.* So is the dear'st o' the loss.

*Gon.* My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness

And time to speak it in: you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaster.

*Seb.* Very well.

*Ant.* And most chirurgeonly.

*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir, When you are cloudy.



*Seb.* Foul weather?  
*Ant.* Very foul.  
*Gon.* Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—  
*Ant.* He'd sow't with nettle-seed.  
*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.  
*Gon.* And were the king on't, what would I do?  
*Seb.* 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.  
*Gon.* I' the commonwealth I would by contraries  
 Execute all things; for no kind of traffic  
 Would I admit; no name of magistrate;  
 Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,  
 And use of service, none; contract, succession,  
 Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;  
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;  
 No occupation; all men idle, all;  
 And women too, but innocent and pure;  
 No sovereignty;—  
*Seb.* Yet he would be king on't.  
*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.  
*Gon.* All things in common nature should produce  
 Without sweat or endeavor: treason, felony,  
 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
 Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,  
 Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,  
 To feed my innocent people.  
*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?  
*Ant.* None, man; all idle: whores and knaves.  
*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
 To excel the golden age.  
*Seb.* God save his majesty!  
*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo!  
*Gon.* And,—do you mark me, sir?  
*Alon.* Prithce, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.  
*Gon.* I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laughed at.  
*Gon.* Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.  
*Ant.* What a blow was there given!  
*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.  
*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.  
*Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.*  
*Seb.* We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.  
*Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.  
*Gon.* No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?  
*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us.  
*[All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.]*  
*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes  
 Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find  
 They are inclined to do so.  
*Seb.* Please you, sir,  
 Do not omit the heavy offer of it:  
 It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,  
 It is a comforter.  
*Ant.* We two, my lord,  
 Will guard your person while you take your rest,  
 And watch your safety.  
*Alon.* Thank you. Wondrous heavy.  
*[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.]*  
*Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them!  
*Ant.* It is the quality o' the climate.  
*Seb.* Why  
 Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not  
 Myself disposed to sleep.  
*Ant.* Nor I; my spirits are nimble.  
 They fell together all, as by consent;  
 They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke.  
 What might,  
 Worthy Sebastian? O, what might?—No more:—  
 And yet me thinks I see it in thy face,  
 What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee, and  
 My strong imagination sees a crown  
 Dropping upon thy head.  
*Seb.* What, art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?

*Seb.* I do; and surely  
It is a sleepy language and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking,  
moving,  
And yet so fast asleep.

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian,  
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather;  
wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly;  
There's meaning in thy snores.

*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom:  
you

Must be so too, if heed me; which to do  
Trebles thee o'er.

*Seb.* Well, I am standing water.

*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so: to ebb  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* O,  
If you but knew how you the purpose  
cherish

Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping  
it,

You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,  
Most often do so near the bottom run  
By their own fear or sloth.

*Seb.* Prithee, say on:  
The setting of thine eye and cheek pro-  
claim

A matter from thee, and a birth indeed  
Which throes thee much to yield.

*Ant.* Thus, sir:  
Although this lord of weak remembrance,  
this,

Who shall be of as little memory  
When he is earth'd, hath here almost per-  
suaded,—

For he's a spirit of persuasion, only  
Professes to persuade,—the king his son's  
alive,

'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd  
As he that sleeps here swims.

*Seb.* I have no hope  
That he's undrown'd.

*Ant.* O, out of that 'no hope'  
What great hope have you! no hope that  
way is

Another way so high a hope that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

But doubt discovery there. Will you grant  
with me

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

*Seb.* He's gone.

*Ant.* Then, tell me,  
Who's the next heir of Naples?

*Seb.* Claribel

*Ant.* She that is queen of Tunis; she that  
dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that  
from Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were  
post—

The man i' the moon's too slow—till new-  
born chins

Be rough and razorable; she that—from  
whom?

We all were sea-swallow'd, though some  
cast again,

And by that destiny to perform an act  
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to  
come

In yours and my discharge.

*Seb.* What stuff is this! how say you?  
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of  
Tunis;

So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which  
regions

There is some space.

*Ant.* A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were  
death

That now hath seized them; why, they  
were no worse

Than now they are. There be that can rule  
Naples

As well as he that sleeps; lords that can  
prate

As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore  
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this  
For your advancement! Do you understand  
me?

*Seb.* Methinks I do.

*Ant.* And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

*Seb.* I remember  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

*Ant.* True:

And look how well my garments sit upon me;  
 Much feater than before: my brother's servants  
 Were then my fellows; now they are my men.  
*Seb.* But, for your conscience?  
*Ant.* Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,  
 'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not  
 This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,  
 That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they  
 And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,  
 No better than the earth he lies upon,  
 If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;  
 Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
 Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,  
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
 This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;  
 They'll tell the clock to any business that  
 We say befits the hour.  
*Seb.* Thy case, dear friend,  
 Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,  
 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke  
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;  
 And I the king shall love thee.  
*Ant.* Draw together;  
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
 To fall it on Gonzalo.  
*Seb.* O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*  
*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.*  
*Ari.* My master through his art foresees the danger  
 That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth—  
 For else his project dies—to keep them living.  
 [*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*  
 While you here do snoring lie,  
 Open-eyed conspiracy  
 His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,  
 Shake off slumber, and beware:  
 Awake, awake!

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.  
*Gon.* Now, good angels  
 Preserve the king. [*They wake.*  
*Alon.* Why, how now? ho, awake! Why  
 are you drawn?  
 Wherefore this ghastly looking?  
*Gon.* What's the matter?  
*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your  
 repose,  
 Even now, we heard a hollow burst of  
 bellowing  
 Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake  
 you?  
 It struck mine ear most terribly.  
*Alon.* I heard nothing.  
*Ant.* O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's  
 ear,  
 To make an earthquake! sure, it was the  
 roar  
 Of a whole herd of lions.  
*Alon.* Heard you this, Gonzalo?  
*Gon.* Upon thine honor, sir, I heard a  
 humming,  
 And that a strange one too, which did  
 awake me:  
 I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes  
 open'd,  
 I saw their weapons drawn: there was a  
 noise,  
 That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our  
 guard,  
 Or that we quit this place; let's draw our  
 weapons.  
*Alon.* Lead off this ground; and let's  
 make further search  
 For my poor son.  
*Gon.* Heavens keep him from these beasts!  
 For he is, sure, i' the island.  
*Alon.* Lead away.  
*Ari.* Prospero my lord shall know what I  
 have done:  
 So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.  
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A  
 noise of thunder heard.*  
*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks  
 up

From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and  
make him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor  
pinch,

Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i'  
the mire,

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me;  
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter  
at me

And after bite me, then like hedgehogs  
which

Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and  
mount

Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I  
All wound with adders who with cloven  
tongues

Do hiss me into madness.

*Enter TRINCULO.*

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment  
me

For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;  
Perchance he will not mind me.

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub, to  
bear off any weather at all, and another  
storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind:  
yond same black cloud, yond huge one,  
looks like a foul bombard that would shed  
his liquor. If it should thunder as it did  
before, I know not where to hide my head:  
yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by  
pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a  
fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a  
fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a  
kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A  
strange fish! Were I in England now, as  
once I was, and had but this fish painted,  
not a holiday fool there but would give a  
piece of silver: there would this monster  
make a man; any strange beast there makes  
a man: when they will not give a doit to  
relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten  
to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man!  
and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth!  
I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no  
longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that  
hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt.  
[*Thunder*] Alas, the storm is come again!  
my best way is to creep under his gaber-

dine; there is no other shelter hereabouts:  
misery acquaints a man with strange bed-  
fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of  
the storm be past.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his  
hand.*

*Ste.* I shall no more to sea, to sea,

Here shall I die ashore—  
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a  
man's funeral: well, here's my comfort.  
[*Drinks.*]

*Sings.]*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain  
and I,

The gunner and his mate  
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,  
But none of us cared for Kate;  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!  
She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she  
did itch:

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!  
This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my  
comfort. [*Drinks.*]

*Cal.* Do not torment me: Oh!

*Ste.* What's the matter? Have we devils  
here? Do you put tricks upon's with sav-  
ages and men of Ind, ha? I have not 'scaped  
drowning to be afeard now of your four  
legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man  
as ever went on four legs cannot make him  
give ground; and it shall be said so again  
while Stephano breathes at's nostrils.

*Cal.* The spirit torments me; Oh!

*Ste.* This is some monster of the isle with  
four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an  
ague. Where the devil should he learn our  
language? I will give him some relief, if it  
be but for that. If I can recover him and  
keep him tame and get to Naples with him,  
he's a present for any emperor that ever  
trod on near's leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring  
my wood home faster.

*Ste.* He's in his fit now and does not talk  
after the wisest. He shall taste of my bot-  
tle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it  
will go near to remove his fit. If I can re-  
cover him and keep him tame, I will not  
take too much for him; he shall pay for him  
that hath him, and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt;



thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling:  
now Prosper works upon thee.

*Ste.* Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

*Trin.* I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils:  
O defend me!

*Ste.* Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano!

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

*Trin.* Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me: for I am Trinculo—be not afraid—thy good friend Trinculo.

*Ste.* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

*Ste.* Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

*Cal.* [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.

I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this

bottle; which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

*Cal.* I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Ste.* Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

*Trin.* Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trin.* O Stephano, hast any more of this?

*Ste.* The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

*Ste.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee:

My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

*Ste.* Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afraid of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

*Cal.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;

And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Ste.* Come on then; down, and swear.

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

*Ste.* Come, kiss.

*Trin.* But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

*Cal.* I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

*Cal.* I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee

To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

*Ste.* I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

*Cal.* [*Sings drunkenly*]

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

*Trin.* A howling monster: a drunken monster!

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:

'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban

Has a new master: get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

*Ste.* O brave monster! Lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. Before PROSPERO's cell.

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful, and their labor

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me as odious, but

The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead

And makes my labors pleasures: O, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,

And he's composed of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,

Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness

Had never like executor. I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors,

Most busy lest, when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen.*

*Mir.* Alas, now, pray you, Work not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!

Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,

'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father

Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself; He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* O most dear mistress, The sun will set before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.

*Mir.* If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;

I'll carry it to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious creature; I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,

Than you should such dishonor undergo, While I sit lazy by.

*Mir.* It would become me As well as it does you: and I should do it With much more ease; for my good will is to it,

And yours it is against.

*Pros.* Poor worm, thou art infected! This visitation shows it.

*Mir.* You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me

When you are by at night. I do beseech you—

Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers— What is your name?

*Mir.* Miranda.—O my father,  
I have broke your hest to say so!

*Fer.* Admir'd Miranda!  
Indeed the top of admiration! worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many a  
lady

I have eyed with best regard and many a  
time

The harmony of their tongues hath into  
bondage

Brought my too diligent ear: for several  
virtues

Have I liked several women; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she  
owed

And put it to the foil: but you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best!

*Mir.* I do not know  
One of my sex; no woman's face remem-  
ber,

Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have  
I seen

More that I may call men than you, good  
friend,

And my dear father: how features are  
abroad,

I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,  
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you,  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle  
Something too wildly and my father's pre-  
cepts

I therein do forget.

*Fer.* I am in my condition  
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;  
I would, not so!—and would no more en-  
dure

This wooden slavery than to suffer  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my  
soul speak:

The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service; there resides,  
To make me slave to it; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.

*Mir.* Do you love me?

*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to  
this sound

And crown what I profess with kind event  
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief! I

Beyond all limit of what else i' the world  
Do love, prize, honor you.

*Mir.* I am a fool  
To weep at what I am glad of.

*Pros.* Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain  
grace

On that which breeds between 'em!

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you?

*Mir.* At mine unworthiness that dare not  
offer

What I desire to give, and much less take  
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful  
cunning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!  
I am your wife, if you will marry me;  
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow  
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.

*Fer.* My mistress, dearest;  
And I thus humble ever.

*Mir.* My husband, then?

*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my  
hand.

*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in't; and  
now farewell

Till half an hour hence.

*Fer.* A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*]

*Pros.* So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,  
For yet ere supper-time must I perform  
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.*

*Ste.* Tell not me; when the butt is out,  
we will drink water; not a drop before:  
therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-  
monster, drink to me.

*Trin.* Servant-monster! the folly of this  
island! They say there's but five upon this  
isle: we are three of them; if th' other two  
be brained like us, the state totters.

*Ste.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid  
thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

*Trin.* Where should they be set else? he  
were a brave monster indeed, if they were  
set in his tail.

*Ste.* My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

*Ste.* We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither; but you'll lie like dogs and yet say nothing neither.

*Ste.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

*Cal.* How does thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe.

I'll not serve him; he's not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

*Trin.* 'Lord' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

*Ste.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

*Ste.* Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

*Ste.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest,

But this thing dare not,—

*Ste.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

*Ste.* How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest; thou canst not.

*Cal.* What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows And take his bottle from him: when that's gone

He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him

Where the quick freshes are.

*Ste.* Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stock-fish of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats Trin.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.

*Cal.* Beat him enough: after a little time I'll beat him too.

*Ste.* Stand farther. Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,

I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,

Having first seized his books, or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember

First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not

One spirit to command: they all do hate him



As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.  
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls  
them,—

Which, when he has a house, he'll deck  
withal

And that most deeply to consider is  
The beauty of his daughter; he himself  
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,  
But only Sycorax my dam and she;  
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax  
As great'st does least.

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, lord; she will become thy bed,  
I warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his  
daughter and I will be king and queen,—  
save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself  
shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot,  
Trinculo?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat  
thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good  
tongue in thy head.

*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be  
asleep:

Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* Ay, on mine honor.

*Ari.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou makest me merry; I am full of  
pleasure:

Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch  
You taught me but while-ere?

*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do  
reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let  
us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em

And scout 'em and flout 'em;

Thought is free.

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

*Ste.* What is this same?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, played  
by the picture of Nobody.

*Ste.* If thou beest a man, show thyself in  
thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as  
thou list.

*Trin.* O, forgive me my sins!

*Ste.* He that dies pays all debts: I defy  
thee. Mercy upon us!

*Cal.* Art thou afeard?

*Ste.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,

Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight  
and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instru-  
ments

Will hum about mine ears, and sometime  
voices

That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in  
dreaming,

The clouds methought would open and  
show riches

Ready to drop upon me, that, when I  
waked,

I cried to dream again.

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom to  
me, where I shall have my music for noth-  
ing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroyed.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by: I remember  
the story.

*Trin.* The sound is going away; let's  
follow it, and after do our work.

*Ste.* Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would  
I could see this taborer; he lays it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GON-  
ZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

*Gon.* By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;  
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod  
indeed

Through forth-rights and meanders! By  
your patience,

I needs must rest me.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and  
rest.

Even here I will put off my hope and keep  
it

No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd  
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea  
mocks

Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him  
go.

*Ant.* [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that  
he's so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolved to effect.

*Seb.* [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly.

*Ant.* [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;  
For, now they are oppress'd with travel,  
they

Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance  
As when they are fresh.

*Seb.* [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night: no  
more. [*Solemn and strange music.*]

*Alon.* What harmony is this? My good  
friends, hark!

*Gon.* Marvellous sweet music!

*Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens!  
What were these?

*Seb.* A living drollery. Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one  
phoenix

At this hour reigning there.

*Ant.* I'll believe both;  
And what does else want credit, come to  
me,

And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er  
did lie,

Though fools at home condemn 'em.

*Gon.* If in Naples  
I should report this now, would they be-  
lieve me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders—  
For, certes, these are people of the island—  
Who, though they are of monstrous shape,  
yet, note,

Their manners are more gentle-kind than of  
Our human generation you shall find  
Many, nay, almost any.

*Pros.* [*Aside*] Honest lord,  
Thou hast said well; for some of you there  
present

Are worse than devils.

*Alon.* I cannot too much muse  
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound,  
expressing,

Although they want the use of tongue, a  
kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

*Pros.* [*Aside*] Praise in departing.

*Fran.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Seb.* No matter, since  
They have left their viands behind; for we  
have stomachs.

Will't please you taste of what is here?

*Alon.* Not I.

*Gon.* Faith, sir, you need not fear. When  
we were boys,

Who would believe that there were moun-  
taineers

Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had  
hanging at 'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such  
men

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which  
now we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring  
us

Good warrant of.

*Alon.* I will stand to and feed

Although my last: no matter, since I feel

The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke

Stand to and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a  
harpy; claps his wings upon the table,  
and, with a quaint device, the banquet  
vanishes.*

*Ari.* You are three men of sin, whom  
Destiny,

That hath to instrument this lower world

And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea

Hath caused to belch up you; and on this  
island

Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst  
men

Being most unfit to live. I have made you  
mad;

And even with such-like valor men hang  
and drown

Their proper selves.

[*Alon., Seb. &c. draw their swords.*]

You fools! I and my fellows

Are ministers of Fate: the elements,

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may  
as well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd  
at stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish

One dowe that's in my plume: my fellow-  
ministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,

Your swords are now too massy for your  
strengths

And will not be uplifted. But remember—

For that's my business to you—that you  
three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero;

Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him and his innocent child: for which foul  
deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the  
creatures,

Against your peace. Thee of thy son,  
Alonso,

They have bereft; and do pronounce by  
me:

Lingering perdition, worse than any death  
Can be at once, shall step by step attend  
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard  
you from—

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else  
falls

Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-  
sorrow

And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music,  
enter the Shapes again, and dance, with  
mocks and mows, and carrying out the  
table.*

*Pros.* Bravely the figure of this harpy  
hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, de-  
vouring:

Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated  
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good  
life

And observation strange, my meaner min-  
isters

Their several kinds have done. My high  
charms work

And these mine enemies are all knit up  
In their distractions; they now are in my  
power;

And in these fits I leave them, while I visit  
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is  
drown'd,

And his and mine loved darling.  
[*Exit above.*]

*Gon.* I' the name of something holy, sir,  
why stand you

In this strange stare?

*Alon.* O, it is monstrous, monstrous:  
Methought the billows spoke and told me  
of it;

The winds did sing it to me, and the  
thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pro-  
nounced

The name of Prosper: it did bass my tres-  
pass.

Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet  
sounded

And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.  
Seb.* But one fiend at a time,

I'll fight their legions o'er.

*Ant.* I'll be thy second.  
[*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*]

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate:  
their great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time  
after,

Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech  
you

That are of suppler joints, follow them  
swiftly

And hinder them from what this ecstasy  
May now provoke them to.

*Adr.* Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I. Before PROSPERO'S cell.

*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

*Pros.* If I have too austerely punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends, for I  
Have given you here a thrif of mine own  
life,

Or that for which I live; who once again  
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore  
Heaven,

I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,  
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all  
praise

And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.* I do believe it  
Against an oracle.

*Pros.* Then, as my gift and thine own  
acquisition

Worthily purchased, take my daughter:  
but

If thou dost break her virgin-knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow: but barren  
hate,

Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew

The union of your bed with weeds so loathly

That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,

As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

*Fer.* As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue and long life,

With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,

The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion

Our worse genius can, shall never melt

Mine honor into lust, to take away

The edge of that day's celebration

When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,

Or Night kept chain'd below.

*Pros.* Fairly spoke.

Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.

What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* What would my potent master? here I am.

*Pros.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you

In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,

O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:

Incite them to quick motion; for I must

Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple

Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,

And they expect it from me.

*Ari.* Presently?

*Pros.* Ay, with a twink.

*Ari.* Before you can say 'come' and 'go,'

And breathe twice and cry 'so, so,'

Each one, tripping on his toe,

Will be here with mop and mow.

Do you love me, master? no?

*Pros.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach

Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.* Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*]

*Pros.* Look thou be true; do not give dalliance

Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw

To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,

Or else, good night your vow!

*Fer.*

I warrant you, sir

The white cold virgin snow upon my hear  
Abates the ardor of my liver.

*Pros.*

Well.

Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,

Rather than want a spirit: appear, a  
pertly!

No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [*Soft music.*]

*Enter IRIS.*

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy riches  
leas

Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and  
pease;

Thy turf mountains, where live nibbling  
sheep,

And flat meads thatch'd with stover, there  
to keep;

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims

Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,

To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and  
thy broom-groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelors  
loves,

Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;

And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard

Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o'  
the sky,

Whose watery arch and messenger am I,

Bids thee leave these, and with her sov'  
ereign grace,

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place

To come and sport: her peacocks fl'  
amain:

Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*Enter CERES.*

*Cer.* Hail, many-color'd messenger, thou  
ne'er

Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;

Who with thy saffron wings upon many  
flowers

Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing shower

And with each end of thy blue bow dost  
crown

My bosky acres and my unshrub'd downs

Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hast  
thy queen

Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'  
green?

*Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate

And some donation freely to estate

On the blest lovers.

*Cer.*

Tell me, heavenly bow

If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,



Do now attend the queen? Since they did  
plot

The means that dusky Dis my daughter  
got,

Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
I have forsworn.

*Iris.* Of her society

Be not afraid: I met her deity

Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her  
son

Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they  
to have done

Some wanton charm upon this man and  
maid,

Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be  
paid

Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;

Mars's hot minion is returned again;

Her waspish-headed son has broke his  
arrows,

Swears he will shoot no more but play  
with sparrows

And be a boy right out.

*Cer.* High'st queen of state,

Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

*Enter JUNO.*

*Juno.* How does my bounteous sister? Go  
with me

To bless this twain, that they may prosper-  
ous be

And honor'd in their issue. [*They sing.*]

*Juno.* Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,

Long continuance, and increasing,

Hourly joys be still upon you!

Juno sings her blessings on you.

*Cer.* Earth's increase, foison plenty,

Barns and garners never empty,

Vines and clustering bunches grow-  
ing,

Plants with goodly burthen bowing;

Spring come to you at the farthest

In the very end of harvest!

Scarcity and want shall shun you;

Ceres' blessing so is on you.

*Fer.* This is a most majestic vision, and

Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold

To think these spirits?

*Pros.* Spirits, which by mine art

have from their confines call'd to enact

My present fancies.

*Fer.* Let me live here ever;

So rare a wonder'd father and a wife

Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send*

*Iris on employment.*

*Pros.* Sweet, now, silence!

Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;

There's something else to do: hush, and be  
mute,

Or else our spell is marr'd.

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the  
winding brooks,

With your sledged crowns and ever-harm-  
less looks,

Leave your crisp channels and on this green  
land

Answer your summons; Juno does com-  
mand:

Come, temperate nymphs, and help to cele-  
brate

A contract of true love; be not too late.

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,

Come hither from the furrow and be  
merry:

Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on

And these fresh nymphs encounter every  
one

In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited:*

*they join with the Nymphs in a graceful*

*dance; towards the end whereof PROS-*

*PERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after*

*which, to a strange, hollow, and con-*

*fused noise, they heavily vanish.*

*Pros.* [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul con-  
spiracy

Of the beast Caliban and his confederates

Against my life: the minute of their plot

Is almost come. [*To the Spirits*] Well

done! avoid; no more!

*Fer.* This is strange: your father's in some

passion

That works him strongly.

*Mir.* Never till this day

Saw I him touch'd with anger so dis-

temper'd.

*Pros.* You do look, my son, in a moved

sort,

As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.

Our revels now are ended. These our

actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits and

Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;  
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is  
troubled:

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:  
If you be pleased, retire into my cell  
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,  
To still my beating mind.

*Fer.* } We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*  
*Mir.* }

*Pros.* Come with a thought. I thank thee,  
Ariel: come.

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

*Pros.* Spirit,  
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

*Ari.* Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd

Lest I might anger thee.

*Pros.* Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;

So full of valor that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground

For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;

At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,

Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses

As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears  
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through

Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,

Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them

I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake

O'erstunk their feet.

*Pros.* This was well done, my bird.  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:  
The trumpery in my house, so bring it  
hither,

For stale to catch these thieves.

*Ari.* I go, I go. [*Exit.*

*Pros.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature

Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;  
And as with age his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,  
Even to roaring.

*Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistening apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line.

*PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

*Ste.* Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

*Ste.* So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good my lord, give me thy favor still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to. Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

*Ste.* There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labor.

*Cal.* Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.

Do that good mischief which may make this island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,

For aye thy foot-licker.  
*Ste.* Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.  
*Trin.* O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!  
*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.  
*Trin.* O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O king Stephano!  
*Ste.* Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.  
*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it.  
*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean  
 To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone  
 And do the murder first: if he awake,  
 From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,  
 Make us strange stuff.  
*Ste.* Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.  
*Trin.* Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.  
*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.  
*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.  
*Cal.* I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,  
 And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes  
 With foreheads villanous low.  
*Ste.* Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.  
*Trin.* And this.  
*Ste.* Ay, and this.  
*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.*  
*Pros.* Hey, Mountain, hey!  
*Ari.* Silver! there it goes, Silver!  
*Pros.* Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark! [*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*]  
 Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews  
 With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them  
 Than pard or cat o' mountain.  
*Ari.* Hark, they roar!  
*Pros.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour  
 Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:  
 Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou  
 Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little  
 Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

## SCENE I. Before PROSPERO's cell.

*Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.*

*Pros.* Now does my project gather to a head:  
 My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time  
 Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?  
*Ari.* On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,  
 You said our work should cease.  
*Pros.* I did say so,  
 When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,  
 How fares the king and's followers?  
*Ari.* Confined together  
 In the same fashion as you gave in charge,  
 Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,  
 In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;  
 They cannot budge till your release. The king,  
 His brother and yours, abide all three distracted  
 And the remainder mourning over them,  
 Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly  
 Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo;'  
 His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
 From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em  
 That if you now beheld them, your affections  
 Would become tender.

*Pros.* Dost thou think so, spirit?

*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

*Pros.* And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling

Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than  
thou art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck  
to the quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part: the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance: they being  
penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further. Go release them,  
Ariel:

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll re-  
store,

And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.* I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

*Pros.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing  
lakes and groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless  
foot

Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly  
him

When he comes back; you demi-puppets  
that

By moonshine do the green sour ringlets  
make,

Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose  
pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms, that re-  
joice

To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,  
Weak masters though ye be, I have be-  
dimm'd

The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous  
winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azured  
vault

Set roaring war: to the dread rattling  
thunder

Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt; the strong-based prom-  
ontory

Have I made shake and by the spurs  
pluck'd up

The pine and cedar: graves at my command  
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let  
'em forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic  
I here abjure, and, when I have required  
Some heavenly music, which even now I  
do,

To work mine end upon their senses that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff.  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

*Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with  
a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO;  
SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner,  
attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they  
all enter the circle which PROSPERO had  
made, and there stand charmed; which  
PROSPERO observing, speaks:*

A solemn air and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,  
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There  
stand,

For you are spell-stopp'd.

Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,

Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of  
thine,

Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves  
apace,

And as the morning steals upon the night,  
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses  
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that  
mantle

Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,

My true preserver, and a loyal sir

To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy  
graces

Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly  
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daugh-  
ter:

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.

Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh  
and blood,

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambi-  
tion,

Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with  
Sebastian,

Whose inward pinches therefore are most  
strong,

Would here have kill'd your king; I do  
forgive thee,

Unnatural though thou art. Their under-  
standing

Begins to swell, and the approaching tide  
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore



That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them

That yet looks on me, or would know me:  
Ariel,

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:  
I will discase me, and myself present  
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;  
Thou shalt ere long be free.

*ARIEL sings and helps to attire him.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:

In a cowslip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

*Pros.* Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee:

But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.  
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:  
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep  
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain

Being awake, enforce them to this place,  
And presently, I prithee.

*Ari.* I drink the air before me, and return  
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*]

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement

Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us

Out of this fearful country!

*Pros.* Behold, sir king,  
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:  
For more assurance that a living prince  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;

And to thee and thy company I bid  
A hearty welcome.

*Alon.* Whether thou be'st he or no,  
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,  
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse  
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,

I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,  
An if this be at all, a most strange story.

Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat

Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero

Be living and be here?

*Pros.* First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot

Be measured or confined.

*Gon.* Whether this be  
Or be not, I'll not swear.

*Pros.* You do yet taste  
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you

Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!

[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace  
of lords, were I so minded,

I here could pluck his highness' frown  
upon you

And justify you traitors: at this time  
I will tell no tales.

*Seb.* [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.

*Pros.* No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call  
brother

Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive  
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require  
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,

Thou must restore.

*Alon.* If thou be'st Prospero,  
Give us particulars of thy preservation;  
How thou hast met us here, who three  
hours since

Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I  
have lost—

How sharp the point of this remembrance  
is!—

My dear son Ferdinand.

*Pros.* I am woe for't, sir.

*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss, and patience  
Says it is past her cure.

*Pros.* I rather think  
You have not sought her help, of whose  
soft grace

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid  
And rest myself content.

*Alon.* You the like loss!

*Pros.* As great to me as late; and, sup-  
portable

To make the dear loss, have I means much  
weaker

Than you may call to comfort you, for I  
Have lost my daughter.

*Alon.* A daughter?

O heavens, that they were living both in  
Naples,

The king and queen there! that they were,  
 I wish  
 Myself were mudded in that oozy bed  
 Where my son lies. When did you lose  
 your daughter?  
*Pros.* In this last tempest. I perceive these  
 lords  
 At this encounter do so much admire  
 That they devour their reason and scarce  
 think  
 Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
 Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you  
 have  
 Been jostled from your senses, know for  
 certain  
 That I am Prospero and that very duke  
 Which was thrust forth of Milan, who  
 most strangely  
 Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd,  
 was landed,  
 To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;  
 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
 Not a relation for a breakfast nor  
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;  
 This cell's my court: here have I few at-  
 tendants  
 And subjects none abroad: pray you, look  
 in.  
 My dukedom since you have given me  
 again,  
 I will requite you with as good a thing;  
 At least bring forth a wonder, to content  
 ye  
 As much as me my dukedom.  
*Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and*  
*MIRANDA playing at chess.*  
*Mir.* Sweet lord, you play me false.  
*Fer.* No, my dear'st love,  
 I would not for the world.  
*Mir.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you  
 should wrangle,  
 And I would call it fair play.  
*Alon.* If this prove  
 A vision of the Island, one dear son  
 Shall I twice lose.  
*Seb.* A most high miracle!  
*Fer.* Though the seas threaten, they are  
 merciful;  
 I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*  
*Alon.* Now all the blessings  
 Of a glad father compass thee about!  
 Arise, and say how thou camest here.  
*Mir.* O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there  
 here!  
 How beauteous mankind is! O brave new  
 world,  
 That has such people in't!  
*Pros.* 'Tis new to thee.  
*Alon.* What is this maid with whom thou  
 wast at play?  
 Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three  
 hours:  
 Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
 And brought us thus together?  
*Fer.* Sir, she is mortal;  
 But by immortal Providence she's mine:  
 I chose her when I could not ask my father  
 For his advice, nor thought I had one. She  
 Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,  
 Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
 But never saw before; of whom I have  
 Received a second life; and second father  
 This lady makes him to me.  
*Alon.* I am hers:  
 But, O, how oddly will it sound that I  
 Must ask my child forgiveness!  
*Pros.* There, sir, stop:  
 Let us not burthen our remembrance with  
 A heaviness that's gone.  
*Gon.* I have inly wept,  
 Or should have spoke ere this. Look down,  
 you gods,  
 And on this couple drop a blessed crown!  
 For it is you that have chalk'd forth the  
 way  
 Which brought us hither.  
*Alon.* I say, Amen, Gonzalo!  
*Gon.* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that  
 his issue  
 Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice  
 Beyond a common joy, and set it down  
 With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage  
 Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis  
 And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife  
 Where he himself was lost, Prospero his  
 dukedom  
 In a poor isle and all of us ourselves  
 When no man was his own.  
*Alon.* [*To Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your  
 hands:  
 Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
 That doth not wish you joy!  
*Gon.* Be it so! Amen!  
*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boat-*  
*swain amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:  
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,  
This fellow could not drown. Now, blas-  
phemy,

That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath  
on shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the  
news?

*Boats.* The best news is, that we have  
safely found

Our king and company; the next, our  
ship—

Which, but three glasses since, we gave out  
split—

Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when  
We first put out to sea.

*Ari.* [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service  
Have I done since I went.

*Pros.* [*Aside to Ari.*] My tricky spirit!  
*Alon.* These are not natural events; they

strengthen

From strange to stranger. Say, how came  
you hither?

*Boats.* If I did think, sir, I were well  
awake,

I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of  
sleep,

And—how we know not—all clapp'd under  
hatches;

Where but even now with strange and  
several noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling  
chains,

And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good and gallant ship, our mas-  
ter

Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please  
you,

Even in a dream, were we divided from  
them

And were brought moping hither.

*Ari.* [*Aside to Pros.*] Was't well done?

*Pros.* [*Aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my dili-  
gence. Thou shalt be free.

*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men  
trod;

And there is in this business more than  
nature

Was ever conduct of: some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge.

*Pros.* Sir, my liege,

Do not infest your mind with beating on  
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd  
leisure

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve  
you,

Which to you shall seem probable, of every  
These happen'd accidents; till when, be  
cheerful

And think of each thing well. [*Aside to  
Ari.*] Come hither, spirit:

Set Caliban and his companions free;

Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares  
my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company  
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STE-  
PHANO and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest, and  
let no man take care for himself; for all is  
but fortune. Coragio, bully-monster, cora-  
gio!

*Trin.* If these be true spies which I wear  
in my head, here's a goodly sight.

*Cal.* O Setebos, these be brave spirits in-  
deed!

How fine my master is! I am afraid  
He will chastise me.

*Seb.* Ha, ha!  
What things are these, my lord Antonio?

Will money buy 'em?

*Ant.* Very like; one of them  
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

*Pros.* Mark but the badges of these men,  
my lords,

Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen  
knave,

His mother was a witch, and one so strong  
That could control the moon, make flows  
and ebbs,

And deal in her command without her  
power.

These three have robb'd me; and this demi-  
devil—

For he's a bastard one—had plotted with  
them

To take my life. Two of these fellows you  
Must know and own; this thing of dark-  
ness I

Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.* I shall be pinch'd to death.

*Alon.* Is not this Stephano, my drunken  
butler?

*Seb.* He is drunk now: where had he wine?

*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?

How camest thou in this pickle?

*Trin.* I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

*Seb.* Why, how now, Stephano!

*Ste.* O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

*Pros.* You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

*Ste.* I should have been a sore one then.

*Alon.* This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on. [*Pointing to Caliban.*]

*Pros.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners

As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;

Take with you your companions; as you look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

*Cal.* Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god

And worship this dull fool!

*Pros.* Go to; away!

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

*Seb.* Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]

*Pros.* Sir, I invite your highness and your train

To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest

For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste

With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it

Go quick away; the story of my life

And the particular accidents gone by  
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn  
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;  
And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

*Alon.* I long  
To hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely.

*Pros.* I'll deliver all!

And promise you calm seas, auspicious  
gales

And sail so expeditious that shall catch  
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My

Ariel, chick,  
That is thy charge: then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you,  
draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
And what strength I have's mine own,  
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,  
I must be here confined by you,  
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got  
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island by your spell;  
But release me from my bands  
With the help of your good hands:  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please. Now I want  
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be relieved by prayer,  
Which pierces so that it assaults  
Mercy itself and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.



# THE WINTER'S TALE

Written about 1610-11.

## INTRODUCTION

*The Winter's Tale* was seen at the Globe on May 15, 1611, by Dr. Forman, and is described in his MS. *Booke of Plaies and Notes thereof*. The versification is that of Shakespeare's latest group of plays: no five-measure lines are rhymed; run-on lines and double endings are numerous. Its tone and feeling place it in the same period with *The Tempest* and *Cymbeline*; its breezy air is surely that which blew over Warwickshire fields upon Shakespeare now returned to Stratford; its country lads and lasses, and their junketings, are those with which the poet had in a happy spirit renewed his acquaintance. *The Winter's Tale* is perhaps the last complete play that Shakespeare wrote. It is founded upon Greene's *Pandosto* (or, as it was afterward named, *Dorastus and Fawnia*) first published in 1588. The idea of introducing Time as a chorus comes from Greene, and all the principal characters, except Paulina and the incomparable rogue Autolycus. After his manner, Shakespeare drives forward to what chiefly interests him in the subject. The jealousy of Leontes is not a detailed dramatic study like the love and jealousy of Othello. It is a gross madness which mounts to the brain, and turns Leontes' whole nature into unreasoning passion. The character of the noble sufferer Hermione is that with which the dramatist is above all concerned—this first; and, secondly, the grace, beauty, and girlish happiness of Perdita; while of the subordinate persons of the drama, Shakespeare delights chiefly in his own creation, Autolycus, the most charming of rogues and rovers. Hermione may be placed side by side with the Queen Katharine of *Henry VIII.*, which play belongs to this period. Both are noble sufferers, who by the dignity and purity of their natures transcend all feeling of vulgar resentment. Deep and even quick feeling never renders Hermione incapable of an admirable justice, nor deprives her of a true sense of pity for him who so gravely wrongs both her and himself. The meeting of kindred, with forgiveness and reconciliation, if these are called for by past offences, forms the common ending of the last plays of Shakespeare. Perdita belongs to the group of exquisite youthful figures set over against those of their graver and sadder elders in the plays of this period. She is one of the same company with Miranda and Marina, and the youthful sons of *Cymbeline*. The shepherdess-princess, "queen of curds and cream," is less a vision than Miranda, the child of wonder, but more perhaps a creature of this earth. There is nothing lovelier or more innocently joyous in poetry than Perdita at the rustic merry-making, sharing her flowers with old and young. And in Florizel she has found a lover, full of the innocence and chivalry of unstained early manhood. Autolycus stands by himself among the creations of the dramatist. The art of thieving as practised by him is no crime, but the gift of some knavish god. He does not trample on the laws of morality, but dances or leaps over them with so nimble a foot that we forbear to stay him. In the sad world which contains a Leontes and can lose a Mamillius, so light-hearted a wanderer must be pardoned even if he be light-fingered, and sometimes mistakes for his own the sheet bleaching on the hedge, which happens to be ours.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEONTES, king of Sicilia.  
 MAMILLIUS, young prince of Sicilia.  
 CAMILLO, }  
 ANTIGONUS, } Four Lords of Sicilia.  
 CLEOMENES, }  
 DION, }  
 POLIXENES, king of Bohemia.  
 FLORIZEL, prince of Bohemia.  
 ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.  
 Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.  
 Clown, his son.  
 AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.  
 A Mariner.  
 A Gaoler.

HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.  
 PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.  
 PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.  
 EMILIA, a lady attending on Hermione.  
 MOPSA, }  
 DORCAS, } Shepherdesses.

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE: *Sicilia, and Bohemia.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Antechamber in LEONTES' palace.*

*Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.*

*Arch.* If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

*Cam.* I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

*Arch.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed—

*Cam.* Beseech you,—

*Arch.* Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*Cam.* You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

*Arch.* Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*Cam.* Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities

and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

*Arch.* I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

*Cam.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to die?

*Cam.* Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

*Arch.* If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room of state in the same.*

*Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, CAMILLO, and Attendants.*

*Pol.* Nine changes of the watery star hath been

The shepherd's note since we have left  
our throne

Without a burthen: time as long again  
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our  
thanks;

And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a  
cipher,

Yet standing in rich place, I multiply  
With one 'We thank you' many thou-  
sands moe

That go before it.

*Leon.* Stay your thanks a while;  
And pay them when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that's to-morrow.  
I am question'd by my fears, of what may  
chance

Or breed upon our absence; that may  
blow

No sneaping winds at home, to make us  
say

'This is put forth too truly:' besides, I  
have stay'd

To tire your royalty.

*Leon.* We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leon.* One seven-night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to-morrow.

*Leon.* We'll part the time between's then;  
and in that

I'll no gainsaying.

*Pol.* Press me not, beseech you, so.  
There is no tongue that moves, none,  
none i' the world,

So soon as yours could win me: so it  
should now,

Were there necessity in your request, al-  
though

'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs  
Do even drag me homeward: which to  
hinder

Were in your love a whip to me; my stay  
To you a charge and trouble: to save  
both,

Farewell, our brother.

*Leon.* Tongue-tied, our queen? speak  
you.

*Her.* I had thought, sir, to have held my  
peace until

You have drawn oaths from him not to  
stay. You, sir.

Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are  
sure

All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction  
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to  
him,

He's beat from his best ward.

*Leon.* Well said, Hermione.

*Her.* To tell, he longs to see his son,  
were strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go;  
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,  
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.

Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure  
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
You take my lord, I'll give him my com-  
mission

To let him there a month behind the gest  
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good deed,  
Leontes,

I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind  
What lady-she her lord. You'll stay?

*Pol.* No, madam.

*Her.* Nay, but you will?

*Pol.* I may not, verily.

*Her.* Verily!

You put me off with limber vows; but I,  
Though you would seek to unsphere the  
stars with oaths,

Should yet say 'Sir, no going.' Verily,

You shall not go: a lady's 'Verily' 's

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your  
fees

When you depart, and save your thanks.  
How say you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread  
'Verily,'

One of them you shall be.

*Pol.* Your guest, then, madam:  
To be your prisoner should import of-  
fending;

Which is for me less easy to commit  
Than you to punish.

*Her.* Not your gaoler, then,  
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question  
you

Of my lord's tricks and yours when you  
were boys:

You were pretty lordings then?

*Pol.* We were, fair queen,  
Two lads that thought there was no  
more behind

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal.

*Her.* Was not my lord  
The verier wag o' the two?

*Pol.* We were as twinn'd lambs that did  
frisk i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we  
changed

Was innocence for innocence; we knew  
not

The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd  
That any did. Had we pursued that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher  
rear'd

With stronger blood, we should have an-  
swer'd heaven

Boldly 'not guilty;' the imposition clear'd  
Hereditary ours.

*Her.* By this we gather  
You have tripp'd since.

*Pol.* O my most sacred lady!  
Temptations have since then been born  
to's; for

In those unfledged days was my wife a  
girl;

Your precious self had then not cross'd  
the eyes

Of my young play-fellow.

*Her.* Grace to boot!  
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say  
Your queen and I are devils: yet go on;  
The offences we have made you do we'll  
answer,

If you first sinn'd with us and that with us  
You did continue fault and that you  
slipp'd not

With any but with us.

*Leon.* Is he won yet?

*Her.* He'll stay, my lord.

*Leon.* At my request he would not.  
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest  
To better purpose.

*Her.* Never?

*Leon.* Never, but once.

*Her.* What! have I twice said well? when  
was't before?

I prithee tell me; cram's with praise, and  
make's

As fat as tame things: one good deed  
dying tongueless

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.  
Our praises are our wages: you may ride's

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere  
With spur we heat an acre. But to the  
goal:

My last good deed was to entreat his stay:  
What was my first? it has an elder sister,  
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were  
Grace!

But once before I spoke to the purpose:  
when?

Nay, let me have't; I long.

*Leon.* Why, that was when  
Three crabbed months had sour'd them-  
selves to death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white  
hand

And clap thyself my love: then didst  
thou utter

'I am yours for ever.'

*Her.* 'Tis grace indeed.  
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the  
purpose twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;  
The other for some while a friend.

*Leon.* [Aside] Too hot, too hot!  
To mingle friendship far is mingling  
bloods.

I have tremor cordis on me: my heart  
dances;

But not for joy; not joy. This entertain-  
ment

May a free face put on, derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile  
bosom,

And well become the agent; 't may, I  
grant;

But to be paddling palms and pinching  
fingers,

As now they are, and making practised  
smiles,

As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as  
'twere

The mort o' the deer; O, that is enter-  
tainment

My bosom likes not, nor my brows!  
Mamillius,

Art thou my boy?

*Mam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* I fecks!  
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast  
smutch'd thy nose?

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come,  
captain,



We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly,  
captain:

And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf  
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginaling  
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton  
calf!

Art thou my calf?

*Mam.* Yes, if you will, my lord.

*Leon.* Thou want'st a rough pash and  
the shoots that I have,

To be full like me: yet they say we are  
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,  
That will say anything: but were they  
false

As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters,  
false

As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes  
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it  
true

To say this boy were like me. Come, sir  
page,

Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet  
villain!

Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?  
—may't be?—

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:  
Thou dost make possible things not so  
held,

Communicatest with dreams;—how can  
this be?—

With what's unreal thou coactive art,  
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very  
credent

Thou mayst co-join with something; and  
thou dost,

And that beyond commission, and I find  
it,

And that to the infection of my brains  
And hardening of my brows.

*Pol.* What means Sicilia?

*Her.* He something seems unsettled.

*Pol.* How, my lord!

What cheer? how is't with you, best  
brother?

*Her.* You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you moved, my lord?

*Leon.* No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its  
folly,

Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face, methoughts I did  
recoil

Twenty-three years, and saw myself un-  
breech'd,

In my green velvet coat, my dagger muz-  
zled,

Lest it should bite its master, and so  
prove,

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:

How like, methought, I then was to this  
kernel,

This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest  
friend,

Will you take eggs for money?

*Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight.

*Leon.* You will! why, happy man be's  
dole! My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince  
as we

Do seem to be of ours?

*Pol.* If at home, sir,  
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,  
Now my sworn friend and then mine  
enemy,

My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:  
He makes a July's day short as December,  
And with his varying childness cures in  
me

Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

*Leon.* So stands this squire  
Officed with me: we two will walk, my  
lord,

And leave you to your graver steps.  
Hermione,

How thou lovest us, show in our brother's  
welcome;

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:

Next to thyself and my young rover, he's  
Apparent to my heart.

*Her.* If you would seek us,  
We are yours i' the garden: shall's attend  
you there?

*Leon.* To your own bents dispose you:  
you'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am  
angling now,

Though you perceive me not how I give  
line.

Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to  
him!

And arms her with the boldness of a  
wife

To her allowing husband!

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*]

Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears  
a fork'd one!

Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays,  
and I

Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and  
clamor

Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play.  
There have been,

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere  
now;

And many a man there is, even at this  
present,

Now while I speak this, holds his wife  
by the arm,

That little thinks she has been sluiced  
in's absence

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbor,  
by

Sir Smile, his neighbor: nay, there's com-  
fort in't

Whiles other men have gates and those  
gates open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all  
despair

That have revolted wives, the tenth of  
mankind

Would hang themselves. Physic for't there  
is none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis power-  
ful, think it,

From east, west, north and south: be it  
concluded,

No barricado for a belly; know't;  
It will let in and out the enemy

With bag and baggage: many thousand  
on's

Have the disease, and feel't not. How  
now, boy!

*Mam.* I am like you, they say.

*Leon.* Why that's some comfort.  
What, Camillo there?

*Cam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an  
honest man. [*Exit Mamillius.*]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

*Cam.* You had much ado to make his  
anchor hold:

When you cast out, it still came home.

*Leon.* Didst note it?

*Cam.* He would not stay at your peti-  
tions: made

His business more material.

*Leon.* Didst perceive it?

[*Aside*] They're here with me already,  
whispering, rounding

'Sicilia is a so-forth:' 'tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last. How came't,  
Camillo,

That he did stay?

*Cam.* At the good queen's entreaty.

*Leon.* At the queen's be't: 'good' should  
be pertinent;

But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in  
More than the common blocks: not noted,  
is't,

But of the finer natures? by some severals  
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower  
messes

Perchance are to this business purblind?  
say.

*Cam.* Business, my lord! I think most  
understand

Bohemia stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ha!

*Cam.* Stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ay, but why?

*Cam.* To satisfy your highness and the  
entreaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

*Leon.* Satisfy!

The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee  
Camillo,

With all the nearest things to my heart,  
as well

My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-  
like, thou

Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee  
departed

Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been  
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived

In that which seems so.

*Cam.* Be it forbid, my lord!

*Leon.* To bide upon't, thou art not  
honest, or,

If thou inclinest that way, thou art a  
coward,

Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining

From course required; or else thou must  
be counted

A servant grafted in my serious trust  
And therein negligent; or else a fool  
That seest a game play'd home, the rich  
stake drawn,

And takest it all for jest.

*Cam.* My gracious lord,  
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;  
In every one of these no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
Among the infinite doings of the world,  
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my  
lord,

If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
It was my folly; if industriously  
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance, 'twas a  
fear

Which oft infects the wisest: these, my  
lord,

Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty  
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,  
Be plainer with me; let me know my tres-  
pass

By its own visage: if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.

*Leon.* Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—  
But that's past doubt, you have, or your  
eyeglass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or  
heard,—

For to a vision so apparent rumor  
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogita-  
tion

Resides not in that man that does not  
think,—

My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,  
Or else be impudently negative,

To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought,  
then say

My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to  
Before her troth-pledge: say't and justify't.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by to  
hear

My sovereign mistress clouded so, with-  
out

My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my  
heart,

You never spoke what did become you  
less

Than this; which to reiterate were sin  
As deep as that, though true.

*Leon.* Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting  
noses?

Kissing with inside lip? stopping the  
career

Of laughing with a sigh?—a note in-  
fallible

Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on  
foot?

Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more  
swift?

Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and  
all eyes

Blind with the pin and web but theirs,  
theirs only,

That would unseen be wicked? is this  
nothing?

Why, then the world and all that's in't  
is nothing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia  
nothing;

My wife is nothing; nor nothing have  
these nothings,

If this be nothing.

*Cam.* Good my lord, be cured  
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;  
For 'tis most dangerous.

*Leon.* Say it be, 'tis true.

*Cam.* No, no, my lord.

*Leon.* It is; you lie, you lie:  
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,  
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless  
slave,

Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good  
and evil,

Inclining to them both: were my wife's  
liver

Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.

*Cam.* Who does infect her?

*Leon.* Why, he that wears her like a  
medal, hanging

About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I  
Had servants true about me, that bare  
eyes

To see alike mine honor as their profits,  
Their own particular thrifts, they would  
do that

Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,

His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form

Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see

Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,

How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;  
Which draught to me were cordial.

*Cam.* Sir, my lord,  
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,

But with a lingering dram that should not work

Maliciously like poison: but I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,

So sovereignly being honorable.

I have loved thee,—

*Leon.* Make that thy question, and go rot!

Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,  
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,

Who I do think is mine and love as mine,  
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?

Could man so blench?

*Cam.* I must believe you, sir:  
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;  
Provided that, when he's removed, your highness

Will take again your queen as yours at first,

Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing

The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms

Known and allied to yours.

*Leon.* Thou dost advise me  
Even so as I mine own course have set down:

I'll give no blemish to her honor, none.

*Cam.* My lord,  
Go then; and with a countenance as clear

As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia

And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:  
If from me he have wholesome beverage.  
Account me not your servant.

*Leon.* This is all:

Do't and thou hast the one half of my heart;

Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

*Cam.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Leon.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. [*Exit.*]

*Cam.* O miserable lady! But, for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner

Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't

Is the obedience to a master, one  
Who in rebellion with himself will have  
All that are his so too. To do this deed,  
Promotion follows. If I could find example

Of thousands that had struck anointed kings

And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since

Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,

Let villany itself forswear't. I must  
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain

To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!

Here comes Bohemia.

*Re-enter POLIXENES.*

*Pol.* This is strange: methinks  
My favor here begins to warp. Not speak?  
Good day, Camillo.

*Cam.* Hail, most royal sir!

*Pol.* What is the news i' the court?

*Cam.* None rare, my lord.

*Pol.* The king hath on him such a countenance

As he had lost some province and a region

Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him

With customary compliment; when he,  
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling

A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and



So leaves me to consider what is breeding

That changeth thus his manners.

*Cam.* I dare not know, my lord.

*Pol.* How! dare not! do not. Do you know, and dare not?

Be intelligent to me: 'tis thereabouts;

For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,

And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,

Your changed complexions are to me a mirror

Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be

A party in this alteration, finding

Myself thus alter'd with't.

*Cam.* There is a sickness Which puts some of us in distemper,

but

I cannot name the disease; and it is caught

Of you that yet are well.

*Pol.* How! caught of me!

Make me not sighted like the basilisk:

I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—

As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns

Our gentry than our parents' noble names, In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,

If you know aught which does behave my knowledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not

In ignorant concealment.

*Cam.* I may not answer.

*Pol.* A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!

I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,

I conjure thee, by all the parts of man Which honor does acknowledge, whereof the least

Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare What incidency thou dost guess of harm Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;

Which way to be prevented, if to be;

If not, how best to bear it.

*Cam.*

Sir, I will tell you; Since I am charged in honor and by him That I think honorable: therefore mark my counsel,

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd

as I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me

Cry lost, and so good night!

*Pol.* On, good Camillo.

*Cam.* I am appointed him to murder you.

*Pol.* By whom, Camillo?

*Cam.*

By the king.

*Pol.*

For what?

*Cam.* He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,

As he had seen't or been an instrument

To vice you to't, that you have touch'd his queen

Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* O, then my best blood turn To an infected jelly and my name

Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!

Turn then my freshest reputation to

A savor that may strike the dullest nostril Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,

Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection

That e'er was heard or read!

*Cam.* Swear his thought over By each particular star in heaven and By all their influences, you may as well Forbid the sea for to obey the moon

As or by oath remove or counsel shake

The fabric of his folly, whose foundation Is piled upon his faith and will continue The standing of his body.

*Pol.*

How should this grow?

*Cam.* I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to

Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.

If therefore you dare trust my honesty, That lies enclosed in this trunk which you

Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!

Your followers I will whisper to the business,

And will by twos and threes at several posterns

Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll  
 put  
 My fortunes to your service, which are  
 here  
 By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;  
 For, by the honor of my parents, I  
 Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to  
 prove,  
 I dare not stand by; nor shall you be  
 safer  
 Than one condemn'd by the king's own  
 mouth, thereon  
 His execution sworn.  
*Pol.* I do believe thee:  
 I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy  
 hand:  
 Be pilot to me and thy places shall  
 Still neighbor mine. My ships are ready  
 and  
 My people did expect my hence depar-  
 ture  
 Two days ago. This jealousy  
 Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,  
 Must it be great, and as his person's  
 mighty,  
 Must it be violent, and as he does con-  
 ceive  
 He is dishonor'd by a man which ever  
 Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-  
 shades me:  
 Good expedition be my friend, and com-  
 fort  
 The gracious queen, part of his theme,  
 but nothing  
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;  
 I will respect thee as a father if  
 Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us  
 avoid.  
*Cam.* It is in mine authority to com-  
 mand  
 The keys of all the posterns: please your  
 highness  
 To take the urgent hour. Come, sir,  
 away. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A room in LEONTES' palace.*

*Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.*  
*Her.* Take the boy to you: he so  
 troubles me,

'Tis past enduring.

*First Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,  
 Shall I be your playfellow?

*Mam.* No, I'll none of you.

*First Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

*Mam.* You'll kiss me hard and speak to  
 me as if

I were a baby still. I love you better.

*Sec. Lady.* And why so, my lord?

*Mam.* Not for because  
 Your brows are blacker; yet black brows,  
 they say,

Become some women best, so that there  
 be not

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle  
 Or a half-moon made with a pen.

*Sec. Lady.* Who taught you this?

*Mam.* I learnt it out of women's faces.  
 Pray now

What color are your eyebrows?

*First Lady.* Blue, my lord.

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock: I have seen  
 a lady's nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

*First Lady.* Hark ye;

The queen your mother rounds apace:  
 we shall

Present our services to a fine new prince  
 One of these days; and then you'd  
 wanton with us,

If we would have you.

*Sec. Lady.* She is spread of late  
 Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter  
 her!

*Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you?  
 Come, sir, now

I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,  
 And tell 's a tale.

*Mam.* Merry or sad shall't be?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad tale's best for winter: I have  
 one

Of sprites and goblins.

*Her.* Let's have that, good sir.  
 Come on, sit down: come on, and do  
 your best

To fright me with your sprites; you're  
 powerful at it.

*Mam.* There was a man—

*Her.* Nay, come, sit down; then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell  
 it softly;

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

*Her.* Come on, then,  
And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter LEONTES, with ANTIGONUS, Lords  
and others.*

*Leon.* Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

*First Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never

Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them

Even to their ships.

*Leon.* How blest am I  
In my just censure, in my true opinion!  
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed

In being so blest! There may be in the cup

A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,

And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge

Is not infected: but if one present  
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,

With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:  
There is a plot against my life, my crown;

All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain

Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:

He has discover'd my design, and I  
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick  
For them to play at will. How came the posterns

So easily open?

*First Lord.* By his great authority;  
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so

On your command.

*Leon.* I know't too well.  
Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you

Have too much blood in him.

*Her.* What is this? sport?

*Leon.* Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;

Away with him! and let her sport herself  
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes

Has made thee swell thus.

*Her.* But I'd say he had not,  
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,

Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

*Leon.* You, my lords,  
Look on her, mark her well; be but about

To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and  
The justice of your hearts will thereto add

'Tis pity she's not honest, honorable;  
Praise her but for this her without-door form,

Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight

The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands

That calumny doth use—O, I am out—  
That mercy does, for calumny will sear  
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,

When you have said 'she's goodly,' come between

Ere you can say 'she's honest:' but be 't known,

From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,

She's an adulteress.

*Her.* Should a villain say so,  
The most replenish'd villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,

Do but mistake.

*Leon.* You have mistook, my lady,  
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing!

Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,

Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said

She's an adulteress; I have said with whom  
More, she's a traitor and Camillo is  
A federary with her, and one that knows  
What she should shame to know herself  
But with her most vile principal, that she's

A bed-swarver, even as bad as those

That vulgars give bold'st titles, ay, and  
privy

To this their late escape.

*Her.* No, by my life,  
Privy to none of this. How will this  
grieve you,

When you shall come to clearer knowl-  
edge, that

You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my  
lord,

You scarce can right me thoroughly then  
to say

You did mistake.

*Leon.* No; if I mistake

In those foundations which I build upon,  
The centre is not big enough to bear

A school-boy's top. Away with her! to  
prison!

He who shall speak for her is afar off  
guilty

But that he speaks.

*Her.* There's some ill planet reigns:  
I must be patient till the heavens look

With an aspect more favorable. Good my  
lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are; the want of which vain  
dew

Perchance shall dry your pities: but I  
have

That honorable grief lodged here which  
burns

Worse than tears drown: beseech you all,  
my lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your  
charities

Shall best instruct you, measure me; and  
so

The king's will be perform'd!

*Leon.* Shall I be heard?

*Her.* Who is't that goes with me? Be-  
seech your highness,

My women may be with me; for you see  
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good  
fools;

There is no cause: when you shall know  
your mistress

Has deserved prison, then abound in tears  
As I come out: this action I now go on

Is for my better grace Adieu, my lord:  
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now

I trust I shall. My women, come; you  
have leave.

*Leon.* Go, do our bidding; hence!

[Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.]

*First Lord.* Beseech your highness, call  
the queen again.

*Ant.* Be certain what you do, sir, lest  
your justice

Prove violence; in the which three great  
ones suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

*First Lord.* For her, my lord,  
I dare my life lay down and will do't, sir,

Please you to accept it, that the queen is  
spotless

I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,  
In this which you accuse her.

*Ant.* If it prove  
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables  
where

I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with  
her;

Than when I feel and see her no farther  
trust her;

For every inch of woman in the world,  
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,  
If she be.

*Leon.* Hold your peaces.

*First Lord.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* It is for you we speak, not for our-  
selves:

You are abused and by some putter-on  
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew  
the villain,

I would land-damn him. Be she honor-  
flaw'd,

I have three daughters; the eldest is  
eleven;

The second and the third, nine, and some  
five;

If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by  
mine honor,

I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not  
see,

To bring false generations: they are co-  
heirs;

And I had rather glib myself than they  
Should not produce fair issue.

*Leon.* Cease; no more.  
You smell this business with a sense as  
cold

As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't and  
feel't,

As you feel doing thus; and see withal  
The instruments that feel.



*Ant.* If it be so,  
We need no grave to bury honesty:  
There's not a grain of it the face to  
sweeten

Of the whole dungy earth.

*Leon.* What! lack I credit?

*First Lord.* I had rather you did lack  
than I, my lord,

Upon this ground; and more it would  
content me

To have her honor true than your sus-  
picion,

Be blamed for't how you might.

*Leon.* Why, what need we  
Commune with you of this, but rather  
follow

Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels, but our natural  
goodness

Imparts this; which if you, or stupefied  
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not  
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves  
We need no more of your advice: the  
matter,

The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is  
all

Properly ours.

*Ant.* And I wish, my liege,  
You had only in your silent judgment  
tried it,

Without more overture.

*Leon.* How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,  
Added to their familiarity,  
Which was as gross as ever touch'd con-  
jecture,

That lack'd sight only, nought for appro-  
bation

But only seeing, all other circumstances  
Made up to the deed, doth push on this  
proceeding:

Yet, for a greater confirmation,  
For in an act of this importance 'twere  
Most piteous to be wild, I have dis-  
patch'd in post

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now from the  
oracle

They will bring all; whose spiritual  
counsel had,

Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

*First Lord.* Well done, my lord.

*Leon.* Though I am satisfied and need  
no more

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
Give rest to the minds of others, such as  
he

Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to the truth. So have we thought  
it good

From our free person she should be con-  
fined,

Lest that the treachery of the two fled  
hence

Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;  
We are to speak in public; for this busi-  
ness

Will raise us all.

*Ant.* [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. A prison.

*Enter PAULINA, a Gentleman, and At-  
tendants.*

*Paul.* The keeper of the prison, call to  
him;

Let him have knowledge who I am.

[*Exit Gent.*]

Good lady,

No court in Europe is too good for thee;  
What dost thou then in prison?

*Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.*

Now, good sir,

You know me, do you not?

*Gaol.* For a worthy lady  
And one whom much I honor.

*Paul.* Pray you then,  
Conduct me to the queen.

*Gaol.* I may not, madam.  
To the contrary I have express command-  
ment.

*Paul.* Here's ado,  
To lock up honesty and honor from  
The access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful,  
pray you,

To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

*Gaol.* So please you, madam,  
To put apart these your attendants, I  
Shall bring Emilia forth.

*Paul.* I pray now, call her.  
Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*]

*Gaol.* And, madam,

I must be present at your conference.

*Paul.* Well, be't so, prithee. [*Exit Gaoler.*]  
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain  
As passes coloring.

*Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.*

Dear gentlewoman,  
How fares our gracious lady?

*Emil.* As well as one so great and so forlorn

May hold together: on her frights and griefs,

Which never tender lady hath born greater,

She is something before her time deliver'd.

*Paul.* A boy?

*Emil.* A daughter, and a goodly babe,  
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives  
Much comfort in't; says 'My poor prisoner,

I am innocent as you.'

*Paul.* I dare be sworn:  
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king,  
beshrew them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office

Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:

If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister

And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,  
Commend my best obedience to the queen:

If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll show't the king and undertake to be  
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know

How he may soften at the sight o' the child:

The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades when speaking fails.

*Emil.* Most worthy madam,  
Your honor and your goodness is so evident

That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue: there is no lady living  
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently  
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;

Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,

But durst not tempt a minister of honor,  
Lest she should be denied.

*Paul.* Tell her, Emilia  
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow  
from't

As boldness from my bosom, let't not be  
doubted

I shall do good.

*Emil.* Now be you blest for it  
I'll to the queen: please you, come some  
thing nearer.

*Gaol.* Madam, if't please the queen to  
send the babe,

I know not what I shall incur to pass it  
Having no warrant.

*Paul.* You need not fear it, sir  
This child was prisoner to the womb and  
is

By law and process of great nature thence  
Freed and enfranchised, not a party to  
The anger of the king nor guilty of,  
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

*Gaol.* I do believe it.

*Paul.* Do not you fear: upon mine honor  
I

Will stand betwixt you and danger.  
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. *A room in LEONTES' palace*

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and  
Servants.*

*Leon.* Nor night nor day no rest: it  
but weakness

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness  
If

The cause were not in being,—part o' the  
cause,

She the adulteress; for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the  
blank

And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she  
I can hook to me: say that she were gone  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again. Who's there?

*First Serv.* My lord

*Leon.* How does the boy?

*First Serv.* He took good rest to-night  
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

*Leon.* To see his nobleness!  
Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,  
He straight declined, droop'd, took  
deeply,

Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,

Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And downright languish'd. Leave me  
solely: go,

See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie!  
no thought of him:

The very thought of my revenges that  
way

Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,  
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be  
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,

Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my  
sorrow:

They should not laugh if I could reach  
them, nor

Shall she within my power.

*Enter PAULINA, with a child.*

*First Lord.* You must not enter.

*Paul.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be  
second to me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent  
soul,

More free than he is jealous.

*Ant.* That's enough.

*Sec. Serv.* Madam, he hath not slept to-  
night; commanded

None should come at him.

*Paul.* Not so hot, good sir:  
come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as  
you,

That creep like shadows by him and do  
sigh

At each his needless heavings, such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I

Do come with words as medicinal as true,  
Honest as either, to purge him of that  
humor

That presses him from sleep.

*Leon.* What noise there, ho?

*Paul.* No noise, my lord; but needful  
conference

About some gossips for your highness.

*Leon.* How!

Away with that audacious lady! An-  
tigonus,

charged thee that she should not come  
about me:

knew she would.

*Ant.* I told her so, my lord,

On your displeasure's peril and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

*Leon.* What, canst not rule her?

*Paul.* From all dishonesty he can: in this,  
Unless he take the course that you have  
done,

Commit me for committing honor, trust  
it,

He shall not rule me.

*Ant.* La you now, you hear:

When she will take the rein I let her run;  
But she'll not stumble.

*Paul.* Good my liege, I come;  
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that  
dare

Less appear so in comforting your evils,  
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I  
come

From your good queen.

*Leon.* Good queen!

*Paul.* Good queen, my lord,  
Good queen; I say good queen;  
And would by combat make her good, so  
were I

A man, the worst about you.

*Leon.* Force her hence.

*Paul.* Let him that makes but trifles of  
his eyes

First hand me: on mine own accord I'll  
off;

But first I'll do my errand. The good  
queen,

For she is good, hath brought you forth  
a daughter;

Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*]

*Leon.* Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o'  
door:

A most intelligencing bawd!

*Paul.* Not so:

I am as ignorant in that as you  
In so entitling me, and no less honest  
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll  
warrant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

*Leon.* Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the  
bastard.

Thou dotard! thou art woman-tired, un-  
rooted

By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the  
bastard;

Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

*Paul.* For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Takest up the princess by that forced  
baseness

Which he has put upon't!

*Leon.* He dreads his wife.

*Paul.* So I would you did; then 'twere  
past all doubt

You'd call your children yours.

*Leon.* A nest of traitors!

*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.

*Paul.* Nor I, nor any

But one that's here, and that's himself,  
for he

The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to  
slander,

Whose sting is sharper than the sword's;  
and will not—

For, as the case now stands, it is a curse

He cannot be compell'd to't—once re-  
move

The root of his opinion, which is rotten  
As ever oak or stone was sound.

*Leon.* A callat  
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat  
her husband

And now baits me! This brat is none  
of mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes:

Hence with it, and together with the  
dam

Commit them to the fire!

*Paul.* It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your  
charge,

So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my  
lords,

Although the print be little, the whole  
matter

And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,

The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay,  
the valley,

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek,  
His smiles,

The very mould and frame of hand, nail,  
finger:

And thou, good goddess Nature, which  
hast made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast

The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all  
colors

No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he  
does,

Her children not her husband's!

*Leon.* A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd

That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Ant.* Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave  
yourself

Hardly one subject.

*Leon.* Once more, take her hence.

*Paul.* A most unworthy and unnatural  
lord

Can do no more.

*Leon.* I'll ha' thee burnt.

*Paul.* I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,

Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you  
tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen.

Not able to produce more accusation

Than your own weak-hinged fancy  
something savors

Of tyranny and will ignoble make you,

Yea, scandalous to the world.

*Leon.* On your allegiance.

Out of the chamber with her! Were I a  
tyrant,

Where were her life? she durst not call  
me so,

If she did know me one. Away with her!

*Paul.* I pray you, do not push me; I'll  
be gone.

Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours:

Jove send her

A better guiding spirit! What needs these  
hands?

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,

Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so: farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*]

*Leon.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife  
to this.

My child? away with't! Even thou, that  
hast

A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence.

And see it instantly consumed with fire;

Even thou and none but thou. Take it up  
straight:

Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,

And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy  
life,



With what thou else call'st thine. If thou  
 refuse  
 And wilt encounter with my wrath, say  
 so;  
 The bastard brains with these my proper  
 hands  
 Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;  
 For thou set'st on thy wife.  
*Ant.* I did not, sir:  
 These lords, my noble fellows, if they  
 please,  
 Can clear me in't.  
*Lords.* We can: my royal liege,  
 He is not guilty of her coming hither.  
*Leon.* You're liars all.  
*First Lord.* Beseech your highness, give  
 us better credit:  
 We have always truly served you, and  
 beseech you  
 So to esteem of us, and on our knees we  
 beg,  
 As recompense of our dear services  
 Past and to come, that you do change this  
 purpose,  
 Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
 Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.  
*Leon.* I am a feather for each wind that  
 blows:  
 Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel  
 And call me father? better burn it now  
 Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.  
 It shall not neither. You, sir, come you  
 hither;  
 You that have been so tenderly officious  
 With Lady Margery, your midwife there,  
 To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a  
 bastard,  
 So sure as this beard's grey,—what will  
 you adventure  
 To save this brat's life?  
*Ant.* Any thing, my lord,  
 That my ability may undergo  
 And nobleness impose: at least thus much:  
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have  
 left  
 To save the innocent: any thing possible.  
*Leon.* It shall be possible. Swear by this  
 sword  
 Thou wilt perform my bidding.  
*Ant.* I will, my lord.  
*Leon.* Mark and perform it, see'st thou!  
 for the fail  
 Of any point in't shall not only be

Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued  
 wife,  
 Whom for this time we pardon. We en-  
 join thee,  
 As thou art liege-man to us, that thou  
 carry  
 This female bastard hence and that thou  
 bear it  
 To some remote and desert place quite  
 out  
 Of our dominions, and that there thou  
 leave it,  
 Without more mercy, to its own protec-  
 tion  
 And favor of the climate. As by strange  
 fortune  
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,  
 On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,  
 That thou commend it strangely to some  
 place  
 Where chance may nurse or end it. Take  
 it up.  
*Ant.* I swear to do this, though a present  
 death  
 Had been more merciful. Come on, poor  
 babe:  
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites  
 and ravens  
 To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they  
 say,  
 Casting their savageness aside have done  
 Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous  
 In more than this deed does require! And  
 blessing  
 Against this cruelty fight on thy side,  
 Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!  
*[Exit with the child.]*  
*Leon.* No, I'll not rear  
 Another's issue.  
*Enter a Servant.*  
*Serv.* Please your highness, posts  
 From those you sent to the oracle are  
 come  
 An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,  
 Being well arrived from Delphos, are  
 both landed,  
 Hasting to the court.  
*First Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed  
 Hath been beyond account.  
*Leon.* Twenty-three days  
 They have been absent: 'tis good speed;  
 foretells  
 The great Apollo suddenly will have

The truth of this appear. Prepare you,  
lords:

Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady, for, as, she hath  
Been publicly accused, so shall she have  
A just and open trial. While she lives  
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave  
me,  
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *A sea-port in Sicilia.*

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*

*Cleo.* The climate's delicate, the air most  
sweet,  
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpass-  
ing  
The common praise it bears.

*Dion.* I shall report,  
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,  
Methinks I so should term them, and the  
reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!  
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly  
It was i' the offering!

*Cleo.* But of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,  
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my  
sense,

That I was nothing.

*Dion.* If the event o' the journey  
Prove as successful to the queen,—O bet  
so!—

As it hath been to us rare, pleasant,  
speedy,

The time is worth the use on't.

*Cleo.* Great Apollo  
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.

*Dion.* The violent carriage of it  
Will clear or end the business: when the  
oracle,

Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,  
Shall the contents discover, something  
rare

Even then will rush to knowledge. Go:  
fresh horses!

And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II. *A court of Justice.*

*Enter LEONTES, Lords, and Officers.*

*Leon.* This sessions, to our great grie-  
we pronounce,

Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the part  
tried

The daughter of a king, our wife, and on  
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in justice, which shall have due  
course,

Even to the guilt or the purgation.  
Produce the prisoner.

*Off.* It is his highness' pleasure that the  
queen

Appear in person here in court. Silence!

*Enter HERMIONE guarded; PAULINA and  
Ladies attending.*

*Leon.* Read the indictment.

*Off.* [*Reads*] Hermione, queen to the  
worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art  
here accused and arraigned of high trea-  
son, in committing adultery with Pe-  
lixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring  
with Camillo to take away the life of our  
sovereign lord the king, thy royal hus-  
band: the pretence whereof being by  
circumstances partly laid open, thou  
Hermione,\* contrary to the faith and  
allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel  
and aid them, for their better safety, to  
fly away by night.

*Her.* Since what I am to say must be  
but that

Which contradicts my accusation and  
The testimony on my part no other  
But what comes from myself, it shall  
scarce boot me

To say 'not guilty:' mine integrity  
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I ex-  
press it,

Be so received. But thus: if powers divine  
Behold our human actions, as they do,  
I doubt not then but innocence shall  
make

False accusation blush and tyranny  
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, be-  
know,

Who least will seem to do so, my past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true  
As I am now unhappy; which is more  
Than history can pattern, though devised

And play'd to take spectators. For behold  
me

A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
A moiety of the throne a great king's  
daughter,  
The mother to a hopeful prince, here  
standing

To prate and talk for life and honor 'fore  
Who please to come and hear. For life,  
I prize it

As I weigh grief, which I would spare:  
for honor,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for. I appeal  
To your own conscience, sir, before  
Polixenes

Came to your court, how I was in your  
grace,

How merited to be so; since he came,  
With what encounter so uncurrent I  
Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot  
beyond

The bound of honor, or in act or will  
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of  
kin

Cry fie upon my grave!

*Leon.* I ne'er heard yet  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did  
Than to perform it first.

*Her.* That's true enough;  
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

*Leon.* You will not own it.

*Her.* More than mistress of  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I  
must not

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,  
With whom I am accused, I do confess  
I loved him as in honor he required,  
With such a kind of love as might be-  
come

A lady like me, with a love even such,  
So and no other, as yourself commanded:  
Which not to have done I think had been  
in me

Both disobedience and ingratitude  
To you and toward your friend, whose  
love had spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an in-  
fant, freely

That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,

I know not how it tastes; though it be  
dish'd

For me to try how: all I know of it  
Is that Camillo was an honest man;  
And why he left your court, the gods  
themselves,

Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

*Leon.* You knew of his departure, as you  
know

What you have underta'en to do in's  
absence.

*Her.* Sir,

You speak a language that I understand  
not:

My life stands in the level of your dreams,  
Which I'll lay down.

*Leon.* Your actions are my dreams;  
You had a bastard by Polixenes,

And I but dream'd it. As you were past  
all shame,—

Those of your fact are so—so, past all  
truth:

Which to deny concerns more than avails;  
for as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to  
itself,

No father owning it,—which is, indeed,  
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou  
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest  
passage

Look for no less than death.

*Her.* Sir, spare your threats:  
The bug which you would fright me  
with I seek.

To me can life be no commodity:  
The crown and comfort of my life, your  
favor,

I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,  
But know not how it went. My second  
joy

And first-fruits of my body, from his  
presence

I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third  
comfort

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,  
The innocent milk in its most innocent  
mouth,

Haled out to murder: myself on every  
post

Proclaimed a strumpet: with immodest  
hatred

The child-bed privilege denied, which  
'longs

To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried  
Here to this place, i' the open air, before  
I have got strength of limit. Now, my  
liege,

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
That I should fear to die? Therefore pro-  
ceed.

But yet hear this: mistake me not; no  
life,

I prize it not a straw, but for mine honor,  
Which I would free, if I shall be con-  
demn'd

Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else  
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you  
'Tis rigor and not law. Your honors all,  
I do refer me to the oracle:

Apollo be my judge!

*First Lord.* This your request  
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,  
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

*Her.* The Emperor of Russia was my  
father:

O that he were alive, and here beholding  
His daughter's trial! that he did but see  
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes  
Of pity, not revenge!

*Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and  
DION.*

*Off.* You here shall swear upon this  
sword of justice,

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
Been both at Delphos, and from thence  
have brought

The seal'd-up oracle, by the hand de-  
liver'd

Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since  
then,

You have not dared to break the holy  
seal

Nor read the secrets in't.

*Cleo. Dion.* All this we swear.

*Leon.* Break up the seals and read.

*Off.* [*Reads*] Hermione is chaste; Polix-  
enes blameless; Camillo a true subject;  
Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent  
babe truly begotten; and the king shall  
live without an heir, if that which is lost  
be not found.

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great Apollo!

*Her.* Praised!

*Leon.* Hast thou read truth?

*Off.* Ay, my lord; even so

As it is here set down.

*Leon.* There is no truth at all i' the  
oracle:

The sessions shall proceed: this is mere  
falsehood.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord the king, the king!

*Leon.* What is the business?

*Serv.* O sir, I shall be hated to report it!  
The prince your son, with mere conceit  
and fear

Of the queen's speed, is gone.

*Leon.* How! gone!

*Serv.* Is dead.

*Leon.* Apollo's angry; and the heavens  
themselves

Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione  
swoons.*] How now there!

*Paul.* This news is mortal to the queen;  
look down

And see what death is doing.

*Leon.* Take her hence.

Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will  
recover:

I have too much believed mine own suspi-  
cion:

Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermi-  
one*]

Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracles;  
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,

New woo my queen, recall the good  
Camillo,

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of  
mercy:

For, being transported by my jealousy  
To bloody thoughts and to revenge,

I chose

Camillo for the minister to poison

My friend Polixenes: which had been  
done,

But that the good mind of Camillo  
tardied

My swift command, though I with death  
and with

Reward did threaten and encourage him;  
Not doing 't and being done: he, most  
humane

And fill'd with honor, to my kingly gues-  
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortune

here,



Which you knew great, and to the hazard  
Of all incertainties himself commended,  
Nor richer than his honor: how he glisters  
Thorough my rust! and how his piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker!

*Re-enter PAULINA.*

*Paul.* Woe the while!  
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too.

*First Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

*Paul.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast  
for me?

What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying?  
boiling?

In leads or oils? what old or newer torture  
Must I receive, whose every word de-  
serves

To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny  
Together working with thy jealousies,  
Fancies too weak for boys, too green  
and idle

For girls of nine, O, think what they have  
done

And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for  
all

Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of  
it.

That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas  
nothing;

That did but show thee, of a fool, inconst-  
ant

And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much.  
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Cam-  
illo's honor,

To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,  
More monstrous standing by: whereof I  
reckon

The casting forth to crows thy baby-  
daughter

To be or none or little; though a devil  
Would have shed water out of fire ere  
done't:

Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death  
Of the young prince, whose honorable  
thoughts,

Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the  
heart

That could conceive a gross and foolish  
sire

Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not,  
no,

Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O  
lords,

When I have said, cry 'woe!' the queen,  
the queen,

The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and  
vengeance for't

Not dropp'd down yet.

*First Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

*Paul.* I say she's dead; I'll swear't. If  
word nor oath

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring  
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,  
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll  
serve you

As I would do the gods. But, O thou  
tyrant!

Do not repent these things, for they are  
heavier

Than all thy woes can stir; therefore be-  
take thee

To nothing but despair. A thousand knees  
Ten thousand years together, naked, fast-  
ing,

Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
In storm perpetual, could not move the  
gods

To look that way thou wert.

*Leon.* Go on, go on:  
Thou canst not speak too much; I have  
deserved

All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*First Lord.* Say no more:  
Howe'er the business goes, you have made  
fault

I' the boldness of your speech.

*Paul.* I am sorry for't:  
All faults I make, when I shall come to  
know them,

I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too  
much

The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd  
To the noble heart. What's gone and  
what's past help

Should be past grief: do not receive  
affliction

At my petition; I beseech you, rather  
Let me be punish'd, that have minded  
you

Of what you should forget. Now, good  
my liege,

Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:  
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool  
again!—

I'll speak of her no more, nor of your  
children;

I'll not remember you of my own lord,  
Who is lost too: take your patience to  
you,

And I'll say nothing.

*Leon.* Thou didst speak but well  
When most the truth; which I receive  
much better

Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring  
me

To the dead bodies of my queen and son:  
One grave shall be for both: upon them  
shall

The causes of their death appear, unto  
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit  
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed  
there

Shall be my recreation: so long as nature  
Will bear up with this exercise, so long  
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me  
Unto these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Bohemia. A desert country  
near the sea.*

*Enter ANTIGONUS with a child, and a  
Mariner.*

*Ant.* Thou art perfect then, our ship  
hath touch'd upon  
The deserts of Bohemia?

*Mar.* Ay, my lord: and fear  
We have landed in ill time: the skies  
look grimly

And threaten present blusters. In my con-  
science,

The heavens with that we have in hand  
are angry

And frown upon 's.

*Ant.* Their sacred wills be done! Go,  
get aboard;

Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before  
I call upon thee.

*Mar.* Make your best haste, and go not  
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud  
weather;

Besides, this place is famous for the  
creatures

Of prey that keep upon 't.

*Ant.* Go thou away:  
I'll follow instantly.

*Mar.* I am glad at heart  
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* Come, poor babe:  
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits  
o' the dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy  
mother

Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was  
dream

So like a waking. To me comes a crea-  
ture,

Sometimes her head on one side, some  
another;

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white  
robes,

Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd be-  
fore me,

And gasping to begin some speech, her  
eyes

Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her: 'Good An-  
tigonus,

Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
Hath made thy person for the thrower-  
out

Of my poor babe, according to thine  
oath,

Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
There weep and leave it crying: and, for  
the babe

Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
I prithee, call't. For this ungente busi-  
ness

Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt  
see

Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with  
shrieks

She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself and thought  
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are  
toys:

Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
I will be squared by this. I do believe  
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that  
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
Of King Polixenes, it should here be  
laid,

Either for life or death, upon the earth  
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee  
well!

There lie, and there thy character: there  
these;

Which may, if fortune please, both breed  
thee, pretty,

And still rest thine. The storm begins;  
poor wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed

To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,

But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I

To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!

The day frowns more and more: thou'rt like to have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw

The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamor!

Well may I get aboard! This is the chase: I am gone for ever.

*[Exit, pursued by a bear.]*

*Enter a Shepherd.*

*Shep.* I would there were no age between sixteen and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the seaside, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here! Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some 'scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, ho!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Hilloa, loa!

*Shep.* What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

*Clo.* I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

*Shep.* Why, how is it?

*Clo.* I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog's-head. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flapdragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

*Shep.* Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

*Clo.* Now, now: I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

*Shep.* Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

*Clo.* I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

*Shep.* Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open't. What's within, boy?

*Clo.* You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

*Shep.* This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

*Clo.* Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when

they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

*Shep.* That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

*Clo.* Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

*Shep.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter TIME, the Chorus.*

*Time.* I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror

Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,

Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime  
To me or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried

Of that wide gap, since it is in my power  
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour

To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass

The same I am, ere ancient'st order was  
Or what is now received: I witness to  
The times that brought them in; so shall I do

To the freshest things now reigning and make stale

The glistening of this present, as my tale  
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,

I turn my glass and give my scene such growing

As you had slept between: Leontes leaving,

The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving

That he shuts up himself, imagine me,  
Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,  
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel

I now name to you; and with speed so pace

To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues  
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news

Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,  
And what to her adheres, which follows after,

Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,  
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;

If never, yet that Time himself doth say  
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE II. Bohemia. The palace of POLIXENES.

*Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.*

*Pol.* I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

*Cam.* It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

*Pol.* As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

*Cam.* Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may



be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

*Pol.* I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

*Cam.* I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

*Pol.* That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command.

*Pol.* My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A road near the Shepherd's cottage.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,  
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,  
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;  
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,  
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,  
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:  
And when I wander here and there,  
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,  
And bear the sow-skin budget,  
Then my account I well may give,  
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

*Aut.* [Aside] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

*Clo.* I cannot do't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice,—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man-song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to color the warden pies; mace; dates?—none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

*Aut.* O that ever I was born!

*[Groveling on the ground.]*

*Clo.* I' the name of me—

*Aut.* O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

*Clo.* Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Aut.* O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

*Clo.* Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

*Aut.* I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

*Clo.* What, by a horseman, or a footman?

*Aut.* A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

*Aut.* O, good sir, tenderly, O!

*Clo.* Alas, poor soul!

*Aut.* O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clo.* How now! canst stand?

*Aut.* [*Picking his pocket*] Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

*Clo.* Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

*Aut.* No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

*Clo.* What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

*Aut.* A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames; I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

*Clo.* His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

*Aut.* Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife

within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolykus.

*Clo.* Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

*Aut.* Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

*Clo.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

*Aut.* I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

*Clo.* How do you now?

*Aut.* Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

*Clo.* Shall I bring thee on the way?

*Aut.* No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

*Clo.* Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

*Aut.* Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

[*Sings*] Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV. *The Shepherd's cottage.*

*Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

*Flo.* These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora  
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods,  
And you the queen on't.

*Per.* Sir, my gracious lord  
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:

O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,

The gracious mark o' the land, you have  
obscured  
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor  
lowly maid,  
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that  
our feasts  
In every mess have folly and the feeders  
Digest it with a custom, I should blush  
To see you so attired, sworn, I think,  
To show myself a glass.

*Flo.* I bless the time  
When my good falcon made her flight  
across  
Thy father's ground.

*Per.* Now Jove afford you cause!  
To me the difference forges dread; your  
greatness  
Hath not been used to fear. Even now  
I tremble  
To think your father, by some accident,  
Should pass this way as you did: O, the  
Fates!  
How would he look, to see his work so  
noble  
Vilely bound up? What would he say?  
Or how  
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts,  
behold  
The sternness of his presence?

*Flo.* Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green  
Neptune  
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed  
god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
As I seem now. Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,  
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires  
Run not before mine honor, nor my lusts  
Burn hotter than my faith.

*Per.* O, but, sir,  
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of  
the king:  
One of these two must be necessities,  
Which then will speak, that you must  
change this purpose,  
Or I my life.

*Flo.* Thou dearest Perdita,

With these forced thoughts, I prithee,  
darken not  
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine,  
my fair,  
Or not my father's. For I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;  
Strangle such thoughts as these with any  
thing  
That you behold the while. Your guests  
are coming:  
Lift up your countenance, as it were  
the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial which  
We two have sworn shall come.

*Per.* O lady Fortune,  
Stand you auspicious!

*Flo.* See, your guests approach:  
Address yourself to entertain them  
sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter* Shepherd, Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS,  
and others, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO  
disguised.

*Shep.* Fie, daughter! when my old wife  
lived, upon  
This day she was both pantler, butler,  
cook,  
Both dame and servant; welcomed all,  
served all;  
Would sing her song and dance her turn;  
now here,  
At upper end o' the table, now i' the  
middle;  
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire  
With labor and the thing she took to  
quench it,  
She would to each one sip. You are re-  
tired,  
As if you were a feasted one and not  
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to's welcome; for  
it is  
A way to make us better friends, more  
known.  
Come, quench your blushes and present  
yourself  
That which you are, mistress o' the feast:  
come on,  
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shear-  
ing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

*Per.* [To *Pol.*] Sir, welcome:  
It is my father's will I should take on me  
The hostess-ship o' the day. [To *Cam.*]  
You're welcome, sir.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.  
Reverend sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue; these  
keep

Seeming and savor all the winter long:  
Grace and remembrance be to you both,  
And welcome to our shearing!

*Pol.* Shepherdess,  
A fair one are you—well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient,  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the  
birth

Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers  
o' the season

Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,  
Which some call nature's bastards: of that  
kind

Our rustic garden's barren; and I care  
not

To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?

*Per.* For I have heard it said  
There is an art which in their piousness  
shares

With great creating nature.

*Pol.* Say there be;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean  
But nature makes that mean: so, over that  
art

Which you say adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid,  
we marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock,  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race: this is an art  
Which does mend nature, change it  
rather, but

The art itself is nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in  
gillyvors,  
And do not call them bastards.

*Per.* I'll not put  
The dibble in earth to set one slip of  
them;

No more than were I painted I would  
wish

This youth should say 'twere well and  
only therefore

Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers  
for you;

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;  
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun  
And with him rises weeping: these are  
flowers

Of middle summer, and I think they are  
given

To men of middle age. You're very wel-  
come.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I o'  
your flock,

And only live by gazing.

*Per.* Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through

Now, my fair'st friend,  
I would I had some flowers o' the spring  
that might

Become your time of day; and yours  
and yours,

That wear upon your virgin branches ye  
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina  
For the flowers now, that frightened thou  
let'st fall

From Dis's waggon! daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and  
take

The winds of March with beauty; violets  
dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady  
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and  
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these  
I lack,

To make you garlands of, and my sweet  
friend,

To strew him o'er and o'er!

*Flo.* What, like a corpse?

*Per.* No, like a bank for love to lie on  
play on;

Not like a corpse; or if, not to be buried,  
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take  
your flowers:

Methinks I play as I have seen them do  
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe o'  
mine

Does change my disposition.



*Flo.* What you do  
Still betters what is done. When you  
speak, sweet,

I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,  
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,  
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,  
To sing them too: when you do dance,  
I wish you

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that; move still, still so,  
And own no other function: each your  
doing,

So singular in each particular,  
Crowns what you are doing in the present  
deed,

That all your acts are queens.

*Per.* O Doricles,  
Your praises are too large: but that your  
youth,

And the true blood which peepeth fairly  
through't,

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd  
shepherd,

With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,  
You woo'd me the false way.

*Flo.* I think you have  
As little skill to fear as I have purpose  
To put you to't. But come; our dance, I  
pray:

Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,  
That never mean to part.

*Per.* I'll swear for 'em.

*Pol.* This is the prettiest low-born lass  
that ever

Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does  
or seems

But smacks of something greater than her-  
self,

Too noble for this place.

*Cam.* He tells her something  
That makes her blood look out: good  
sooth, she is

The queen of curds and cream.

*Clo.* Come on, strike up!

*Dor.* Mopsa must be your mistress:  
marry, garlic,

To mend her kissing with!

*Mop.* Now, in good time!

*Clo.* Not a word, a word; we stand upon  
our manners.

Come, strike up!

[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and  
Shepherdesses.*]

*Pol.* Pray, good shepherd, what fair  
swain is this

Which dances with your daughter?

*Shep.* They call him Doricles; and boasts  
himself

To have a worthy feeding: but I have it  
Upon his own report and I believe it;  
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my  
daughter:

I think so too; for never gazed the moon  
Upon the water as he'll stand and read  
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be  
plain,

I think there is not half a kiss to choose  
Who loves another best.

*Pol.* She dances featly.

*Shep.* So she does any thing; though  
I report it,

That should be silent: if young Doricles  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him  
that

Which he not dreams of.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* O master, if you did but hear the  
pedlar at the door, you would never  
dance again after a tabor and pipe; no,  
the bagpipe could not move you: he sings  
several tunes faster than you'll tell money;  
he utters them as he had eaten ballads and  
all men's ears grew to his tunes.

*Clo.* He could never come better; he  
shall come in. I love a ballad but even too  
well, if it be doleful matter merrily set  
down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and  
sung lamentably.

*Serv.* He hath songs for man or woman,  
of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his  
customers with gloves: he has the prettiest  
love-songs for maids; so without bawdry,  
which is strange; with such delicate  
burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her  
and thump her;' and where some stretch-  
mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean  
mischief and break a foul gap into the  
matter, he makes the maid to answer  
'Whoop, do me no harm, good man,'  
puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop,  
do me no harm, good man.'

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clo.* Believe me, thou talkest of an ad-  
mirable conceited fellow. Has he any un-  
braided wares?

*Serv.* He hath ribbons of all the colors i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't. *Clo.* Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

*Per.* Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Clo.* You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

*Per.* Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow;

Cyprus black as e'er was crow;

Gloves as sweet as damask roses;

Masks for faces and for noses;

Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,

Perfume for a lady's chamber;

Golden quoifs and stomachers,

For my lads to give their dears:

Pins and poking-sticks of steel,

What maids lack from head to heel:

Come buy of me, come; come buy,  
come buy;

Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:

Come buy.

*Clo.* If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

*Mop.* I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

*Dor.* He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

*Mop.* He hath paid you all he promised you; may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

*Clo.* Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

*Mop.* I have done. Come, you promised

me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

*Clo.* Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

*Aut.* And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

*Clo.* Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

*Aut.* I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

*Clo.* What hast here? ballads?

*Mop.* Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

*Aut.* Here's one to a very doleful tune how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

*Mop.* Is it true, think you?

*Aut.* Very true, and but a month old.

*Dor.* Bless me from marrying a usurer!

*Aut.* Here's the midwife's name to't, on Mistress Tale porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

*Mop.* Pray you now, buy it.

*Clo.* Come on, lay it by: and let's first see moe ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

*Aut.* Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the four-score of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as true.

*Dor.* Is it true too, think you?

*Aut.* Five justices' hands at it, and withal nesses more than my pack will hold.

*Clo.* Lay it by too: another.

*Aut.* This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

*Mop.* Let's have some merry ones.

*Aut.* Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man.' there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, can tell you.

*Mop.* We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

*Dor.* We had the tune on't a month ago.

*Aut.* I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

SONG.

*A.* Get you hence, for I must go

Where it fits not you to know.

*D.* Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

*M.* It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell.

*D.* Me too, let me go thither.

*M.* Or thou goest to the grange or mill.

*D.* If to either, thou dost ill.

*A.* Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

*D.* Thou hast sworn my love to be.

*M.* Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then whither goest? say, whither?

*Clo.* We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. [*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*]

*Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Follows singing.*]

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?

Come to the pedlar;

Money's a medler.

That doth utter all men's ware-a. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

*Shep.* Away! we'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those that refresh us:

pray, let's see these four threes of herds-men.

*Serv.* One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squier.

*Shep.* Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

*Serv.* Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit. Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.*]

*Pol.* O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.

He's simple and tells much. [*To Flor.*] How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take

Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young

And handed love as you do, I was wont

To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it

To her acceptance; you have let him go And nothing marted with him. If your lass

Interpretation should abuse and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited

For a reply, at least if you make a care Of happy holding her.

*Flo.* Old sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are: The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd

Up in my heart; which I have given already,

But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life

Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,

Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand,

As soft as dove's down and as white as it, Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted

By the northern blasts twice o'er.

*Pol.* What follows this? How prettily the young swain seems to wash

The hand was fair before! I have put  
you out:

But to your protestation; let me hear  
What you profess.

*Flo.* Do, and be witness to 't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbor too?

*Flo.* And he, and more

Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens,  
and all:

That, were I crown'd the most imperial  
monarch,

Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest  
youth

That ever made eye swerve, had force  
and knowledge

More than was ever man's, I would not  
prize them

Without her love; for her employ them  
all;

Commend them and condemn them to  
her service

Or to their own perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.

*Cam.* This shows a sound affection.

*Shep.* But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

*Per.* I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean  
better:

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I  
cut out

The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands, a bargain!

And, friends unknown, you shall bear  
witness to 't:

I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

*Flo.* O, that must be  
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being  
dead,

I shall have more than you can dream  
of yet;

Enough then for your wonder. But, come  
on,

Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*Shep.* Come, your hand;

And, daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;  
Have you a father?

*Flo.* I have: but what of him?

*Pol.* Knows he of this?

*Flo.* He neither does nor shall.

*Pol.* Methinks a father

Is at the nuptial of his son a guest  
That best becomes the table. Pray you  
once more,

Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid  
With age and altering rheums? can he  
speak? hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own  
estate?

Lies he not bed-rid? and again does  
nothing

But what he did being childish?

*Flo.* No, good sir;

He has his health and ampler strength  
indeed

Than most have of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfilial: reason my son

Should choose himself a wife, but as good  
reason

The father, all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity, should hold some coun-  
sel

In such a business.

*Flo.* I yield all this;

But for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not  
acquaint

My father of this business.

*Pol.* Let him know't.

*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Prithee, let him.

*Flo.* No, he must not.

*Shep.* Let him, my son: he shall not need  
to grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not.

Mark our contract.

*Pol.* Mark your divorce, young sir,

[Discovering himself.]  
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too

base

To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's  
heir,

That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou  
old traitor,

I am sorry that by hanging thee I can  
But shorten thy life one week. And thou,

fresh piece  
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force

must know

The royal fool thou copest with,—



*Shep.* O, my heart!  
*Pol.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with  
 briars, and made  
 More homely than thy state. For thee,  
 fond boy,  
 If I may ever know thou dost but sigh  
 That thou no more shalt see this knack,  
 as never  
 I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from  
 succession;  
 Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our  
 kin,  
 Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my  
 words:  
 Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for  
 this time,  
 Though full of our displeasure, yet we  
 free thee  
 From the dead blow of it. And you,  
 enchantment.—  
 Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,  
 That makes himself, but for our honor  
 therein,  
 Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou  
 These rural latches to his entrance open,  
 Or hoop his body more with thy em-  
 braces,  
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee  
 As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*  
*Per.* Even here undone!  
 I was not much afeard; for once or twice  
 I was about to speak and tell him plainly,  
 The selfsame sun that shines upon his  
 court  
 Hides not his visage from our cottage but  
 Looks on alike. Will't please you, sir, be  
 gone?  
 I told you what would come of this:  
 beseech you,  
 Of your own state take care: this dream  
 of mine,—  
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch  
 farther,  
 But milk my ewes and weep.

*Cam.* Why, how now, father!  
 Speak ere thou diest.

*Shep.* I cannot speak, nor think,  
 Nor dare to know that which I know.  
 O sir!

You have undone a man of fourscore  
 three,  
 That thought to fill his grave in quiet,  
 yea,

To die upon the bed my father died,  
 To lie close by his honest bones: but now  
 Some hangman must put on my shroud  
 and lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed  
 wretch,

That knew'st this was the prince, and  
 wouldst adventure

To mingle faith with him! Undone! un-  
 done!

If I might die within this hour, I have  
 lived

To die when I desire. [*Exit.*  
*Flo.* Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,  
 But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;  
 More straining on for plucking back, not  
 following

My leash unwillingly.

*Cam.* Gracious my lord,  
 You know your father's temper: at this  
 time

He will allow no speech, which I do guess  
 You do not purpose to him; and as hardly  
 Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:  
 Then, till the fury of his highness settle,  
 Come not before him.

*Flo.* I not purpose it,  
 I think, Camillo?

*Cam.* Even he, my lord.

*Per.* How often have I told you 'twould  
 be thus!

How often said, my dignity would last  
 But till 'twere known!

*Flo.* It cannot fail but by  
 The violation of my faith; and then  
 Let nature crush the sides o' the earth to-  
 gether

And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy  
 looks:

From my succession wipe me, father; I  
 Am heir to my affection.

*Cam.* Be advised.

*Flo.* I am, and by my fancy: if my rea-  
 son

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;  
 If not, my senses, better pleased with  
 madness,

Do bid it welcome.

*Cam.* This is desperate, sir.  
*Flo.* So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;  
 I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,  
 Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may

Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or  
The close earth wombs or the profound  
sea hides

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray  
you,

As you have ever been my father's hon-  
or'd friend,

When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I  
mean not

To see him any more,—cast your good  
-counsels

Upon his passion; let myself and fortune  
Tug for the time to come. This you may  
know

And so deliver, I am put to sea

With her whom here I cannot hold on  
shore;

And most opportune to our need I have  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared  
For this design. What course I mean to  
hold

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge,  
nor

Concern me the reporting.

*Cam.* O my lord!

I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
Or stronger for your need.

*Flo.* Hark, Perdita [*Drawing her aside.*]  
I'll hear you by and by.

*Cam.* He's irremovable,  
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if  
His going I could frame to serve my turn,  
Save him from danger, do him love and  
honor,

Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia  
And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
I so much thirst to see.

*Flo.* Now, good Camillo;  
I am so fraught with curious business that  
I leave out ceremony.

*Cam.* Sir, I think  
You have heard of my poor services, i'  
the love

That I have borne your father?

*Flo.* Very nobly  
Have you deserved: it is my father's  
music

To speak your deeds, not little of his care  
To have them recompensed as thought  
on.

*Cam.* Well, my lord,  
If you may please to think I love the king

And through him what is nearest to him,  
which is

Your gracious self, embrace but my direc-  
tion:

If your more ponderous and settled  
project

May suffer alteration, on mine honor,  
I'll point you where you shall have such  
receiving

As shall become your highness; where  
you may

Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I  
see,

There's no disjunction to be made, but  
by—

As heavens forefend!—your ruin; marry  
her,

And, with my best endeavors in your  
absence,

Your discontenting father strive to qualify  
And bring him up to liking.

*Flo.* How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?

That I may call thee something more  
than man

And after that trust to thee.

*Cam.* Have you thought on  
A place whereto you'll go?

*Flo.* Not any yet:

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty  
To what we wildly do, so we profess

Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and  
flies

Of every wind that blows.

*Cam.* Then list to me:  
This follows, if you will not change your  
purpose

But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,  
And there present yourself and your fair  
princess,

For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:  
She shall be habited as it becomes

The partner of your bed. Methinks I see  
Leontes opening his free arms and weep-  
ing

His welcomes forth; asks thee the son for-  
giveness,

As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the  
hands

Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er di-  
vides him

'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness;  
the one

He chides to hell and bids the other grow  
Faster than thought or time.

*Flo.*                   Worthy Camillo,  
What color for my visitation shall I  
Hold up before him?

*Cam.*               Sent by the king your father  
To greet him and to give him comforts.  
Sir,

The manner of your bearing towards him,  
with

What you as from your father shall de-  
liver,

Things known betwixt us three, I'll write  
you down:

The which shall point you forth at every  
sitting

What you must say; that he shall not  
perceive

But that you have your father's bosom  
there

And speak his very heart.

*Flo.*               I am bound to you:  
There is some sap in this.

*Cam.*               A cause more promising  
Than a wild dedication of yourselves

To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores,  
most certain

To miseries enough; no hope to help  
you,

But as you shake off one to take an-  
other;

Nothing so certain as your anchors, who  
Do their best office, if they can but  
stay you

Where you'll be loath to be: besides you  
know

Prosperity's the very bond of love,  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart  
together

Affliction alters.

*Per.*               One of these is true:  
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.

*Cam.*               Yea, say you so?  
There shall not at your father's house  
these seven years

Be born another such.

*Flo.*               My good Camillo,  
She is as forward of her breeding as  
She is i' the rear our birth.

*Cam.*               I cannot say 'tis pity  
She lacks instructions, for she seems a  
mistress

To most that teach.

*Per.*               Your pardon, sir; for this  
I'll blush you thanks.

*Flo.*               My prettiest Perdita!  
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,  
Preserver of my father, now of me,  
The medicine of our house, how shall we  
do?

We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,  
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

*Cam.*               My lord,  
Fear none of this: I think you know my  
fortunes

Do all lie there: it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed as if  
The scene you play were mine. For in-  
stance, sir,

That you may know you shall not want,  
one word. [*They talk aside.*]

*Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.*

*Aut.* Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is!  
and Trust, his sworn brother, a very  
simple gentleman! I have sold all my  
trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a  
ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-  
book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie,  
bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from  
fasting: they throng who should buy  
first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed  
and brought a benediction to the buyer:  
by which means I saw whose purse was  
best in picture; and what I saw, to my  
good use I remembered. My clown, who  
wants but something to be a reasonable  
man, grew so in love with the wenches'  
song, that he would not stir his pettitoes  
till he had both tune and words; which  
so drew the rest of the herd to me that  
all their other senses stuck in ears: you  
might have pinched a placket, it was sense-  
less; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a  
purse; I could have filed keys off that  
hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling,  
but my sir's song, and admiring the  
nothing of it. So that in this time of leth-  
argy I picked and cut most of their fes-  
tival purses; and had not the old man  
come in with a whoo-bub against his  
daughter and the king's son and scared  
my choughs from the chaff, I had not  
left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come for-  
ward.*]

*Cam.* Nay, but my letters, by this means  
being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that  
doubt.

*Flo.* And those that you'll procure from  
King Leontes—

*Cam.* Shall satisfy your father.

*Per.* Happy be you  
All that you speak shows fair.

*Cam.* Who have we here?  
[Seeing *Autolycus*.]

We'll make an instrument of this, omit  
Nothing may give us aid.

*Aut.* If they have overheard me now,  
why, hanging.

*Cam.* How now, good fellow! why shak-  
est thou so? Fear not, man; here's no  
harm intended to thee.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still; here's nobody  
will steal that from thee: yet for the out-  
side of thy poverty we must make an  
exchange; therefore discase thee instantly,  
—thou must think there's a necessity in't,—  
and change garments with this gentle-  
man: though the pennyworth on his side  
be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some  
boot.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I  
know ye well enough.

*Cam.* Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gen-  
tleman is half played already.

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I  
smell the trick on't.

*Flo.* Dispatch, I prithee.

*Aut.* Indeed, I have had earnest: but I  
cannot with conscience take it.

*Cam.* Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange gar-  
ments.*]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy  
Come home to ye!—you must retire your-  
self

Into some covert: take your sweetheart's  
hat

And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your  
face,

Dismantle you, and, as you can, dislikén  
The truth of your own seeming; that you  
may—

For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard  
Get undescried.

*Per.* I see the play so lies

That I must bear a part.

*Cam.* No remedy.

Have you done there?

*Flo.* Should I now meet my father,  
He would not call me son.

*Cam.* Nay, you shall have no hat.  
[*Giving it to Perdita*.]

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.  
*Aut.* Adieu, sir.

*Flo.* O *Perdita*, what have we twain  
forgot!

Pray you, a word.

*Cam.* [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to  
tell the king

Of this escape and whither they are  
bound;

Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail  
To force him after: in whose company

I shall review *Sicilia*, for whose sight  
I have a woman's longing.

*Flo.* Fortune speed us!  
Thus we set on, *Camillo*, to the sea-side.

*Cam.* The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo*.]

*Aut.* I understand the business, I hear  
it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and  
a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-  
purse; a good nose is requisite also, to  
smell out work for the other senses. I see  
this is the time that the unjust man doth  
thrive. What an exchange had this been  
without boot! What a boot is here with  
this exchange! Sure the gods do this year  
connive at us, and we may do any thing  
extempore. The prince himself is about a  
piece of iniquity, stealing away from his  
father with his clog at his heels: if I  
thought it were a piece of honesty to ac-  
quaint the king withal, I would not do't.  
I hold it the more knavery to conceal it  
and therein am I constant to my profession.

*Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.*

Aside, aside; here is more-matter for a ho-  
brain: every lane's end, every shop  
church, session, hanging, yields a carefu-  
man work.

*Clo.* See, see; what a man you are now!  
There is no other way but to tell the king  
she's a changeling and none of your flesh  
and blood.

*Shep.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clo.* Nay, but hear me.

*Shep.* Go to, then.



*Clo.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

*Shep.* I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

*Clo.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

*Aut.* [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

*Shep.* Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

*Aut.* [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

*Clo.* Pray heartily he be at palace.

*Aut.* [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

*Shep.* To the palace, an it like your worship.

*Aut.* Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

*Aut.* A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

*Clo.* Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

*Shep.* Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

*Aut.* Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy

nose court-odor from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

*Shep.* My business, sir, is to the king.

*Aut.* What advocate hast thou to him?

*Shep.* I know not, an't like you.

*Clo.* Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

*Shep.* None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

*Aut.* How blessed are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are,

Therefore I will not disdain.

*Clo.* This cannot be but a great courtier.

*Shep.* His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

*Clo.* He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

*Aut.* The fardel there? what's i' the fardel?

Wherefore that box?

*Shep.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labor.

*Shep.* Why, sir?

*Aut.* The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

*Shep.* So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*Aut.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

*Clo.* Think you so, sir?

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the

hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

*Clo.* Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

*Aut.* He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

*Clo.* He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

*Shep.* An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

*Aut.* After I have done what I promised?

*Shep.* Ay, sir.

*Aut.* Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

*Clo.* In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

*Aut.* O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

*Clo.* Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights:

he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

*Aut.* I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

*Clo.* We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

*Shep.* Let's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [Exit.]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. A room in LEONTES' palace.

*Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Servants.*

*Cleo.* Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,

Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down

More penitence than done trespass: at the last,

Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;

With them forgive yourself.

*Leon.*

Whilst I remember Her and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them, and so still think of The wrong I did myself; which was so much.

That heirless it hath made my kingdom  
and  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that  
e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of.

*Paul.* True, too true, my lord:  
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,  
Or from the all that are took something  
good,

To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd  
Would be unparallel'd.

*Leon.* I think so. Kill'd!  
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me  
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now,  
good now,  
Say so but seldom.

*Cleo.* Not at all, good lady:  
You might have spoken a thousand things  
that would  
Have done the time more benefit and  
graced  
Your kindness better.

*Paul.* You are one of those  
Would have him wed again.

*Dion.* If you would not so,  
You pity not the state, nor the remem-  
brance

Of his most sovereign name; consider little  
What dangers, by his highness' fail of  
issue,

May drop upon his kingdom and devour  
Incertain lookers on. What were more  
holy

Than to rejoice the former queen is well?  
What holier than, for royalty's repair,  
For present comfort and for future good,  
To bless the bed of majesty again  
With a sweet fellow to't?

*Paul.* There is none worthy,  
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the  
gods

Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;  
For has not the divine Apollo said,  
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,  
That King Leontes shall not have an heir  
Till his lost child be found? which that it  
shall,

Is all as monstrous to our human reason  
As my Antigonus to break his grave  
And come again to me; who, on my life,  
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your coun-  
sel

My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes.*]  
Care not for issue;

The crown will find an heir: great Alex-  
ander

Left his to the worthiest; so his successor  
Was like to be the best.

*Leon.* Good Paulina,  
Who hast the memory of Hermione,  
I know, in honor, O, that ever I  
Had squared me to thy counsel! then, even  
now,

I might have look'd upon my queen's full  
eyes,

Have taken treasure from her lips—  
*Paul.* And left them  
More rich for what they yielded.

*Leon.* Thou speak'st truth.  
No more such wives; therefore, no wife:  
one worse,

And better used, would make her sainted  
spirit

Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,  
Where we're offenders now, appear soul-  
vex'd,

And begin, 'Why to me?'  
*Paul.* Had she such power,  
She had just cause.

*Leon.* She had; and would incense me  
To murder her I married.

*Paul.* I should so.  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you  
mark

Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't  
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even  
your ears

Should rift to hear me; and the words that  
follow'd

Should be 'Remember mine.'

*Leon.* Stars, stars,  
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no  
wife;

I'll have no wife, Paulina.

*Paul.* Will you swear  
Never to marry but by my free leave?

*Leon.* Never, Paulina; so be blest my  
spirit!

*Paul.* Then, good my lords, bear witness  
to his oath.

*Cleo.* You tempt him over-much.  
*Paul.* Unless another,  
As like Hermione as is her picture,  
Affront his eye.

*Cleo.* Good madam,—  
*Paul.* I have done.  
 Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will,  
 sir,  
 No remedy, but you will,—give me the  
 office  
 To choose you a queen: she shall not be  
 so young  
 As was your former; but she shall be such  
 As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it  
 should take joy  
 To see her in your arms.  
*Leon.* My true Paulina,  
 We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.  
*Paul.* That  
 Shall be when your first queen's again in  
 breath;  
 Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* One that gives out himself Prince  
 Florizel,  
 Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she  
 The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access  
 To your high presence.

*Leon.* What with him? he comes not  
 Like to his father's greatness: his approach,  
 So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us  
 'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced  
 By need and accident. What train?

*Gent.* But few,  
 And those but mean.

*Leon.* His princess, say you, with him?

*Gent.* Ay, the most peerless piece of  
 earth, I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*Paul.* O Hermione,  
 As every present time doth boast itself  
 Above a better gone, so must thy grave  
 Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you  
 yourself

Have said and writ so, but your writing  
 now

Is colder than that theme, 'She had not  
 been,

Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your  
 verse

Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly  
 ebb'd,

To say you have seen a better.

*Gent.* Pardon, madam:  
 The one I have almost forgot,—your par-  
 don,—

The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,

Will have your tongue too. This is a crea-  
 ture,  
 Would she begin a sect, might quench the  
 zeal

Of all professors else, make proselytes  
 Of who she but bid follow.

*Paul.* How! not women?

*Gent.* Women will love her, that she is a  
 woman

More worth than any man; men, that she  
 is

The rarest of all women.

*Leon.* Go, Cleomenes;

Yourself, assisted with your honor'd  
 friends,

Bring them to our embracement. Still, 'tis  
 strange

*[Exeunt Cleomenes and others.]*

He thus should steal upon us.

*Paul.* Had our prince,  
 Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had  
 pair'd

Well with this lord: there was not full a  
 month

Between their births.

*Leon.* Prithee, no more; cease; thou  
 know'st

He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,  
 When I shall see this gentleman, thy  
 speeches

Will bring me to consider that which may  
 Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

*Re-enter CLEOMENES and others, with*

*FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock,  
 prince;

For she did print your royal father off,  
 Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,  
 Your father's image is so hit in you,  
 His very air, that I should call you brother,  
 As I did him, and speak of something  
 wildly

By us perform'd before. Most dearly wel-  
 come!

And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!  
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and  
 earth

Might thus have stood begetting wonder  
 as

You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost—  
 All mine own folly—the society,  
 Amity too, of your brave father, whom,



Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
Once more to look on him.

*Flo.* By his command  
Have I here touch'd Sicilia and from him  
Give you all greetings that a king, at  
friend,

Can send his brother: and, but infirmity  
Which waits upon worn times hath some-  
thing seized

His wish'd ability, he had himself  
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne  
and his

Measured to look upon you; whom he  
loves—

He bade me say so—more than all the  
sceptres

And those that bear them living.

*Leon.* O my brother,  
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done  
thee stir

Afresh within me, and these thy offices,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome  
hither,

As is the spring to the earth. And hath he  
too

Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,  
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Nep-  
tune,

To greet a man not worth her pains, much  
less

The adventure of her person?

*Flo.* Good my lord,  
She came from Libya.

*Leon.* Where the warlike Smalus,  
That noble honor'd lord, is fear'd and  
loved?

*Flo.* Most royal sir, from thence; from  
him, whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:  
thence,

A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have  
cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me  
For visiting your highness: my best train  
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;  
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
But my arrival and my wife's in safety  
Here where we are.

*Leon.* The blessed gods  
Purge all infection from our air whilst you  
Do climate here! You have a holy father,

A graceful gentleman; against whose per-  
son,

So sacred as it is, I have done sin:  
For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issueless; and your father's  
blest,

As he from heaven merits it, with you  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have  
been,

Might I a son and daughter now have  
look'd on,  
Such goodly things as you!

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Most noble sir,  
That which I shall report will bear no  
credit,

Were not the proof so nigh. Please you,  
great sir,

Bohemia greets you from himself by me;  
Desires you to attach his son, who has—  
His dignity and duty both cast off—  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and  
with

A shepherd's daughter.

*Leon.* Where's Bohemia? speak.

*Lord.* Here in your city; I now came  
from him:

I speak amazedly; and it becomes  
My marvel and my message. To your  
court

Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it  
seems,

Of this fair couple, meets he on the way  
The father of this seeming lady and  
Her brother, having both their country  
quitted

With this young prince.

*Flo.* Camillo has betray'd me;  
Whose honor and whose honesty till now  
Endured all weathers.

*Lord.* Lay't so to his charge:  
He's with the king your father.

*Leon.* Who? Camillo?

*Lord.* Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who  
now

Has these poor men in question. Never  
saw I

Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss  
the earth;

Forswear themselves as often as they speak:  
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

*Per.* O my poor father!

The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have

Our contract celebrated.

*Leon.* You are married?

*Flo.* We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;

The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first: The odds for high and low's alike.

*Leon.* My lord,

Is this the daughter of a king?

*Flo.* She is,

When once she is my wife.

*Leon.* That 'once,' I see by your good father's speed,

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry, Most sorry, you have broken from his liking

Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,

That you might well enjoy her.

*Flo.* Dear, look up:

Though Fortune, visible an enemy, Should chase us with my father, power no jot

Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,

Remember since you owed no more to time Than I'd now: with thought of such affections,

Step forth mine advocate; at your request My father will grant precious things as trifles.

*Leon.* Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle.

*Paul.* Sir, my liege, Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month

For your queen died, she was more worth such gazes

Than what you look on now.

*Leon.* I thought of her, Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel.*]

But your petition

Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:

Your honor not o'erthrown by your desires,

I am friend to them and you: upon which errand

I now go toward him; therefore follow me And mark what way I make: come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. Before LEONTES' palace.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.*

*Aut.* Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

*First Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

*Aut.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

*First Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more.

The news, Rogero?

*Sec. Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

*Third Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness

which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

*Sec. Gent.* No.

*Third Gent.* Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favor. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

*Sec. Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

*Third Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

*First Gent.* What became of his bark and his followers?

*Third Gent.* Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

*First Gent.* The dignity of this act was

worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

*Third Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolor to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there chang'd color; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

*First Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

*Third Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

*Sec. Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

*First Gent.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrift to our knowledge. Let's along. *[Exeunt Gentlemen.]*

*Aut.* Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much seasick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the

finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune

*Shep.* Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Clo.* You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

*Aut.* I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*Clo.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*Shep.* And so have I, boy.

*Clo.* So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

*Shep.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*Clo.* Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

*Aut.* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

*Shep.* Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Clo.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Aut.* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

*Shep.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Clo.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

*Shep.* How if it be false, son?

*Clo.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the prince thou

art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

*Aut.* I will prove so, sir, to my power.

*Clo.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A chapel in PAULINA's house.*

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Leon.* O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee!

*Paul.* What, sovereign sir, I did not well I meant well. All my services You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed,

With your crown'd brother and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,

It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

*Leon.* O Paulina, We honor you with trouble: but we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery

Have we pass'd through, not without much content

In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon,

The statue of her mother.

*Paul.* As she lived peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it

Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare To see the life as lively mock'd as ever Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*]

I like your silence, it the more shows off



Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege,

Comes it not something near?

*Leon.* Her natural posture!  
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed  
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she  
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled,  
nothing

So aged as this seems.

*Pol.* O, not by much.

*Paul.* So much the more our carver's excellence;

Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her

As she lived now.

*Leon.* As now she might have done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,

Even with such life of majesty, warm life,  
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!

I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me

For being more stone than it? O royal piece,

There's magic in thy majesty, which has  
My evils conjured to remembrance and  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,

Standing like stone with thee.

*Per.* And give me leave,  
And do not say 'tis superstition, that  
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,  
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

*Paul.* O, patience!  
The statue is but newly fix'd, the color's  
Not dry.

*Cam.* My lord, your sorrow was too sore  
laid on,

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers dry; scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live; no sorrow  
But kill'd itself much sooner.

*Pol.* Dear my brother,  
Let him that was the cause of this have  
power

To take off so much grief from you as he  
Will piece up in himself.

*Paul.* Indeed, my lord,

If I had thought the sight of my poor  
image

Would thus have wrought you,—for the  
stone is mine—

I'd not have show'd it.

*Leon.* Do not draw the curtain.

*Paul.* No longer shall you gaze on't, lest  
your fancy

May think anon it moves.

*Leon.* Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, al-  
ready—

What was he that did make it? See, my  
lord,

Would you not deem it breathed? and that  
those veins

Did verily bear blood?

*Pol.* Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*Leon.* The fixture of her eye has motion  
in't,

As we are mock'd with art.

*Paul.* I'll draw the curtain:

My lord's almost so far transported that

He'll think anon it lives.

*Leon.* O sweet Paulina,

Make me to think so twenty years to-  
gether!

No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

*Paul.* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd  
you: but

I could afflict you farther.

*Leon.* Do, Paulina;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet

As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,

There is an air comes from her: what fine  
chisel

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man  
mock me,

For I will kiss her.

*Paul.* Good my lord, forbear:

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;

You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own  
With oily painting. Shall I draw the cur-  
tain?

*Leon.* No, not these twenty years.

*Per.* So long could I

Stand by, a looker on.

*Paul.* Either forbear,

Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you

For more amazement. If you can behold it,

I'll make the statue move indeed, descend

And take you by the hand; but then you'll think—

Which I protest against—I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

*Leon.* What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on: what to speak,  
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy  
To make her speak as move.

*Paul.* It is required  
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;

On: those that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.

*Leon.* Proceed:

No foot shall stir.

*Paul.* Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*  
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;

Strike all that look upon with marvel.  
Come,

I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away,  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for  
from him

Dear life redeems you. You perceive she  
stirs: [*Hermione comes down.*

Start not: her actions shall be holy as  
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun  
her

Until you see her die again; for then  
You kill her double. Nay, present your  
hand.

When she was young you woo'd her; now  
in age

Is she become the suitor?

*Leon.* O, she's warm!

If this be magic, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.

*Pol.* She embraces him.

*Cam.* She hangs about his neck:  
If she pertain to life let her speak too.

*Pol.* Ay, and make 't manifest where she  
has lived,

Or how stolen from the dead.

*Paul.* That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,  
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little  
while.

Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel  
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn,  
good lady;

Our Perdita is found.

*Her.* You gods, look down

And from your sacred vials pour your  
graces

Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine  
own,

Where hast thou been preserved? where  
lived? how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that  
I,

Knowing by Paulina that the oracle  
Gave hope thou wast in being, have pre-  
served

Myself to see the issue.

*Paul.* There's time enough for that;  
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble  
Your joys with like relation. Go together,  
You precious winners all; your exultation  
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough and  
there

My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament till I am lost.

*Leon.* O, peace, Paulina!  
Thou shouldst a husband take by my  
consent,

As I by thine a wife: this is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast  
found mine;

But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,  
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said  
many

A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far—  
For him, I partly know his mind—to find  
thee

An honorable husband. Come, Camillo,  
And take her by the hand, whose worth  
and honesty

Is richly noted and here justified  
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.  
What! look upon my brother: both your  
pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks  
My ill suspicion. This is your son-in-law  
And son unto the king, who, heavens di-  
recting,

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good  
Paulina,

Lead us from hence, where we may lei-  
surely

Each one demand and answer to his part  
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since  
first

We were dissever'd: hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*

# SONNETS

Written between 1595-1605.

## INTRODUCTION

The *Sonnets* of Shakespeare suggest, perhaps, the most difficult questions in Shakespearean criticism. In 1609 appeared these poems in a quarto (published almost certainly without the author's sanction), which also contained *A Lover's Complaint*. The publisher, Thomas Thorpe, dedicated them "To the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets, Mr. W. H." Does "begetter" mean the person who inspired them and so brought them into existence, or only the obtainer of the *Sonnets* for Thorpe? Probably the former. And who is Mr. W. H.? It is clear from sonnet 135 that the Christian-name of Shakespeare's friend to whom the first 126 sonnets were addressed was William. But what William? There is not even an approach to certainty in any answer offered to this question. Some have supposed that W. H. is a blind to conceal and yet express the initials H. W. *i.e.* Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's patron. Others hold that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (to whom, together with his brother, the first folio was dedicated), is here addressed. When were the *Sonnets* written? We know that Meres in 1598 spoke of Shakespeare's "sugred sonnets among his private friends," and that in 1599 two (138 and 144) were printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. Some, to judge by their style, seem to belong to the time when *Romeo and Juliet* was written. Others—as for example 66-74—echo the sadder tone which is heard in *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*. The writing of the *Sonnets* certainly extended over a considerable period of time, at least three years (see 104), and perhaps a longer period. They all, probably, lie somewhere between 1595 and 1605. The *Sonnets* consist of two series, the first (from 1 to 126) addressed to a young man; the other (from 127 to 154) addressed to or referring to a woman. But both series allude to events which connect the two persons with one another and with Shakespeare. The young friend, whom Shakespeare loved with a fond idolatry, was beautiful, clever, rich in the gifts of fortune, and of high rank. The woman was of stained character, false to her husband, the reverse of beautiful, dark-eyed, pale-faced, a musician, possessed of a strange power of attraction. To her fascination Shakespeare yielded himself, and in his absence she laid her snares for Shakespeare's friend and won him. Hence a coldness, estrangement, and for some time a complete severance between Shakespeare and his friend, after a time followed by acknowledgment of fault on both sides and a complete reconciliation. So the *Sonnets* must be interpreted if we accept the natural sense they seem to bear. But several critics have held that they are either altogether of an ideal nature or allegorical, or were written in part by Shakespeare not for himself but for the use of others. The natural sense, however, is probably the true one.

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF  
THESE INSUING SONNETS  
MR. W. H. ALL HAPPINESSE  
AND THAT ETERNITIE  
PROMISED BY  
OUR EVER-LIVING POET  
WISHETH  
THE WELL-WISHING  
ADVENTURER IN  
SETTING  
FORTH

T. T.

## I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
But as the riper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory:  
But thou, contracted to thine own bright

eyes,  
Feed'st thy light'st flame with self-substan-  
tial fuel,

Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
Thou that art now the world's fresh orna-  
ment

And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own buduriest thy content  
And, tender churl, makest waste in nig-  
garding.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and  
thee.

## II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,  
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth  
held:

Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,  
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,  
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless  
praise.

How much more praise deserved thy  
beauty's use,

If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of  
mine

Shall sum my count and make my old  
excuse,

Proving his beauty by succession thine!

This were to be new made when thou art  
old,

And see thy blood warm when thou  
feel'st it cold.

## III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou  
viewest

Now is the time that face should form  
another;

Whose fresh repair if now thou not re-  
newest,

Thou dost beguile the world, unless some  
mother.

For where is she so fair whose unear'd  
womb

Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?

Or who is he so fond will be the tomb

Of this self-love, to stop posterity?

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee

Calls back the lovely April of her prime:

So thou through windows of thine age  
shall see

Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.

But if thou live, remember'd not to be,

Die single, and thine image dies with  
thee.

## IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?

Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth  
lend,

And being frank she lends to those are free.

Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou  
abuse

The bounteous largess given thee to give?

Profitless usurer, why dost thou use

So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?

For having traffic with thyself alone,

Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.

Then how, when nature calls thee to be  
gone,

What acceptable audit canst thou leave?

Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with  
thee,

Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

## V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did  
frame

The lovely gaze where every eye doth  
dwell,

Will play the tyrants to the very same

And that unfair which fairly doth excel;

For never-resting time leads summer on

To hideous winter and confounds him  
there;

Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves  
quite gone,

Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every  
where:

Then, were not summer's distillation left,

A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,

Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,

Nor it nor no remembrance what it was:

But flowers distill'd, though they with  
winter meet,



Leese but their show; their substance still  
lives sweet.

## VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface  
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:  
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some  
place

With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.  
That use is not forbidden usury  
Which happies those that pay the willing  
loan;

That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;  
Ten times thyself were happier than thou  
art,

If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:  
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst  
depart,

Leaving thee living in posterity?

Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too  
fair

To be death's conquest and make worms  
thine heir.

## VII.

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light  
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;  
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly  
hill,

Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;  
But when from highest pitch, with weary  
car,

Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,  
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
From his low tract and look another way:

So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,  
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

## VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music  
sadly?

Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights  
in joy.

Why lovest thou that which thou receivest  
not gladly,

Or else receivest with pleasure thine  
annoy?

If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
By unions married, do offend thine ear,

They do but sweetly chide thee, who con-  
founds

In singleness the parts that thou shouldst  
bear.

Mark how one string, sweet husband to  
another,

Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,  
Resembling sire and child and happy  
mother

Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:  
Whose speechless song, being many,  
seeming one,

Sings this to thee: 'thou single wilt prove  
none.'

## IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye  
That thou consumest thyself in single life?  
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,

The world will wail thee, like a makeless  
wife;

The world will be thy widow and still  
weep

That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
When every private widow well may keep  
By children's eyes her husband's shape in  
mind.

Look, what an unthrift in the world doth  
spend

Shifts but his place, for still the world  
enjoys it;

But beauty's waste hath in the world an  
end,

And kept unused, the user so destroys it.

No love toward others in that bosom sits  
That on himself such murderous shame  
commits.

## X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to  
any,

Who for thyself art so unprovident.

Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of  
many,

But that thou none lovest is most evident;  
For thou art so possess'd with murderous  
hate

That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to  
conspire,

Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate  
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
O, change thy thought, that I may change  
my mind!

Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?

Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
 Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:  
 Make thee another self, for love of me,  
 That beauty still may live in thine or  
 thee.

## XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou  
 growest  
 In one of thine, from that which thou de-  
 partest;  
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou  
 bestowest  
 Thou mayst call thine when thou from  
 youth convertest.  
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase:  
 Without this, folly, age and cold decay:  
 If all were minded so, the times should  
 cease  
 And threescore year would make the world  
 away.  
 Let those whom Nature hath not made for  
 store,  
 Harsh featureless and rude, barrenly perish:  
 Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the  
 more;  
 Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in  
 bounty cherish:  
 She carved thee for her seal, and meant  
 thereby  
 Thou shouldst print more, not let that  
 copy die.

## XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the  
 time,  
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous  
 night;  
 When I behold the violet past prime,  
 And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;  
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves  
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
 And summer's green all girded up in  
 sheaves  
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly  
 beard,  
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
 That thou among the wastes of time must  
 go,  
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves  
 forsake  
 And die as fast as they see others grow;  
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can  
 make defence

Save breed, to brave him when he takes  
 thee hence.

## XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you  
 are  
 No longer yours than you yourself here  
 live:  
 Against this coming end you should pre-  
 pare,  
 And your sweet semblance to some other  
 give.  
 So should that beauty which you hold in  
 lease  
 Find no determination: then you were  
 Yourself again after yourself's decease,  
 When your sweet issue your sweet form  
 should bear.  
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
 Which husbandry in honor might uphold  
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day  
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold?  
 O, none but unthrifs! Dear my love, you  
 know  
 You had a father: let your son say so.

## XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment  
 pluck;  
 And yet methinks I have astronomy,  
 But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;  
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain and  
 wind,  
 Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
 By oft predict that I in heaven find:  
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I  
 derive,  
 And, constant stars, in them I read such art  
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
 If from thyself to store thou wouldst con-  
 vert  
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate:  
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and  
 date.

## XV.

When I consider every thing that grows  
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but  
 shows  
 Whereon the stars in secret influence com-  
 ment;

When I perceive that men as plants in-  
crease,  
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same  
sky,  
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height de-  
crease,  
And wear their brave state out of memory;  
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
Sets you most rich in youth before my  
sight,  
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,  
To change your day of youth to sullied  
night;  
And all in war with Time for love of  
you,  
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

## XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?  
And fortify yourself in your decay  
With means more blessed than my barren  
rhyme?  
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,  
And many maiden gardens yet unset  
With virtuous wish would bear your living  
flowers,  
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:  
So should the lines of life that life repair,  
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,  
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,  
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
To give away yourself keeps yourself  
still,  
And you must live, drawn by your own  
sweet skill.

## XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
If it were fill'd with your most high  
deserts?  
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a  
tomb  
Which hides your life and shows not half  
your parts.  
If I could write the beauty of your eyes  
And in fresh numbers number all your  
graces,  
The age to come would say 'This poet lies;  
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly  
faces.'  
So should my papers yellow'd with their  
age

Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than  
tongue,  
And your true rights be term'd a poet's  
rage  
And stretched metre of an antique song:  
But were some child of yours alive that  
time,  
You should live twice; in it and in my  
rhyme.

## XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of  
May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a  
date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime de-  
clines,  
By chance or nature's changing course un-  
trimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his  
shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow-  
est:  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can  
see,  
So long lives this and this gives life to  
thee.

## XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's  
paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet  
brood;  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's  
jaws,  
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her  
blood;  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,  
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed  
Time,  
To the wide world and all her fading  
sweets;  
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:  
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair  
brow,  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique  
pen;  
Him in thy course untainted do allow

For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,

My love shall in my verse ever live young.

## XX.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted

Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;

A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;

An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,

Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;  
A man in hue, all 'hues' in his controlling,  
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created;  
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,

And by addition me of thee defeated,  
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,

Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.

## XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse  
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,  
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use  
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse  
Making a couplement of proud compare,  
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,  
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare  
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.

O, let me, true in love, but truly write,  
And then believe me, my love is as fair  
As any mother's child, though not so bright  
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:

Let them say more that like of hearsay well;

I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

## XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
So long as youth and thou are of one date;

But when in thee time's furrows I behold  
Then look I death my days should exiate  
For all that beauty that doth cover thee  
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:

How can I then be elder than thou art?  
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary  
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;  
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary

As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.  
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;

Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

## XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage  
Who with his fear is put besides his part  
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,

Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,  
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,

O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might.

O, let my books be then the eloquence  
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast  
Who plead for love and look for recompense

More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:

To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

## XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd

Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;  
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,  
And perspective it is best painter's art.

For through the painter must you see his skill,

To find where your true image pictured lies;

Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still  
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.



Now see what good turns eyes for eyes  
have done:  
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine  
for me  
Are windows to my breast, where-through  
the sun  
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;  
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their  
art;  
They draw but what they see, know not  
the heart.

## XXV.

Let those who are in favor with their stars  
Of public honor and proud titles boast,  
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph  
bars,  
Unlook'd for joy in that I honor most.  
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves  
spread  
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,  
And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die.  
The painful warrior famoused for fight,  
After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
Is from the book of honor razed quite,  
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:  
Then happy I, that love and am beloved  
Where I may not remove nor be re-  
moved.

## XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written embassy,  
To witness duty, not to show my wit:  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words  
to show it,  
But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow  
it;  
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect  
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:  
Then may I dare to boast how I do love  
thee;  
Till then not show my head where thou  
mayst prove me.

## XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;  
But then begins a journey in my head,

To work my mind, when body's work's  
expired:  
For then my thoughts, from far where I  
abide,  
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
Looking on darkness which the blind do  
see  
Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
Makes black night beauteous and her old  
face new.

Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my  
mind,  
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

## XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,  
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?  
When day's oppression is not eased by  
night,  
But day by night, and night by day, op-  
press'd?  
And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;  
The one by toil, the other to complain  
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright  
And dost him grace when clouds do blot  
the heaven:

So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,  
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st  
the even.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows  
longer  
And night doth nightly make grief's  
strength seem stronger.

## XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's  
eyes,  
I all alone beweepe my outcast state  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless  
cries  
And look upon myself and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends  
possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despis-  
ing,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,

Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's  
gate;

For thy sweet love remember'd such  
wealth brings

That then I scorn to change my state  
with kings.

xxx.

When to the sessions of sweet silent  
thought

I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear  
time's waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless  
night,

And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd  
woe,

And moan the expense of many a vanish'd  
sight:

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear  
friend,

All losses are restored and sorrows end.

xxxI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,  
And there reigns love and all love's loving  
parts,

And all those friends which I thought  
buried.

How many a holy and obsequious tear  
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine  
eye

As interest of the dead, which now appear  
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!  
Thou art the grave where buried love doth  
live,

Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;  
That due of many now is thine alone:

Their images I loved I view in thee,  
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

xxxII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
When that churl Death my bones with  
dust shall cover,

And shalt by fortune once more re-survive  
These poor rude lines of thy deceas'd  
lover,

Compare them with the bettering of time,  
And though they be outstripp'd by even  
pen,

Reserve them for my love, not for the  
rhyme,  
Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving  
thought:

'Had my friend's Muse grown with the  
growing age,  
A dearer birth than this his love had  
brought,

To march in ranks of better equipage:  
But since he died and poets better prove  
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for  
love.'

xxxIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign  
eye,

Kissing with golden face the meadows  
green,

Gilding pale streams with heavenly  
chemery;

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;  
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine.  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from my  
view now.

Yet him for this my love no whit  
dainteth;

Suns of the world may stain whome  
heaven's sun staineth.

xxxIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beautied  
day

And make me travel forth without my  
cloak,

To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke.  
'Tis not enough that through the cloud  
thou break,

To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
For no man well of such a salve can speak.

That heals the wound and cures not the  
disgrace:

Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;  
Though thou repent, yet I have still the  
loss:

The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence's  
cross.

Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy  
love sheds,

And they are rich and ransom all ill  
deeds.

XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou  
hast done:

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains  
mud;

Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and  
sun,

And loathsome canker lives in sweetest  
bud.

All men make faults, and even I in this,  
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,

Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;

For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—  
Thy adverse party is thy advocate—

And 'gainst myself a lawful plea com-  
mence:

Such civil war is in my love and hate  
That I an accessory needs must be

To that sweet thief which sourly robs  
from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
Although our undivided loves are one:

So shall those blots that do with me remain  
Without thy help by me be borne alone.

In our two loves there is but one respect,  
Though in our lives a separable spite,

Which though it alter not love's sole effect,  
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's

delight.  
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,

Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee  
shame,

Nor thou with public kindness honor me,  
Unless thou take that honor from thy

name:  
But do not so; I love thee in such sort

As, thou being mine, mine is thy good  
report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and  
truth.

For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or  
wit,

Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,

I make my love engrafted to this store:  
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,

Whilst that this shadow doth such sub-  
stance give

That I in thy abundance am sufficed

And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look, what is best, that best I wish in  
thee:

This wish I have; then ten times happy  
me!

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,  
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into  
my verse

Thine own sweet argument, too excellent

For every vulgar paper to rehearse?

O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me

Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;

For who's so dumb that cannot write to  
thee,

When thou thyself dost give invention  
light?

Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in  
worth

Than those old nine which rhymers invo-  
cate;

And he that calls on thee, let him bring  
forth

Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight Muse do please these curious  
days,

The pain be mine, but thine shall be the  
praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I  
sing,

When thou art all the better part of me?

What can mine own praise to mine own  
self bring?

And what is 't but mine own when I praise  
thee?

Even for this let us divided live,

And our dear love lose name of single one,  
That by this separation I may give  
That due to thee which thou deservest  
alone.

O absence, what a torment wouldst thou  
prove,  
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet  
leave

To entertain the time with thoughts of  
love,

Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth  
deceive,

And that thou teachest how to make one  
twain,

By praising him here who doth hence  
remain!

## XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them  
all;

What hast thou then more than thou hadst  
before?

No love, my love, that thou mayst true  
love call;

All mine was thine before thou hadst this  
more.

Then if for my love thou my love receivest,  
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;  
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest  
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;  
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief  
To bear love's wrong than hate's known  
injury.

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well  
shows,

Kill me with spites; yet we must not be  
foes.

## XLI.

Those petty wrongs that liberty commits,  
When I am sometime absent from thy  
heart,

Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,  
For still temptation follows where thou art.  
Gentle thou art and therefore to be won,  
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;  
And when a woman woos, what woman's  
son

Will sourly leave her till she have pre-  
vailed?

Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat for-  
bear,

And chide thy beauty and thy straying  
youth,

Who lead thee in their riot even there  
Where thou art forced to break a twofold  
truth,

Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

## XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief  
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;

That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief.  
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.

Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:  
Thou dost love her, because thou knowest

I love her;

And for my sake even so doth she abuse  
me,

Suffering my friend for my sake to abuse  
her.

If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
And losing her, my friend hath found that

loss;

Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
And both for my sake lay on me this cross.

But here's the joy; my friend and I are  
one;

Sweet flattery! then she loves but me,  
alone.

## XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best  
see,

For all the day they view things unseen,  
I see;

But when I sleep, in dreams they look on  
me,  
And darkly bright are bright in dark  
directed.

Then thou, whose shadow shadows do  
make bright,

How would thy shadow's form form happy  
show

To the clear day with thy much clearer  
light,

When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines  
so!

How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed  
made

By looking on thee in the living day,  
When in dead night thy fair imperfect  
shade

Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth  
stay!



All days are nights to see till I see thee,  
And nights bright days when dreams do  
show thee me.

## XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were  
thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way;  
For then despite of space I would be  
brought,  
From limits far remote where thou dost  
stay.  
No matter then although, my foot did stand  
Upon the farthest earth removed from  
thee;  
For nimble thought can jump both sea and  
land  
As soon as think the place where he would  
be.  
But ah! thought kills me that I am not  
thought,  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou  
art gone,  
But that so much of earth and water  
wrought  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan,  
Receiving nought by elements so slow  
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

## XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;  
The first my thought, the other my desire,  
These present-absent with swift motion  
slide.  
For when these quicker elements are gone  
In tender embassy of love to thee,  
My life, being made of four, with two  
alone  
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melan-  
choly;  
Until life's composition be recured  
By those swift messengers return'd from  
thee,  
Who even but now come back again, as-  
sured  
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:  
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,  
I send them back again and straight grow  
sad.

## XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war  
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;

Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight  
would bar,  
My heart mine eye the freedom of that  
right.

My heart doth plead that thou in him dost  
lie,—

A closet never pierced with crystal eyes—  
But the defendant doth that plea deny  
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
To 'cide this title is impanneled  
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,  
And by their verdict is determined  
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's

part:

As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward  
part,  
And my heart's right thy inward love of  
heart.

## XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is  
took,

And each doth good turns now unto the  
other:

When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth  
smother,

With my love's picture then my eye doth  
feast

And to the painted banquet bids my heart;  
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest  
And in his thoughts of love doth share a  
part:

So, either by thy picture or my love,  
Thyself away art present still with me;

For thou not farther than my thoughts  
canst move,

And I am still with them and they with  
thee;

Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's de-  
light.

## XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,  
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,  
That to my use it might unused stay  
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of  
trust!

But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
Most worthy of comfort, now my greatest  
grief,

Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,  
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.

Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou  
art,

Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come  
and part;

And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I  
fear,

For truth proves thievish for a prize so  
dear.

## XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
Call'd to that audit by advised respects;  
Against that time when thou shalt strangely  
pass

And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine  
eye,

When love, converted from the thing it  
was,

Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—  
Against that time do I ensconce me here  
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,  
And this my hand against myself uprear,  
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:

To leave poor me thou hast the strength  
of laws,

Since why to love I can allege no cause.

## L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,  
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say  
"Thus far the miles are measured from thy  
friend!"

The beast that bears me, tired with my  
woe,

Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,  
As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
His rider loved not speed, being made from  
thee:

The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;  
Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;  
For that same groan doth put this in my  
mind;

My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

## LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:

From where thou art why should I haste  
me thence?

Till I return, of posting is no need.

O, what excuse will my poor beast then  
find,

When swift extremity can seem but slow?

Then should I spur, though mounted on  
the wind;

In winged speed no motion shall I know:

Then can no horse with my desire keep  
pace;

Therefore desire of perfect'st love being  
made,

Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race:

But love, for love, thus shall excuse my  
jade;

Since from thee going he went wilful,  
slow,

Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave  
to go.

## LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treas-  
ure,

The which he will not every hour survey;  
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleas-  
ure.

Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare.  
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set.  
Like stones of worth they thinly placed  
are,

Or captain jewels in the carcanet.

So is the time that keeps you as my chest,  
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth  
hide,

To make some special instant special blest,  
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives  
scope,

Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to  
hope.

## LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you  
made,

That millions of strange shadows on you  
tend?

Since every one hath, every one, one shade,

And you, but one, can every shadow lend.

Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit

Is poorly imitated after you;

On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,

And you in Grecian tires are painted new:

Speak of the spring and foison of the year,  
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,  
The other as your bounty doth appear;  
And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,  
But you like none, none you, for constant  
heart.

## LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous  
seem  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth  
give!

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.  
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their masked buds  
discloses:

But, for their virtue only is their show,  
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors  
made:

And so of you, beauteous and lovely  
youth,

When that shall fade, my verse distills  
your truth.

## LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful  
rhyme;

But you shall shine more bright in these  
contents

Than unswept stone besmear'd with slut-  
tish time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire  
shall burn

The living record of your memory.  
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still  
find room

Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending  
doom.

So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

## LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said  
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,

Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:  
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill  
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with  
fullness,

To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.  
Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
Which parts the shore, where two con-  
tracted new

Come daily to the banks, that, when they  
see

Return of love, more blest may be the  
view;

Else call it winter, which being full of  
care

Makes summer's welcome thrice more  
wish'd, more rare.

## LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but  
tend

Upon the hours and times of your desire?  
I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do, till you require.

Nor dare I chide the world-without-end  
hour

Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock  
for you,

Nor think the bitterness of absence sour  
When you have bid your servant once  
adieu;

Nor dare I question with my jealous  
thought

Where you may be, or your affairs sup-  
pose,

But, like a sad slave, stay and think of  
nought

Save, where you are how happy you make  
those.

So true a fool is love that in your will,  
Though you do any thing, he thinks no  
ill.

## LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your  
slave,

I should in thought control your times of  
pleasure,

Or at your hand the account of hours to  
crave,

Being your vassal, bound to stay your  
leisure!

O, let me suffer, being at your beck,

The imprison'd absence of your liberty;  
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each  
- check,

Without accusing you of injury.  
Be where you list, your charter is so strong  
That you yourself may privilege your time  
To what you will; to you it doth belong  
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.

I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;  
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or  
well.

## LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is  
Hath been before, how are our brains be-  
guiled,

Which, laboring for invention, bear amiss  
The second burden of a former child!

O, that record could with a backward look,  
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
Show me your image in some antique book,  
Since mind at first in character was done!  
That I might see what the old world could  
say

To this composed wonder of your frame;  
Whether we are mended, or whether better  
they,

Or whether revolution be the same.

O, sure I am, the wits of former days  
To subjects worse have given admiring  
praise.

## LX.

Like as the waves make towards the  
pebbled shore,

So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
Each changing place with that which goes  
before,

In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being  
crown'd,

Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time that gave doth now his gift con-  
found.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to  
mow:

And yet to times in hope my verse shall  
stand,

Praising thy worth, despite his cruel  
hand.

## LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open  
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be  
broken,

While shadows like to thee do mock my  
sight?

Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
So far from home into my deeds to pry,  
To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?  
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so  
great:

It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;  
Mine own true love that doth my rest de-  
feat,

To play the watchman ever for thy sake:  
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake  
elsewhere,

From me far off, with others all too near

## LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye  
And all my soul and all my every part;  
And for this sin there is no remedy,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,  
No shape so true, no truth of such account:  
And for myself mine own worth do define.  
As I all other in all worths surmount.  
But when my glass shows me myself in-  
deed,

Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,  
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;  
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise  
Painting my age with beauty of thy days

## LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,  
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and  
o'erworn;

When hours have drain'd his blood and  
fill'd his brow

With lines and wrinkles; when his youth-  
ful morn

Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,  
And all those beauties whereof now he  
king

Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;  
For such a time do I now fortify  
Against confounding age's cruel knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory



My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's  
life:

His beauty shall in these black lines be  
seen,  
And they shall live, and he in them still  
green.

## LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand de-  
faced

The rich proud cost of outworn buried  
age;

When sometime lofty towers I see down-  
razed

And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
Increasing store with loss and loss with  
store;

When I have seen such interchange of  
state,

Or state itself confounded to decay;  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,  
That Time will come and take my love  
away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot  
choose

But weep to have that which it fears to  
lose.

## LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor  
boundless sea,

But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a  
plea,

Whose action is no stronger than a flower?  
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold  
out

Against the wreckful siege of battering  
days,

When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time de-  
cays?

O fearful meditation! where, alack,  
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest  
lie hid?

Or what strong hand can hold his swift  
foot back?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O, none, unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine  
bright.

## LXVI.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,  
As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill:

Tired with all these, from these would I  
be gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

## LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he  
live,

And with his presence grace impiety,  
That sin by him advantage should achieve  
And lace itself with his society?

Why should false painting imitate his cheek  
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?

Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?  
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt  
is,

Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively  
veins?

For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.

O, him she stores, to show what wealth  
she had

In days long since, before these last so  
bad.

## LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,  
When beauty lived and died as flowers do  
now,

Before these bastard signs of fair were  
born,

Or durst inhabit on a living brow;  
Before the golden tresses of the dead,

The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
To live a second life on second head;

Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:  
In him those holy antique hours are seen,

Without all ornament, itself and true,  
Making no summer of another's green,

Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;  
And him as for a map doth Nature store,

To show false Art what beauty was of  
yore.

## LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye  
doth view

Want nothing that the thought of hearts  
can mend;

All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee  
that due,

Uttering bare truth, even so as foes com-  
mend.

Thy outward thus with outward praise is  
crown'd;

But those same tongues that give thee so  
thine own

In other accents do this praise confound  
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.

They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that, in guess, they measure by thy

deeds;

Then, churls, their thoughts, although their  
eyes were kind,

To thy fair flower add the rank smell of  
weeds:

But why thy odor matcheth not thy  
show,

The solve is this, that thou dost common  
grow.

## LXX.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy de-  
fect,

For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;  
The ornament of beauty is suspect,

A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
So thou be good, slander doth but approve

Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of  
time;

For canker vice the sweetest buds doth  
love,

And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.  
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young

days,

Either not assail'd or victor being charged;  
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,

To tie up envy evermore enlarged:  
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy

show,  
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts  
shouldst owe.

## LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Then you shall hear the surly sullen bell

Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to  
dwell:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it; for I love you so  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be  
forgot

If thinking on me then should make you  
woe.

O, if, I say, you look upon this verse  
When I perhaps compounded am with  
clay,

Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
But let your love even with my life decay,  
Lest the wise world should look into  
your moan

And mock you with me after I am gone.

## LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite  
What merit lived in me, that you should  
love

After my death, dear love, forget me quite,  
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;

Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
To do more for me than mine own desert,

And hang more praise upon deceased I  
Than niggard truth would willingly im-  
part:

O, lest your true love may seem false in  
this,

That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
My name be buried where my body is,

And live no more to shame nor me nor  
you.

For I am shamed by that which I bring  
forth,

And so should you, to love things noth-  
ing worth.

## LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do

hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the  
cold,

Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet  
birds sang.

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,

Which by and by black night doth take  
away,

Death's second self, that seals up all in rest,  
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire

That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire  
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd  
by.

This thou perceivest, which makes thy  
love more strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave  
ere long.

## LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest  
Without all bail shall carry me away,  
My life hath in this line some interest,  
Which for memorial still with thee shall  
stay.

When thou reviewest this, thou dost re-  
view

The very part was consecrate to thee:  
The earth can have but earth, which is his  
due;

My spirit is thine, the better part of me:  
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
The prey of worms, my body being dead,  
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that is that which it con-  
tains,  
And that is this, and this with thee re-  
mains.

## LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,  
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the  
ground;

And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;  
Now proud as an enjoyer and anon  
Doubting the filching age will steal his  
treasure,

Now counting best to be with you alone,  
Then better'd that the world may see my  
pleasure;

Sometime all well with feasting on your  
sight

And by and by clean starved for a look;  
Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
Save what is had or must from you be  
took.

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

## LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,  
So far from variation or quick change?  
Why with the time do I not glance aside

To new-found methods and to compounds  
strange?

Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
And keep invention in a notèd weed,  
That every word doth almost tell my name,  
Showing their birth and where they did  
proceed?

O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
And you and love are still my argument;  
So all my best is dressing old words new,  
Spending again what is already spent:

For as the sun is daily new and old,  
So is my love still telling what is told.

## LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties  
wear,

Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;  
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will  
bear,

And of this book this learning mayst thou  
taste.

The wrinkles which thy glass will truly  
show

Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;  
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst  
know

Time's thievish progress to eternity.

Look, what thy memory can not contain  
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou  
shalt find

Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy  
brain,

To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy  
book.

## LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse  
And found such fair assistance in my verse  
As every alien pen hath got my use  
And under thee their poesy disperse.

Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high  
to sing

And heavy ignorance aloft to fly  
Have added feathers to the learned's wing  
And given grace a double majesty.  
Yet be most proud of that which I com-  
pile,

Whose influence is thine and born of thee:  
In others' works thou dost but mend the  
style,

And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;

But thou art all my art and dost advance  
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

## LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,  
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd  
And my sick Muse doth give another place.  
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,  
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent  
He robs thee of and pays it thee again.  
He lends thee virtue and he stole that word  
From thy behavior; beauty doth he give  
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford  
No praise to thee but what in thee doth  
live.

Then thank him not for that which he  
doth say,  
Since what he owes thee thou thyself  
dost pay.

## LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better spirit doth use your  
name,  
And in the praise thereof spends all his  
might,  
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your  
fame!

But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,  
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
My saucy bark inferior far to his  
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
Your shallowest help will hold me up  
afloat,

Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth  
ride;

Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,  
He of tall building and of goodly pride:

Then if he thrive and I be cast away,

The worst was this; my love was my  
decay.

## LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;  
From hence your memory death cannot  
take,

Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
Your name from hence immortal life shall  
have,

Though I, once gone, to all the world must  
die:

The earth can yield me but a common  
grave,

When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall  
lie.

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,  
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse  
When all the breathers of this world are  
dead;

You still shall live—such virtue hath my  
pen—

Where breath most breathes, even in the  
mouths of men.

## LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse  
And therefore mayst without attaint o'er-  
look

The dedicated words which writers use  
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,  
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise,  
And therefore art enforced to seek anew  
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering  
days.

And do so, love; yet when they have  
devised

What strained touches rhetoric can lend,  
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized  
In true plain words by thy true-telling  
friend;

And their gross painting might be better  
used

Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is  
abused.

## LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need  
And therefore to your fair no painting set;  
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
The barren tender of a poet's debt;  
And therefore have I slept in your report,  
That you yourself being extant well might  
show

How far a modern quill doth come too  
short,

Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth  
grow.

This silence for my sin you did impute,  
Which shall be most my glory, being  
dumb;

For I impair not beauty being mute,  
When others would give life and bring a  
tomb.



There lives more life in one of your fair  
eyes  
Than both your poets can in praise  
devise.

## LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say  
more  
Than this rich praise, that you alone are  
you?

In whose confine immured is the store  
Which should example where your equal  
grew.

Lean penury within that pen doth dwell  
That to his subject lends not some small  
glory;

But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
That you are you, so dignifies his story,  
Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
Not making worse what nature made so  
clear,

And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
Making his style admired every where.

You to your beauteous blessings add a  
curse,

Being fond on praise, which makes your  
praises worse.

## LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her  
still,

While comments of your praise, richly  
compiled,

Reserve their character with golden quill  
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.  
I think good thoughts whilst other write  
good words,

And like unletter'd clerk still cry 'Amen'  
To every hymn that able spirit affords  
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.  
Hearing you praised, I say 'Tis so, 'tis  
true,'

And to the most of praise add something  
more;

But that is in my thought, whose love to  
you,

Though words come hindmost, holds his  
rank before.

Then others for the breath of words re-  
spect,

Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in  
effect.

## LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain in-  
hearse,

Making their tomb the womb wherein they  
grew?

Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me  
dead?

No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.

He, nor that affable familiar ghost  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence  
As victors of my silence cannot boast;  
I was not sick of any fear from thence:

But when your countenance fill'd up his  
line,

Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled  
mine.

## LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possess-  
ing,

And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releas-  
ing;

My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy grant-  
ing?

And for that riches where is my deserving?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is swerving.  
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then  
not knowing,

Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mis-  
taking;

So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
Comes home again, on better judgment  
making.

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth  
flatter,

In sleep a king, but waking no such mat-  
ter.

## LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me  
light

And place my merit in the eye of scorn,  
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight  
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art  
forsworn.

With mine own weakness being best ac-  
quainted,

Upon thy part I can set down a story  
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attained,  
That thou in losing me shalt win much  
glory:

And I by this will be a gainer too;  
For bending all my loving thoughts on  
thee.

The injuries that to myself I do,  
Doing the vantage, double-vantage me.

Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
That for thy right myself will bear all  
wrong.

## LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some  
fault,

And I will comment upon that offence;  
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will  
halt,

Against thy reasons making no defence.

Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so  
ill,

To set a form upon desired change,  
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,  
I will acquaintance strangle and look  
strange,

Be absent from thy walks, and in my  
tongue

Thy sweet beloved name no more shall  
dwell,

Lest I, too much profane, should do it  
wrong

And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee against myself I'll vow debate,  
For I must ne'er love him whom thou  
dost hate.

## XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;  
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to  
cross,

Join with the spite of fortune, make me  
bow,

And do not drop in for an after-loss:

Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped  
this sorrow,

Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purposed overthrow.

If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their  
spite

But in the onset come; so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might,

And other strains of woe, which now  
seem woe,

Compared with loss of thee will not seem  
so.

## XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their  
skill,

Some in their wealth, some in their bodies'  
force,

Some in their garments, though new-  
fangled ill,

Some in their hawks and hounds, some in  
their horse;

And every humor hath his adjunct pleas-  
ure,

Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:

But these particulars are not my measure;  
All these I better in one general best.

Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
Richer than wealth, prouder than gar-  
ments' cost,

Of more delight than hawks or horses be;  
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:

Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst  
take

All this away and me most wretched  
make.

## XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,

For term of life thou art assured mine,

And life no longer than thy love will stay,

For it depends upon that love of thine.

Then need I not to fear the worst of  
wrongs,

When in the least of them my life hath  
end.

I see a better state to me belongs

Than that which on thy humor doth de-  
pend;

Thou canst not vex me with inconstant  
mind,

Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.

O, what a happy title do I find,

Happy to have thy love, happy to die!

But what's so blessed-fair that fears no  
blot?

Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it  
not.

## XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
Like a deceived husband; so love's face

May still seem love to me, though alter'd  
new;

Thy looks with me, thy heart in other  
place:

For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
Therefore in that I cannot know thy  
change.

In many's looks the false heart's history  
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles  
strange,

But heaven in thy creation did decree  
That in thy face sweet love should ever  
dwell;

Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's work-  
ings be,

Thy looks should nothing thence but  
sweetness tell.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty  
grow,

If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do  
none,

That do not do the thing they most do  
show,

Who, moving others, are themselves as  
stone,

Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,  
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces  
And husband nature's riches from expense;  
They are the lords and owners of their  
faces,

Others but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer  
sweet,

Though to itself it only live and die,  
But if that flower with base infection meet,  
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:

For sweetest things turn sourest by their  
deeds;

Lilies that fester smell far worse than  
weeds.

XCIV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the  
shame

Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding  
name!

O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins  
enclose!

That tongue that tells the story of thy  
days,

Making lascivious comments on thy sport,  
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;  
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.

O, what a mansion have those vices got  
Which for their habitation chose out thee,  
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
And all things turn to fair that eyes can  
see!

Take heed, dear heart, of this large privi-  
lege;

The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his  
edge.

XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wanton-  
ness;

Some say thy grace is youth and gentle  
sport;

Both grace and faults are loved of more  
and less;

Thou makest faults graces that to thee re-  
sort.

As on the finger of a throned queen  
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,  
So are those errors that in thee are seen  
To truths translated and for true things  
deem'd.

How many lambs might the stern wolf be-  
tray,

If like a lamb he could his looks translate!  
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,  
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy  
state!

But do not so; I love thee in such sort  
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good  
report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting  
year!

What freezings have I felt, what dark days  
seen!

What old December's bareness every  
where!

And yet this time removed was summer's  
time,

The teeming autumn, big with rich in-  
crease,

Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,  
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' de-  
cease:

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;

For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;  
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer  
That leaves look pale, dreading the  
winter's near.

## xcviii.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pied April dress'd in all his  
trim

Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,  
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with  
him.

Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet  
smell

Of different flowers in odor and in hue  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where  
they grew;

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;  
They were but sweet, but figures of de-  
light,

Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.  
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,  
As with your shadow I with these did  
play.

## xcix.

The forward violet thus did I chide:  
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy  
sweet that smells,

If not from my love's breath? The purple  
pride

Which on thy soft cheek for complexion  
dwells

In my love's veins thou hast too grossly  
dyed.

The lily I condemn'd for thy hand,  
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white de-  
spair;

A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of  
both

And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;  
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could  
see

But sweet or color it had stol'n from  
thee.

## c.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st  
so long

To speak of that which gives thee all thy  
might?

Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless  
song,

Darkening thy power to lend base subjects  
light?

Return, forgetful Muse, and straight re-  
deem

In gentle numbers time so idly spent;  
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem  
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face sur-  
vey,

If Time have any wrinkle graven there;  
If any, be a satire to decay,  
And make Time's spoils despised every  
where.

Give my love fame faster than Time  
wastes life;

So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked  
knife.

## ci.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends  
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?  
Both truth and beauty on my love de-  
pend;

So dost thou too, and therein dignified.  
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply  
say

'Truth needs no color, with his color fix'd;  
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;  
But best is best, if never intermix'd?'  
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be  
dumb?

Excuse not silence so; for't lies in thee  
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,  
And to be praised of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee  
how

To make him seem long hence as he  
shows now.

## cii.

My love is strengthen'd, though more  
weak in seeming;

I love not less, though less the show appear:  
That love is merchandized whose rich  
esteeming

The owner's tongue doth publish every  
where.



Our love was new and then but in the  
spring

When I was wont to greet it with my lays,  
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing  
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:  
Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
Than when her mournful hymns did hush  
the night,

But that wild music burthens every botch  
And sweets grown common lose their dear  
delight.

Therefore like her I sometime hold my  
tongue,  
Because I would not dull you with my  
song.

## CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,  
That having such a scope to show her  
pride,

The argument all bare is of more worth  
Than when it hath my added praise beside!  
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!  
Look in your glass, and there appears a  
face

That over-goes my blunt invention quite,  
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.  
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,  
To mar the subject that before was well?  
For to no other pass my verses tend  
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;  
And more, much more, than in my verse  
can sit

Your own glass shows you when you  
look in it.

## CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
For as you were when first your eye I  
eyed,  
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters  
cold

Have from the forests shook three sum-  
mers' pride,  
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn  
turn'd

In process of the seasons have I seen,  
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes  
burn'd,  
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are  
green.

Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
Steal from his figure and no pace per-  
ceived;

So your sweet hue, which methinks still  
doth stand,

Hath motion and mine eye may be de-  
ceived:

For fear of which, hear this, thou age  
unbred;

Ere you were born was beauty's summer  
dead.

## CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,  
Nor my beloved as an idol show,  
Since all alike my songs and praises be  
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;  
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,  
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument,  
'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other  
words;

And in this change is my invention spent,  
Three themes in one, which wondrous  
scope affords.

'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived  
alone,

Which three till now never kept seat in  
one.

## CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their antique pen would have ex-  
press'd

Even such a beauty as you master now.  
So all their praises are but prophecies  
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;

And, for they look'd but with divining  
eyes,

They had not skill enough your worth to  
sing:

For we, which now behold these present  
days,

Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues  
to praise.

## CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic  
soul

Of the wide world dreaming on things to  
come,

Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
 Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.  
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured  
 And the sad augurs mock their own pres-  
 age;

Uncertainties now crown themselves as-  
 sured

And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
 Now with the drops of this most balmy  
 time

My love looks fresh, and death to me sub-  
 scribes,

Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor  
 rhyme,

While he insults o'er dull and speechless  
 tribes:

And thou in this shalt find thy monu-  
 ment,

When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass  
 are spent.

## CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character  
 Which hath not figured to thee my true  
 spirit?

What's new to speak, what new to register,  
 That may express my love or thy dear  
 merit?

Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers  
 divine,

I must, each day say o'er the very same,  
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I  
 thine,

Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case

Weights not the dust and injury of age,  
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,

But makes antiquity for aye his page,

Finding the first conceit of love there  
 bred

Where time and outward form would  
 show it dead.

## CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,  
 Though absence seem'd my flame to  
 qualify.

As easy might I from myself depart

As from my soul, which in thy breast doth  
 lie:

That is my home of love: if I have ranged,  
 Like him that travels I return again,

Just to the time, not with the time ex-  
 changed,

So that myself bring water for my stain.  
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood:  
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd

To leave for nothing all thy sum of good.  
 For nothing this wide universe I call,  
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all

## CX.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there  
 And made myself a motley to the view,  
 Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap  
 what is most dear,

Made old offences of affections new;

Most true it is that I have look'd on truth  
 Askance and strangely: but, by all above,

These blenches gave my heart another  
 youth,

And worse essays proved thee my best  
 love.

Now all is done, have what shall have no  
 end:

Mine appetite I never more will grind  
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
 A god in love, to whom I am confined.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven  
 the best,

Even to thy pure and most most loving  
 breast.

## CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide:  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds:  
 That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means which public manners  
 breeds.

Thence comes it that my name receives a  
 brand,

And almost thence my nature is subdued  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:

Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;  
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink

Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,

Not double penance, to correct correction.  
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure

ye

Even that your pity is enough to cure  
 me.

## CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill  
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my  
 brow;

For what care I who calls me well or ill,

So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?  
 You are my all the world, and I must strive  
 To know my shames and praises from your  
 tongue:

None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
 That my steel'd sense or changes right or  
 wrong.

In so profound abysm I throw all care  
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense  
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.  
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:  
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred  
 That all the world besides methinks are  
 dead.

## CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;  
 And that which governs me to go about  
 Doth part his function and is partly blind,  
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out;  
 For it no form delivers to the heart  
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth  
 latch:

Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth  
 catch:

For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,  
 The most sweet favor or deformed'st crea-  
 ture,

The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your  
 feature:

Incapable of more, replete with you,  
 My most true mind thus makes mine eye  
 untrue.

## CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd  
 with you,  
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flat-  
 tery?

Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,  
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,  
 To make of monsters and things indigest  
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
 Creating every bad a perfect best,  
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
 O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,  
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it  
 up:

Mine eye well knows what with his gust is  
 'greeing,  
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:  
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin

That mine eye loves it and doth first be-  
 gin.

## CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,  
 Even those that said I could not love you  
 dearer:

Yet then my judgment knew no reason  
 why

My most full flame should afterwards burn  
 clearer.

But reckoning time, whose million'd acci-  
 dents

Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of  
 kings,

Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st in-  
 tents,

Divert strong minds to the course of alter-  
 ing things;

Alas, why, fearing of time's tyranny,  
 Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'  
 When I was certain o'er incertainty,  
 Crowning the present, doubting of the  
 rest?

Love is a babe; then might I not say so,  
 To give full growth to that which still  
 doth grow?

## CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments. Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove:

O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark  
 That looks on tempests and is never  
 shaken;

It is the star to every wandering bark,  
 Whose worth's unknown, although his  
 height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips  
 and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come:  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and  
 weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
 If this be error and upon me proved,  
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

## CXVII.

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all  
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay,  
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;  
 That I have frequent been with unknown  
 minds

And given to time your own dear-pur-  
chased right;  
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
Which should transport me farthest from  
your sight.

Book both my wilfulness and errors down  
And on just proof surmise accumulate;  
Bring me within the level of your frown,  
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;

Since my appeal says I did strive to  
prove

The constancy and virtue of your love.

## CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
With eager compounds we our palate urge,  
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge,  
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying  
sweetness,

To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding  
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meet-  
ness

To be diseased ere that there was true  
needing.

Thus policy in love, to anticipate  
The ills that were not, grew to faults as-  
sured

And brought to medicine a healthful state  
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be  
cured:

But thence I learn, and find the lesson  
true,

Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

## CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,  
Distill'd from limbecks fowl as hell within,  
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,  
Still losing when I saw myself to win!

What wretched errors hath my heart com-  
mitted,

Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed  
never!

How have mine eyes out of their spheres  
been fitted

In the distraction of this madding fever!  
O benefit of ill! now I find true

That better is by evil still made better;

And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,

Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far  
greater.

So I return rebuked to my content

And gain by ill thrice more than I have  
spent.

## CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me  
now,

And for that sorrow which I then did feel  
Needs must I under my transgression bow  
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd  
steel.

For if you were by my unkindness shaken  
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of times  
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken  
To weigh how once I suffered in your  
crime.

O, that our night of woe might have re-  
member'd

My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow  
hits,

And soon to you, as you to me, then ten-  
der'd

The humble salve which wounded bosoms  
fits!

But that your trespass now becomes  
fee;

Mine ransoms yours, and yours must  
ransom me.

## CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,  
When not to be receives reproach of being  
And the just pleasure lost which is se-  
deem'd

Not by our feeling but by others' seeing;  
For why should others' false adulterate  
eyes

Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
Which in their wills count bad what  
think good?

No, I am that I am, and they that level

At my abuses reckon up their own:

I may be straight, though they themselves  
be bevel;

By their rank thoughts my deeds must not  
be shown;

Unless this general evil they maintain,

All men are bad, and in their badness  
reign.

## CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain  
Full character'd with lasting memory,  
Which shall above that idle rank remain



Beyond all date, even to eternity;  
 Or at the least, so long as brain and heart  
 Have faculty by nature to subsist;  
 Till each to razed oblivion yield his part  
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.  
 That poor retention could not so much  
 hold,  
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;  
 Therefore to give them from me was I  
 bold,  
 To trust those tables that receive thee  
 more:  
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee  
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

## CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do  
 change:  
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might  
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;  
 They are but dressings of a former sight.  
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we ad-  
 mire  
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old,  
 And rather make them born to our desire  
 Than think that we before have heard  
 them told.  
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
 Not wondering at the present nor the past,  
 For thy records and what we see doth lie,  
 Made more or less by thy continual haste.  
 This I do vow and this shall ever be;  
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and  
 thee.

## CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
 It might for Fortune's bastard be un-  
 father'd,  
 As subject to Time's love or to Time's  
 hate,  
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flow-  
 ers gather'd.  
 No, it was builded far from accident;  
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion  
 calls:  
 It fears not policy, that heretic,  
 Which works on leases of short-number'd  
 hours,  
 But all alone stands hugely politic,  
 That it nor grows with heat nor drowns  
 with showers.

To this I witness call the fools of time,  
 Which die for goodness, who have lived  
 for crime.

## CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,  
 With my extern the outward honoring,  
 Or laid great bases for eternity,  
 Which prove more short than waste or  
 ruining?  
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and  
 favor  
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much  
 rent,  
 For compound sweet forgoing simple  
 savor,  
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?  
 No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,  
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows  
 no art,  
 But mutual render, only me for thee.  
 Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true  
 soul  
 When most impeach'd stands least in thy  
 control.

## CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power  
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle,  
 hour;  
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein  
 show'st  
 Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self  
 grow'st;  
 If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,  
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee  
 back,  
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her  
 skill  
 May time disgrace and wretched minutes  
 kill.  
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleas-  
 ure!  
 She may detain, but not still keep, her  
 treasure:  
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd  
 must be,  
 And her quietus is to render thee.

## CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,  
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;

But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
And beauty slander'd with a bastard  
shame:

For since each hand hath put on nature's  
power,

Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd  
face,

Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy  
bower,

But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.

Therefore my mistress' brows are raven  
black,

Her eyes so suited, and they mourners  
seem

At such who, not born fair, no beauty  
lack,

Slandering creation with a false esteem:

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their  
woe,

That every tongue says beauty should  
look so.

## CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music  
play'st,

Upon that blessed wood whose motion  
sounds

With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently  
sway'st

The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap

To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,

Whilst my poor lips, which should that  
harvest reap,

At the wood's boldness by thee blushing  
stand!

To be so tickled, they would change their  
state

And situation with those dancing chips,

O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle  
gait,

Making dead wood more blest than living  
lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,

Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to  
kiss.

## CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action; and till action, lust

Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of  
blame,

Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,  
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,

Past reason hunted, and no sooner had

Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait

On purpose laid to make the taker mad;

Mad in pursuit and in possession so;

Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;

A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;

Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows; yet none

knows well

To shun the heaven that leads men to  
this hell.

## CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;

Coral is far more red than her lips' red;

If snow be white, why then her breasts are  
dun;

If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her  
head.

I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,

But no such roses see I in her cheeks;

And in some perfumes is there more de-  
light

Than in the breath that from my mistress  
reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know

That music hath a far more pleasing  
sound;

I grant I never saw a goddess go;

My mistress, when she walks, treads on  
the ground:

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as  
rare

As any she belied with false compare.

## CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,

As those whose beauties proudly make  
them cruel;

For well thou know'st to my dear doting  
heart

Thou art the fairest and most precious  
jewel.

Yet, in good faith, some say that thee be-  
hold

Thy face hath not the power to make love  
groan:

To say they err I dare not be so bold,

Although I swear it to myself alone.

And, to be sure that is not false I swear,

A thousand groans, but thinking on thy  
face,

One on another's neck, do witness bear

Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.

In nothing art thou black save in thy  
deeds,  
And thence this slander, as I think, pro-  
ceeds.

## CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart torments me with dis-  
dain,

Have put on black and loving mourners be,  
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,  
Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
As those two mourning eyes become thy  
face:

O, let it then as well beseem thy heart  
To mourn for me, since mourning doth  
thee grace,

And suit thy pity like in every part.

Then will I swear beauty herself is black  
And all they foul that thy complexion  
lack.

## CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to  
groan

For that deep wound it gives my friend  
and me!

Is't not enough to torture me alone,  
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend  
must be?

Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
And my next self thou harder hast en-  
gross'd:

Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;  
A torment thrice threefold thus to be  
cross'd.

Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
But then my friend's heart let my poor  
heart bail;

Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his  
guard;

Thou canst not then use rigor in my gaol:  
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in  
thee,

Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

## CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,  
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:

But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
For thou art covetous and he is kind;  
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me  
Under that bond that him as fast doth  
bind.

The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,  
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;  
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.

Him have I lost; thou hast both him and  
me:

He pays the whole, and yet am I not  
free.

## CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy  
'Will,'

And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus;  
More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in  
thine?

Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?  
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still  
And in abundance addeth to his store;  
So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy  
'Will'

One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will'  
more.

Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;  
Think all but one, and me in that one  
'Will.'

## CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy  
'Will,'

And will, thy soul knows, is admitted  
there;

Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, ful-  
fil.

'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.  
In things of great receipt with ease we  
prove

Among a number one is reckon'd none:  
Then in the number let me pass untold,  
Though in thy stores' account I one must  
be;

For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
That nothing me, a something sweet to  
thee:

Make but my name thy love, and love  
that still,  
And then thou lovest me, for my name is  
'Will.'

## CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to  
mine eyes,  
That they behold, and see not what they  
see?  
They know what beauty is, see where it  
lies,

Yet what the best is take the worst to be.  
If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks  
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged  
hooks,

Whereto the judgment of my heart is  
tied?

Why should my heart think that a several  
plot

Which my heart knows the wide world's  
common place?

Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,  
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?

In things right true my heart and eyes  
have erred,

And to this false plague are they now  
transferr'd.

## CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of  
truth

I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutor'd  
youth,

Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me  
young,

Although she knows my days are past the  
best,

Simply I credit her false speaking tongue:  
On both sides thus is simple truth sup-  
press'd.

But wherefore says she not she is unjust?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old?

O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
And age in love loves not to have years  
told:

Therefore I lie with her and she with  
me,

And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

## CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong  
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;  
Wound me not with thine eye but with  
thy tongue;

Use power with power and slay me not by  
art.

Tell me thou lovest elsewhere, but in my  
sight,

Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eyes  
aside:

What need'st thou wound with cunning  
when thy might

Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can  
bide?

Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well  
knows

Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,  
And therefore from my face she turns my  
foes,

That they elsewhere might dart their in-  
juries:

Yet do not so: but since I am near slain,  
Kill me outright with looks and rid my  
pain.

## CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press  
My tongue-tied patience with too much  
disdain;

Lest sorrow lend me words and words ex-  
press

The manner of my pity-wanting pain.

If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me  
so;

As testy sick men, when their deaths be  
near,

No news but health from their physicians  
know;

For if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
And in my madness might speak ill of  
thee:

Now this ill-wresting world is grown so  
bad,

Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be,

That I may not be so, nor thou belied,  
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy  
proud heart go wide.

## CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
For they in thee a thousand errors note;



But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,  
 Who in despite of view is pleased to dote;  
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,  
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:  
 But my five wits nor my five senses can  
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:  
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
 That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

## CXLII.

Love is my sin and thy dear virtue hate,  
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:  
 O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;  
 Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
 That have profaned their scarlet ornaments  
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,  
 Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.  
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those  
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:  
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows  
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.  
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
 By self-example mayst thou be denied!

## CXLIII.

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch  
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
 Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch  
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,  
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,  
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
 To follow that which flies before her face,

Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;  
 So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
 Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;  
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:  
 So will I pray that thou mayst have thy 'Will,'  
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

## CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still:  
 The better angel is a man right fair,  
 The worser spirit a woman color'd ill.  
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend  
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
 But being both from me, both to each friend,  
 I guess one angel in another's hell:  
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make  
 Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate'  
 To me that languish'd for her sake;  
 But when she saw my woeful state,  
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
 Chiding that tongue that ever sweet  
 Was used in giving gentle doom,  
 And taught it thus anew to greet:  
 'I hate' she alter'd with an end,  
 That follow'd it as gentle day  
 Doth follow night, who like a fiend  
 From heaven to hell is flown away;  
 'I hate' from hate away she threw,  
 And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

## CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
 . . . . . these rebel powers that thee array,  
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth  
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?

Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
 Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?  
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's  
 loss,

And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:

So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds  
 on men,

And Death once dead, there's no more  
 dying then.

## CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still  
 For that which longer nurseth the disease,  
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the  
 ill,

The uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
 My reason, the physician to my love,  
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
 Desire is death, which physic did except.  
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
 And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;  
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad-  
 men's are,

At random from the truth vainly ex-  
 press'd;

For I have sworn thee fair and thought  
 thee bright,

Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

## CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,  
 Which have no correspondence with true  
 sight!

Or, if they have, where is my judgment  
 fled,

That censures falsely what they see aright?  
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
 What means the world to say it is not so?  
 If it be not, then love doth well denote  
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's 'No.'

How can it? O, how can Love's eye be  
 true,

That is so vex'd with watching and with  
 tears?

No marvel then, though I mistake my  
 view;

The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st  
 me blind,

Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults  
 should find.

## CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,  
 When I against myself with thee partake?  
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot  
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?  
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?  
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn  
 upon?

Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend  
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?  
 What merit do I in myself respect,  
 That is so proud thy service to despise,  
 When all my best doth worship thy de-  
 fect,

Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?  
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy  
 mind;

Those that can see thou lovest, and I am  
 blind.

## CL.

O, from what power hast thou this power-  
 ful might

With insufficiency my heart to sway?  
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
 And swear that brightness doth not grace  
 the day?

Whence hast thou this becoming of things  
 ill,

That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
 There is such strength and warrantize of  
 skill

That, in my mind, thy worst all best ex-  
 ceeds?

Who taught thee how to make me love  
 thee more

The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
 O, though I love what others do abhor,  
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my  
 state:

If thy unworthiness raised love in me,  
 More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

## CLI.

Love is too young to know what con-  
 science is;

Yet who knows not conscience is born of  
 love?

Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,  
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self  
 prove:

For, thou betraying me, I do betray  
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;  
 My soul doth tell my body that he may

Triumph in love; flesh stays no father reason;  
 But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee

As his triumphant prize. Proud of this  
 pride,

He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call  
 Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and  
 fall.

## CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love  
 swearing,

In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith  
 torn

In vowing new hate after new love bearing.

But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse  
 thee,

When I break twenty? I am perjured most;  
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse  
 thee

And all my honest faith in thee is lost,  
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep  
 kindness,

Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,  
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,

Or made them swear against the thing they  
 see;

For I have sworn thee fair; more per-  
 jured I,

To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

## CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:  
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,

And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;  
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of  
 Love

A dateless lively heat, still to endure,  
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men  
 prove

Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
 But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-  
 fired,

The boy for trial needs would touch my  
 breast;

I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,  
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,  
 But found no cure: the bath for my help  
 lies

Where Cupid got new fire—my mistress'  
 eyes.

## CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep  
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste  
 life to keep

Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand  
 The fairest votary took up that fire  
 Which many legions of true hearts had  
 warm'd;

And so the general of hot desire  
 Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
 Which from Love's fire took heat per-  
 petual,

Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
 For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,  
 Came there for cure, and this by that I  
 prove,

Love's fire heats water, water cools not  
 love.

















